The 1939 Legenda

Mary-Eliza Turner '40

The 1939 Legenda

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CAROLINE CONKLIN
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The 1939 Legenda

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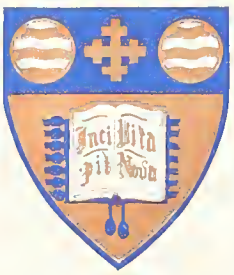
THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

WELLESLEY, MASS.

PREFACE



According to the old scholastic ideal, devotion to learning was the highest possible form of life. It was a rich, personal subjective experience. Today, having lost none of its personal values, scholarship has become enriched by its interest in practical problems in such fields as economics, sociology and international relations. Our institutions of higher learning include not only colleges and universities, but normal schools, teachers' institutes, and professional schools. Higher education continues, it is true, to concern itself with unfolding a way of life. We receive a cultural background of liberal arts, we learn how to live well-adjusted lives as individuals, we derive the deep satisfaction of knowing the best in literature, art and music.

But we study, too, socialism, fascism, communism and capitalism with an eye to the bettering of social systems. We examine psychology to help adjust the young, the abnormal, the underprivileged. We study journalism, architecture, engineering, law and medicine. We study zoology and botany, chemistry and physics, in order to understand our world, and the materials with which we work. Our knowledge of physical and social science trains us to meet specific problems. It is our goal to define those problems and to face them. Today they are the world's problems; we view them objectively and think that we can either ignore their challenge or accept it. Tomorrow, automatically, they become ours.

We have a choice of two large fields in which to work. There is the problem of "setting our own house in order," which means taking an interest in our national government, and in furthering the democratic ideal of America by acting as progressive citizens. Or we can turn our eyes abroad, endeavouring to reach a solution to the international tangle—a solution which is neither

a blind insistence on maintaining an unjust status quo, nor a solution which discards the basic ideals and standards governing human relationships.

We do not have to solve the problems. We can pass them on to other generations. But the best that is in us, the ideals which we own, demand that we face our problems squarely and take forward steps. We must seek the solution.

College men and women as a whole realize that war is never a solution, but we are often surprised to find that few people outside our circles share that conviction. It is up to us to counteract mob psychology; our reason can and must control our emotion. When we entered college in the fall of 1935, all four classes consisted of war babies, born between the years of 1914 and 1918. Today in Russia, Germany, France and England—throughout the world, they are mobilizing those war babies, our contemporaries, our potential friends—or our potential enemies. We do not wish to kill them; we do not even wish to hate them. For, wherever educated humanity exists, there live the seeds of common ambitions and ideals. To share those ideals and to spread them, in sincere cooperation, is better than to fight for them. Men die for eternal ideals; they live for passing and material ones. It is much better that we should choose to live for those eternal ideals which we have in common with all educated youth. We are a world minority, trained to be leaders in thought and action. It is our profound hope that in the face of selfishness, cowardice and sloth, we can be generous, brave and tireless.

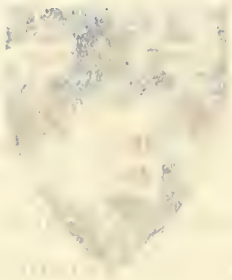
In June, 1,686 institutions of higher learning in the United States will graduate approximately 312,500 young men and women. But there are more of us than that, in the class of 1939. We must not forget our contemporaries at the Universities of Prague, Heidelberg, Paris, Moscow, Naples, Oxford, Copenhagen. As Germans or as Russians, their ideologies may differ from ours, but as young, thoughtful human beings, their ideals *are* ours. It is with steadfast hope that we dedicate this yearbook to the Class of 1939 throughout the world.

A LEGEND, according to Webster—the almost uncontested source of all definition—is "A story of a remarkable kind." "Legenda," the Latin scholar adds, means "to be read." It is, perhaps, a bit pedantic to cling to the letter of a definition, but LEGENDA, this year, has chosen that policy. The story "of a remarkable kind" is that of the Class of 1939, which is, in itself, not so very different from that of any other class. But in setting down the "Legenda" in a form as complete as it was possible to make it, there has been included the broader and more timeless story of many years at Wellesley. The traditional elements of 1939's history extend far into the past, and in it, by inference, may be found a hint of the future. The story is not remarkable for its details, many of which are ordinary. If it bears the stamp of the unusual, it is in its universality, for in the history of one class are woven indications of the influences of all the others.

LEGENDA is now truly "to be read," containing as it does, the recorded memories of people . . . scenes . . . sunlight on the Tower . . . moonlight across the snow. The printed word is, perhaps, more reliable than the individual memory. LEGENDA is intended to be a record of the memories of a community of people, into which each person may read recollections which the words call up in his mind.

The pictures, taken in action and not posed, are designed to supplement the words; to sharpen the images and the ideas which it is hoped the text will convey. According to the scholar's interpretation, then, LEGENDA has become "A remarkable story . . . to be read."

Non Ministrari sed Ministrare



Knowledge joined with ideals fine . . .
Academic Procession

ADMINISTRATION

IT is fitting that LEGENDA should begin with a picture which is symbolic of the leadership given us by our teachers. It was as new and untried Freshmen that we first saw, in the Academic Procession, the outward and visible sign of the less tangible guidance which we were later to realize fully. In 1935, on a bright October morning, we crowded near the Chapel steps to watch the line of capped and gowned figures coming, in solemn dignity, from the wide-opened doors. It was as though they stepped from the illuminated pages of a Medieval manuscript. As we saw the sun fall on the glimmering green and red and gold hoods and tassels that morning, it was the pageantry of the scene which impressed us . . . the clear colors . . . the slowly moving procession . . . the Tower looming in the background.

In June, 1939, the scene is much the same, but we, too, are capped and gowned. For the last time the members of the faculty precede us down the long curving road. But as we look at it, the beauty of the scene has a deeper significance. We are now conscious of the individuals. We realize, as the familiar figures pass, the part which each has played in our development at Wellesley.

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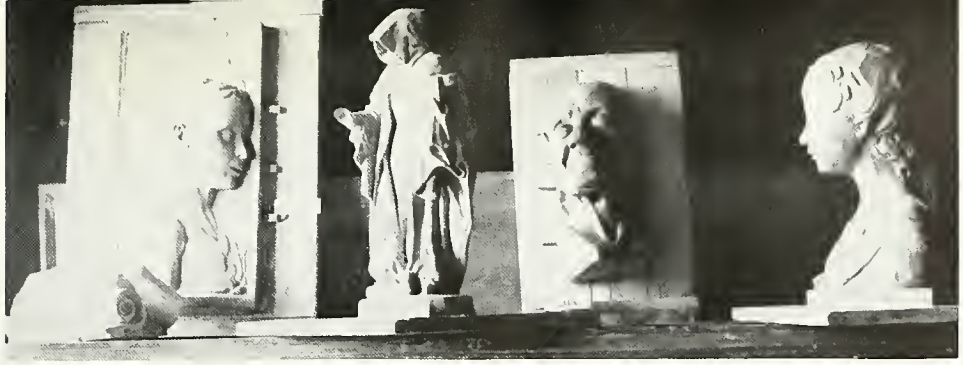

To seek a wondrous vision . . .
Clay Models by Art Students

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She charms my eye, my muscle trains . .
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Had leanings toward the college scene . . .
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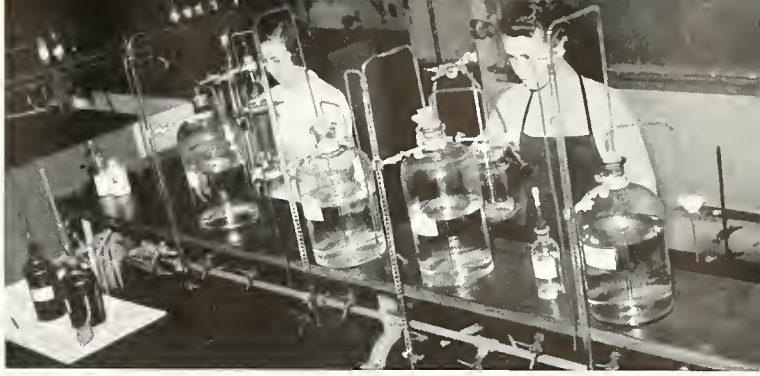
Your chorus wake . . .
A Student in the Music Department



That sees beyond the years . . .
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For purple mountain majesties . . .
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Instructor in Violoncello

Richard Burgin
Instructor in Violin

David Barnett, B.A.
Instructor in Piano

Carl Weinrich, B.A.
Instructor in Organ

Malcolm Haughton Holmes, B.S.
Instructor, Conductor of Orchestra and Director of Chamber Music

Philosophy and Psychology

Thomas Hayes Procter, Ph.D.
Professor

Edna Heidbreder, Ph.D., ΦBK, Chairman
Professor

Mary Lowell Coolidge, Ph.D., ΦBK
Professor

Michael Jacob Zigler, Ph.D.
Associate Professor

Edith Brandt Mallory, Ph.D., ΦBK
Assistant Professor

Virginia Onderdonk, B.A.
Instructor

John Goheen, Ph.D., ΦBK
Instructor

Elizabeth Fehrer, Ph.D.
Instructor

Grace Allerton Andrews, M.A.
Assistant

Thelma Gorfinkle Alper, M.A.
Assistant

Alfred Harold Holway, Ph.D.
Assistant

Mary Canfield Whitman, B.A.
Assistant

Yvette Dorothy Gittleson, B.A.
Assistant

Physics

Louise Sherwood McDowell, Ph.D., ΦBK, Chairman
Professor

Lucy Wilson, Ph.D., ΦBK
Professor

Alice Hall Armstrong, Ph.D., ΦBK
Associate Professor

Dorothy Heyworth, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor

Mary Louise Barrett, M.S.
Instructor

Rosemary Hudson, M.A., ΦBK
Assistant

Katherine Mahala Van Horn, B.A.
Assistant

Guided by our star's clear light . . .
The Great Telescope in Whitin Observatory

Spanish

Ada May Coe, M.A., ΦBK, Chairman
Associate Professor

Helen Phipps Houck, Ph.D.
Associate Professor

Anita Oyarzábal, M.A.
Assistant Professor

Pedro Salinas, Catedrático de Universidad, Litt.D.
Visiting Professor

Laura de los Ríos, Lic. en Letras
Instructor

Speech

Edith Margaret Smaill, A.A.
Assistant Professor

Edith Winifred Moses, M.A., Chairman
Assistant Professor

Cécile de Banke
Assistant Professor

Jeannette Barry Lane, Ph.B., ΦBK
Instructor

Sarah Emily Brown, M.F.A.
Assistant

Zoölogy and Physiology

Margaret Alger Hayden, Ph.D.
Associate Professor

Harriet Cutler Waterman, Ph.D., ΦBK
Associate Professor

Gladys Kathryn McCosh, Ph.D., Chairman
Associate Professor

Helen Warton Kaan, Ph.D., ΦBK
Associate Professor

Mary Lellah Austin, Ph.D., ΦBK
Assistant Professor

Ada Roberta Hall, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor

Eva Elizabeth Jones, Ph.D., ΦBK
Assistant Professor

Margaret Elliott Van Winkle, M.S., ΦBK
Instructor, Curator of Museum

Helen Butts Correll, Ph.D., ΦBK
Instructor

Louise Palmer Wilson, Ph.D.
Instructor

Eleanor Leach, M.A.
Instructor, Custodian of Laboratories

Mary Sears, Ph.D.
Instructor

Harriet Nash Towle, B.A.
Assistant

Margaret Henson, B.A.
Assistant

Jeanette Leone Mandrey, B.A.
Assistant

Kathleen Millicent Leavitt
Secretary and Custodian

Incipit Vita Nova

And changed it by a miracle into a senior class . . .

OH EVOLU

IT was Last Stepsinging in the spring of Junior Year that startled us into a realization that we had come of age. We seated ourselves on the Senior Steps for the very first time and watched the seniors moving silently off, each with her small cluster of blue forget-me-nots. We reflected soberly that next spring we would be marching two by two down the walk and up the road to sing the Alma Mater from the battlements of Green Hall. We thought of our first stepsinging when we had stood under the great oaks and proudly sung the Wellesley songs. We remembered how jubilantly we had dashed to take possession of the Sophomore side of the steps. And now Junior year was almost done and we were soon to be Seniors. We thought of the evolution which had begun in those far-off Freshman days, and was now nearly complete . . .

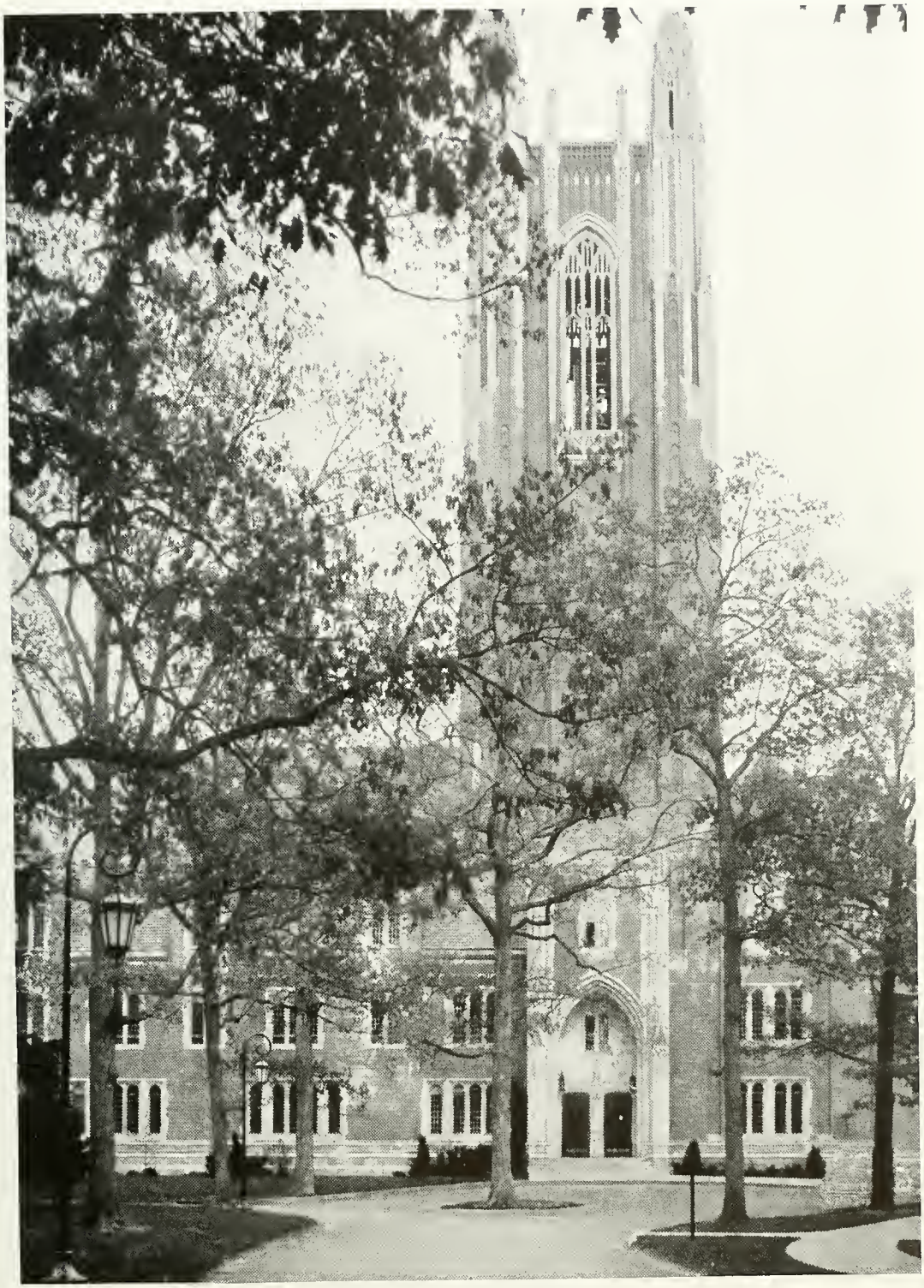
Upon the village green . . .

We are the students of Wellesley

We Begin to Be . . .

SOME of us came in the family car, grinning nervously over the lamp shades to reassure our mothers. We stared at cars with college stickers on the windows and felt friendly towards the inmates who, like ourselves, might have been troops of gypsies with their household goods on their laps. Others of us came by train, occupying ourselves by leafing surreptitiously through the blue handbook. "Not Wellesley Farms; not Wellesley Hills; but Wellesley," where a chattering swarm of girls struggled to the platform. Feeling unsocial because we couldn't think of any small talk, we took a taxi and marvelled for the first but not the last time at the number of people the car could carry. It was funny to find the Vil houses mixed in with the town. We thought a college was all in one piece. Washington was beautiful. Noanett looked like a reform school. It was hard to open the front door and it shut on our heels with a snap. The halls were hot! The early arrivals, comfortable in cotton dresses, had made friends and were walking familiarly around the halls. We met our Vil Juniors . . . Lee Wilson . . . Nancy Jane Miller . . . Our names were on the lists they held. We belonged!

They took us to our rooms. How dark! How bare! Did we have to live there for a year? Would we be homesick? We put the thought aside. Our guidance books told us to see Miss Wiggin . . . Mrs. Alexander . . . Miss Lindsey. Then we had to register. So we found a girl who had asked us our names and together we headed for campus. And suddenly we were excited. We didn't know the names of the buildings or what went on in them but this was Wellesley! The pink tower rose before us. It was not plain gray as in the picture. The whole campus was done in colors. The primrose bushes; the chapel steps beneath the oaks; the huge evergreen trees; the vivid lawns, the hollow full of rhododendrons; the quaint



Climb towards e'erlasting truth . . .
Hetty R. Green Hall

turreted red building . . . there was too much to comprehend. We found the Information Bureau (noting how we got in so we could get out again). They gave us blanks and scratchy pens. Nibbling the tips thoughtfully, we decided to say we read the *Tribune* because we took it Sundays. We asked the girl next to us if we hadn't seen her in Noanett, but her registration card said she was 1938. Atrocious error! How our new friends would laugh at our first anecdote as a class.

Laugh at him whose weary . . .

WE bought bicycles at the exchange and on them wobbled up to the Gym . . . so far! We went down to the room where Wright and Ditson were. We've never found it since, because it looked so different. They gave us shirts and serge bloomers . . . we had been warned. They put flat shower sandals on our feet, and we chose them too large rather than too small. Afterwards we almost forgot to take our bicycles out of the rack to go home; they weren't yet an integral part of us. We brazenly asked the girl next to us if she were going to the Vil, and together reached it by a circuitous route, admitting frankly that neither of us knew the way. Once home we hung our curtains, and began to put pictures on the walls. That was better! The room now looked as though someone lived in it. We put the five books we had brought with us in the case and wondered if we could ever fill the shelves. We didn't guess that in four years they would overflow onto tables and desks. We took the wrappings from our little glass pitchers and from our collections of dogs, elephants, horses, and cats. Our china menageries were certainly extensive—and varied. We got the janitor to uncrate the big easy chair that had been shipped from the store at home. Now to hang up the last dresses. At last we were finished!

Suddenly the house shuddered with the sound of a bell. We seized our purses for fear of fire and plunged downstairs. Then, noticing our neighbors' serenity, we looked sheepish. Lunch was a quiet thing at home! We found a place at a table. Everybody was talking, saying "Do you know—" "Yes, she's one of my best friends." We wracked our brains to find someone we knew in Pittsburgh or Shaker Heights. Heavens! What would we talk about all year? We had nothing in common. One of the girls was very funny. In fact, at every meal that week, there was someone who held everybody's attention. We wished we were brilliant conversationalists. And the dialects sounded strange. Some girls drawled, some twanged, some dropped their "r's". We began to think Wellesley a cosmopolitan place. We hoped the baked apples weren't symbolic of meals to come.

That afternoon we had tea in the living room. We told each other our names, room-numbers, home-towns, and the courses we were taking. Someone played "Cheek to Cheek," and we discovered an interest in common. One or two girls danced. We decided we'd have to lead in spite of our past objections. We unpacked incessantly. Taddie wore her wool dress three days because her trunk didn't come. We started cheerful letters home but the pictures they called up were too much to bear. We were excited when the girls in the double across the hall invited us all in for food. Grapes, chocolates, pictures of their friends at home, matching bedspreads, a radio, brownies, Princeton banners, conversation. Dizzying and wonderful. This was the life we had read about! We were in college. Best of all we were in Wellesley!

That Embryonic mass . . .

MORNINGS we went en masse to meetings. Blake Schoenfuss was impressive, telling us we'd been hand-picked. Pres Pen called us her special pride and joy. We answered silly questions—decided what kind of men we'd marry, whether we'd hesitate to enter a lecture room after everyone was seated We discovered that we were predominately religious, or aesthetic or socially minded.

We heard the grey book rules and were urged to try out for Freshman Vaudeville—we tried out for everything in those days. We took speech tests, murmuring "Hail to thee, blithe bird." We managed to make our impromptu speech—one long, complex sentence. We took physical exams in flapping sandals, angel robes and purple and pink bathrobes. We made some of our best friends waiting in that line. We blew into a glass tube, leapt up and down, said "ah" and "ninety nine."

We tried out for choir. They took us through the the Library in groups. We stared awe-fully at the stacks and the card indexes. We went to Tower Court for the C.A. tea. We ate cookies and talked to Dean Knapp, who knew our names. No one else did. Between times we went to the Vil. We learned early the charm of a Seiler's booth. We fingered curtain materials at Davis's. We used our coupons to the Community Playhouse and acquired the peppermint-cone-with-shot habit. We took grey book quizzes insisting that it was all right to smoke in automobiles. and to take overnights if we had flat tires. We began to feel as though we could talk to people. Some nights, though, we thought Wellesley was too big. At home we used to feel important . . . Class President, most popular girl, honor society etc. Up here, everybody had been a valedictorian.

We went to chapel for C.A. vespers . . . no one wore hats! Janet deVilbuss spoke to us, and we listened reverently to a senior major officer. We were inspired.

We first sang the hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" that we were to sing almost every morning for the next four years. Later, burdened with quizzes and papers, we found it to be peculiarly suited to our mood.

They told us about the Christian Association and what it stood for. We decided to attend their Thursday afternoon teas and take part in their activities. We left Chapel in a glow.

Joyful, joyful, we adore thee . . .

We wondered dismally what it would be like when the upperclassmen returned. It was just as we had foreseen. The Sophomores were the worst. They wrested the campus from our domination. On Friday we met our big sister. She bounded into our room laden with ink, curtain rods and picture frames. She plied us with questions. How had we liked Freshman week? Weren't those endless aptitude tests hideous? How did we like Wellesley? She reminded us that she was expecting us for campus supper that evening and prophesied glumly that there would be chicken salad, buttered rolls, olives, and ice cream bricks. We wondered how she knew . . . now we understand. Heavens, we thought, these Sophomores know everything!

Later, at Vaudeville, we radiated pride as the Freshman class covered itself with glory; all around us we could hear big sisters telling little sisters how promising the class looked. At the end of the evening there was a terrible racket, and newsgirls passed out pink newspapers announcing the invasion by the 1939 Reds. We choked with pride. We went home and looked people up in our Portrait Directories, avoiding the unflattering pictures of ourselves, which we hadn't realized would follow us for the rest of our college careers.

Sports and pastimes are my chief elective . . . The Outing Club Officers

The Outing Club

OUR big sisters called for us one night after supper and helped us to dress in slacks, old shirts, bandanas, and sneakers. We were going, they explained, to Alum to a barn dance that the Outing Club always gave for Freshmen. We were a little tired, but we tied our hair in pigtails and went along. The sounds of a piano and a fiddle met us . . . we were whirled into a square dance and spent the evening joyfully treading on each other's toes and drinking the cold sweet cider that was ladled out for us whenever we wanted it. We came home still nibbling on warm doughnuts and thoroughly devoted to the cause of the club. It was the beginning of a long series of adventures. We had suppers in the cabin; we went on canoe trips to the Cathedral pines, packing our dinner along to be cooked when we got there over an open fire. We struggled up the steep side of Mount Monadnock and vowed it was well worth the climb. We went on bike trips, slept in the lean-to, and grew healthy. It was an unexpected part of college that delighted us. Eventually some of us grew up to be officers like those whose pictures we delighted in taking. The rest of us were glad to be members and to take advantage of all the fun we could have on trips and week-ends under the leadership of the following girls, active in many sports and experts in one:

Chairman, Helen Tower; *Secretary*, Nanine Cross; *Head of Hiking*, Janet Gould; *Head of Canoeing*, Margaret Martin; *Head of Winter Sports*, Fiora Mariotti; *Council Members*, Mary Hough, Antoinette Meyer, Ann Winship, Cynthia Steitz, Christine Corey; *Advisers*, Miss Harriet Clarke and Miss Katherine Wells.

SOPHOMORE Serenade. We stood by the chapel steps and watched the three upper classes march down the curving road from under the arch. The lanterns bobbed up and down, making a path of light. The marching songs echoed away in the distance. There were the Seniors in caps and gowns. They came and sat on the stone steps under the oaks. Their black-and-whiteness accented the confusion of color that was the rest of us. It was not collegiate, we thought. It was like Mediaeval pageantry. Then the cheers broke the spell. We had none to give in return. We were not yet an organized class.

As we follow thy gleaming banner

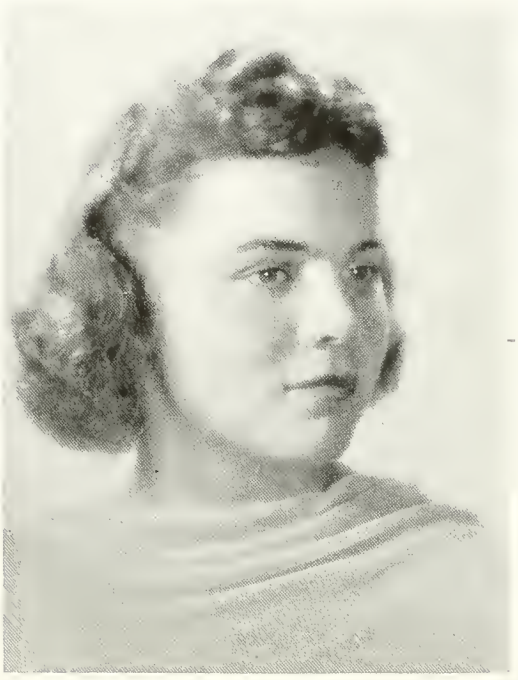
Freshman Elections

THE next Monday we got our schedule cards. Our big sisters came, flapping tremendous sheets of paper. Together we crouched over them, picking classes seemingly at random. Then bells rang. Clutching pocketbooks and schedules we went to our first room. The walls were gloomy and rough; the chairs stiff and too close together. The room filled with strange people; then a woman came in. She climbed on to the platform, wrote her name on the board, and called a roll from some little cards. The period over, we went out, gloomily surveying the list of outside reading and went to the library to learn where the reserve shelves were. We went to the book exchange and to Hathaway. We went home for lunch flat broke, but as we fingered the clean new pages, we felt a secret thrill at the things we were going to discover.

We began to exist as a class when we had elections. We argued about the candidates. Some vouched for the girl who sat next to us in music. Others held out for the girl in our Comp class. But we were all pleased with the results. We marveled at the dynamic assurance of Betts Wunderle, our President. We were proud of Cam Davis, Superior Court member, and Peg Anderson, member of Senate and song leader to boot. Then we really had a chance to nominate people. At last we had a full roster of officers: Weesie Bennett, Pussy Parkhurst, Dody Voss, Cor Harrison, Pussy Davis, Nan Sargent, Betty Baldwin, Carol Doty, and Ann Wemple. We cheered them madly as they stood smiling and be-flowered on the sophomore steps.

Altogether join and sing . . .

We are almost as proud this year of the charming girl who is 42's President. "Taffy Stafford—", her classmates say, "She's a wonder!" We are reminded of our "Betts" Wunderle, whom we thought as capable as anyone could be.



Mary Louise Stafford
President of the Class of 1942

One snowy night soon after elections, mysterious cars drove up in front of the Freshman houses. The wonderful Sophomore officers pranced up the stairs in their ski suits, and asked for the Freshman officers. With admiring envy the rest of us watched them drive away, wondering what the treat would be. *After* ten that night the weary travelers returned. We stared at the indelible '38 inked on their foreheads, while from their grim lips came a tale of sordid woe; of kidnapping and a ghostly barn out Natick way, with paddling, brews of Worcestershire sauce, and solemn oaths to the glory of '38. Our blood boiled with indignation. They wanted class rivalry, did they? Revenge was to come later.

"Barnswallows"

WE met the "Barnswallows" almost as soon as we came to college. One night early in the fall we went to Alumnae Hall, which had replaced the old barn in which the dramatically inclined students had held forth long ago. All the Freshmen gathered eagerly into the beautiful theatre to attend the "Barn Reception." We watched the three one-act plays with great interest and applauded eagerly when the curtain went down and the lights went up. Then Marion Chapman, beautiful in green velvet which made her look like a Medieval Princess, introduced the Barnswallows to the new class and told us how they had begun in the old barn with no properties at all, and had finally grown into a large organization which had moved into Alumnae Hall, but had kept their old name. Miss Pendleton spoke to us too, and then we were invited to go down into the ballroom to the actual reception. When, later that

Susan Barrett
President of "Barnswallows"

A Scene from *Rain from Heaven*

The Principals of
Glück's opera *Alceste*

night, we walked home over the dark campus, we felt that each of us was sure to become an actress, or a stage manager. Each of us found an interesting part of Barn activity in which to take part. We all made resolutions to try out for the make-up, or the costume, or the props committee. Some of us, of course, forgot our plans. Some of us were successful, and have been associated with the organization ever since. So it was our "Tudie" Barrett who welcomed the class of 1942 to Alumnae Hall this year. For the benefit of the new Freshmen she called:

"Step into the spotlight, all you members of 1939 who have glimpsed Alumnae Hall from behind the proscenium arch, and let us have one last look at you. Do you know your lines? Have you your cues? What! you have no part! No, of course not, for Barnswallows has seen the last of your talent, but for purely sentimental reasons, we're calling you from the wings once more to take the center of the stage.

Let us begin with Freshman year. In Fall informals of that memorable year of 1935, Constance Brown felt the "boards" give beneath her tremulous tread for the first time in

The Duel—from the dance drama *Don Juan*

Bird in Hand, and Florence Lovell experienced a similar sensation when appearing in *The Faraway Princess*. Next on our dramatic program came *The Cradle Song* with Ellen Libby, Barbara Gamwell, and Susan Barrett breaking into the limelight. The grand finale of the year was Moliere's play *The Learned Ladies*, in which Deborah Pike took a leading part and Martha Parkhurst and Susan Barrett appeared spasmodically as butler and cook respectively, with all of ten lines to their credit. Mary Dougherty acted as a very able stage manager for the whole production.

We now pass into our Sophomore year and see Ellen Libby and Marion Colwell portraying ancient history in *Helena's Husband*, which was part of our Fall Informals program. In Fall Formals we thrilled at Deborah Pike, now making her way in New York, played the leading lady in *Rain From Heaven*, while Susan Barrett, as prompter, cheered her from the wings. In the spring we broke through again in *The Late Christopher Bean*, when Constance Brown and Susan Barrett took their curtain call along with the inimitable Abbie. During 1936-37 we supplied members of the cast for *You Never Can Tell* in the persons of Louise Stewart, Marion Colwell, and Cynthia Kilburn.

Swinging into Junior Year we see Marion Colwell, Miriam Meyer, Cynthia Kilburn, and Louise Stewart appearing in *The Perfect Plot*, given for the Barn Reception under the direction of Susan Barrett. From there we go to Fall Informals when Ellen Libby took the leading male role in *The Relapse*. In Fall Formals of 1937 we came through with shining colors and held a quorum in the cast of *Finished*, with Louise Stewart, Aileen Davidson, Miriam Meyer, Constance Brown and Susan Barrett holding prominent parts.

And now we approach our Senior year; a year of varied activities, but never too many to exclude an interest in The Barn. In Fall Informals our sole representative was Susan Barrett, who directed Noel Coward's *Hands Across the Sea*, but in Fall Formals the cast of *The Youngest* was laden with able Senior talent namely, Ellen Libby as the charming Nancy,

Tudie Barrett and Louise Stewart in *Finished*

with Constance Brown and Camilla Davis supporting her.

We must remember, however, that there can be no play without the help of our technical experts. In this capacity Betty Anne Mitchell must receive her due share of applause as an able and amazingly good natured Production Manager. Her work in the opera Gluck's *Alceste* deserves special mention. Now let us turn to the production committee chairmen: Design, Virginia Chamberlain and Caroline Farwell; Scenery, Caroline Farwell and Betty Dennett; Drama, Aileen Davidson;

Fall Formals Presentation of *The Youngest*

Costumes, Marjory Pease; Make-up, Nancy Sargent; Service, Rhoda Garrison; Publicity, Virginia Kyger; Properties, Joan McKee; Lighting, Elizabeth Snavely. Their committees are:

Production Committee: Sally Creedon '41, Deborah Hamilton '41, Rebecca A. Miller '42, Lois Stevens '41, Esther Wilkins '42, Marjorie Wood '42.

Lighting Committee: Elizabeth Bamford '41, Elizabeth Barrett '39, Natalie Bussey '40, Rachel Carr '42, Katherine Coon '42, Mildred Donovan '42, Ruth Harwood '40, Francis Lakeman '42, Ethel Link '42, Mary Newton '40, Ellen Nolan '42, Janice Sachse '40, Jean Simson '40, Cynthia Steitz '40, Vera Warner '42, Eleanor Webster '42.

Properties Committee: Betty Bluhm '42; Sally Clark '40, Adelaide De Beer '41, Marjorie Lee Gettys '42, Janice Good '40, Murrayl Groh '42, Dorothy Jacobs '42, Dorothy Klauder '42, Mary McKelleget '41, Priscilla Morse '42, Theodora North '42, Elizabeth Potterton '40, Betty Jane Reeves '40, Dorothy Stout '39, Miriam Ziegler '41.

Publicity Committee: Elizabeth K. Beach '39, Edith Ehe '42, Dorothy Perrin '40, Virginia Plumb '39, Elizabeth Powers '42, Elizabeth Storck '40; Elizabeth Sward '40.

Make-up Committee: Elizabeth J. Allen '40; Marjorie Lou Ashcroft '39, Dorothy Bauer '42, Joan Blue '42, Barbara Brett '42, Nancy Congleton '40, Sally Creedon '41, Jane Daily '41, Katherine Ebbert '42, Caroline Elley '40, Marilyn Evans '40, Eleanor Finger '40, Margaret Gifford '41, Ruth Giles '39, Caryl Hadsell '41, Elizabeth Hartz '41, Virginia Henke '41, Virginia Horn '41, Emma Hughes '40, Mary Kingsbury '42, Jean Kuebler '41, Jinnie Kyle '42, Muriel Larsen '42, Joan Little '41, Jean McLane '41, Frances Mulford '42, Marjorie Noppel '40, Dorothy Olson '42, Marguerite Partridge '39, Nancy Poteet '42, Barbara Remy '41, Barbara Rounds '40, Patricia Schwan '40, Hilde Seelbach '40, Elizabeth Shontz '41, Betty Timberlake '42, Marion Thomson '39, Mary Turner '40, Jane Wagoner '39, Nancy Welles '40, Barbara White '41.

Service Committee: Hortense Allen '41, Virginia Andersen '41, Martha Bieler '41, Janet Callahan '41, Virginia Carr '39, Ruth Dennis '40.

Business Board: Patricia Bamman '42, Anne Cohen '41, Jane Daily '41, Marion Edie '41, Helen Gorrell '41, Myra Anne Graf '40, Virginia Horn '41, Elizabeth Hough '42, Marjorie Jones '40, Jean Mullins '42, Jeanne Nutter '40, Dorothea Olson '42, Virginia Reid '42, Ruth Weigle '42.

Drama Committee: Elizabeth Davis '39, Beatrice Wakefield '40, Elizabeth Potterton '40, Helen Bergen '41, Ruth Buckley '41.

And now I call on Anne Wemple whose conspicuous work as Business Manager has lifted her high in the estimation of all who have had the good fortune to work with her.

The spot light is growing dim as 1939 fades into the wings again. But Barn will always go on and will find 1939 among its most enthusiastic audiences."

FIRST SOPRANOS

Elizabeth G. Adams '41
Constance Alexander '41
Mary E. Bennett '39
Ruth A. Blaesing '42
Martha I. Blood '42
Betty J. Briggs '42
Ann H. Burnham '42
Margaret F. Church '41
Mary Louise Clark '41
Deborah Cloud '41
Mary E. Coe '41
Katharine H. Coon '42
Frances E. Duclos '42
Esther Duke '42
Betty Edwards '40
Jessie A. Fitzgerald, G.
Nellie L. Frederick '40
Retta Lou Gelling '39
Marjorie B. Goodwin '42
Anne Haviland '40
Grace L. Horner '42
H. Linda Horner '42
Margaret H. Horton '39
Thelma A. Jeffrey '42
Elizabeth T. Johnson '39
Mary Lieurance '39
Jean E. Marchant '39
Marjorie McCullough '41
Betty G. Perrin '41
Virginia Plumb '39
Jane Rabenold '42
Elizabeth W. F. Reid '42
Joyce K. Russell '42
Elizabeth L. Skean '42
Dorothea M. Smith '41
Caroline B. Snyder '42
Nancy R. Waite '40
Marie L. Wolfs '39

SECOND SOPRANOS

Margaret L. Abbe '42
Leora C. Aultman '39
Constance E. Ballou '41
Margaret E. Blatherwick '40
Barbara J. Brown '41
Katharine R. Buchanan '40
Jane B. Cadbury '40
Clara M. Cohen '41
Lorna M. Cooke '42
Harriet H. Coverdale '41
Katharine A. Cox '41
Virginia T. Cox '39
Dorothy C. Dann '42
Elizabeth H. Darlington '40
Eleanor M. Eddy '39
Rhea A. Ewald '41
Phyllis V. Finkelstein '39
Susanna Floyd '42
Virginia F. Hofheins '40
Christine H. Hunter '39
Cynthia S. Kilburn '39
Muriel Larsen '42
Elizabeth F. Leland '40
Anne L. Lineberger '41
Janet MacFarlane '42
Marion L. Middleton '39
Rebecca A. Miller '42
O. Carolyn Neal '42
Jeanne Phelps '40
Miriam E. Simms '42
Hope D. Sisson '41
Lois A. Smith '40
Nancy E. Stearns '41
Mary Street '42

Edward B. Greene *Conductor*
Mary F. Randall '39 *Chorister*
Nancy R. Waite '40
Assistant Chorister
Virginia Plumb '39
Business Manager
Marcia Smith '40
Assistant Business Manager
Marion C. Thomson '39
Associate Chorister
L. Edna Golding '39
Associate Chorister

Mary F. Randall
Chorister

Marion C. Thomson '39
Elizabeth D. Tompkins '41
R. Lynette True '40
Edna R. Vogt '40
Dorothy M. Walsh '42
Eleanor J. West '41
Ellen R. Wilding '39
Mary Louise Wright '42
A. Jean Yeakley '41

FIRST ALTOS

Edra M. Allanson '41
Alice D. Bacon '42
K. Elizabeth Bamford '41
Dorothy Barrow '39
Barbara J. Bishop '42
Priscilla A. Blackett '42
Ruby D. Boleyn '40
Josephine I. Bonomo '41
Theodora H. Bush '40
Priscilla Carter '42
Margaret E. Coey '41
Charma F. Davies '41
Jane Eaken '41
Lenore E. Fromm '42
Margaret H. Gilkey '40
Martha W. Graber '40
Helène Gregory '42
Elinor D. Griffith '41
Harriett M. Gross '42
Elizabeth P. Hartz '41
Virginia M. Henke '41
Cynthia Holbrook '41
Margaret Holmes '42
Florence E. Hope '42
Harriet Hull '40
Mariko Ishiguro '42
Jean McConaughy '41
Alice M. McGrillies '42
Jean B. McLane '41
Miriam A. Meyer '39
Elizabeth K. A. Mueller '41
Sue G. Norton '42
Barbara C. Olson '41
Eleanor Osgood '41
Isabel L. Perry '39
Elizabeth C. Powers '42
Barbara Prentice '41
Mary F. Randall '39
Gertrude M. Robinson '42
Eleanor L. Rodgers '40
Janath Russell '39
Martha A. Sayer '42
Kate C. Schaaf '41
Marguerite Starr '42
Margaret Staudenmaier '42
Marian Stearns '40
F. Virginia Stiles '41
Martha A. Terstegge '42
Louise M. Tibbetts '39
Betty B. Timberlake '42
Julia Whiteside '40
Nancy J. Wyant '42
Frances Young '42
Claire M. Zimmerman '40

SECOND ALTOS

Margaret I. Anderson '39
Ruth Anderson '41
Marjorie Lou Ashcroft '39
Constance E. Barrett '42
Lillian R. Blake '40
Antonia Boissevain '40
Marjorie Boynton '41
Virginia R. Brady '40
Lucie E. Brown '40
M. Elizabeth Burk '41
Ruth Carroll '42
Marion Chamberlain '41
Louise Countryman '42
Hazel L. Craig '42
Catherine H. Dallas '42
Marjorie H. Davis '41
Virginie A. Doulberry '39
Jane C. Fenton '40
M. Elizabeth Gilbert '42
L. Edna Golding '39
Murrayl L. Groh '42
Katherine M. Hack '39
Marie E. Haffenreffer '41
Helen G. Hartz '40
Ruth Harwood '40
Annette R. Jones '41
Dorothy G. Jones '40
Carol J. Lewis '40
Elizabeth F. Long '42
Priscilla Magoun '41
Hilda A. E. Mills '41
Barbara Murchie '39
Janice Murchie '41
Carolyn N. Nelson '42
Carol W. Noyes '42
Isabella F. Nutt '41
Louise H. Ormond '42
Mary J. Pfeiffenberger '39
S. Ellen Purvis, G.
Margaret H. Sands '40
Nancy J. Siverd '41
Marcia Smith '40
Ann Sutherland '41
Esther D. Wilkins '42
Courtney J. Wilson '41
Miriam E. Wise '39
Carolyn E. Wysor '40

THE CHOIR

OUR first contact with choir was in Mr. Greene's outer office where, licking our lips, we listened to plaintive scales within. Next we rehearsed on Tuesday and Thursday nights at 7:20, even when it meant running all the way from the Vil. Quickly we fitted into choir tradition: anticipated the time to get up and stretch, learned to ignore Mr. Greene's pleas to open a window, and expected him to remove his coat. The altos developed a "roastbeef tone," and the sopranos, a hurt look. On alternate Sundays we practiced and sang in chapel; twice a week we sang in morning chapel. We rejoiced when Little Eva was replaced with a new organ. In November we wailed our way through quartet tryouts; afterwards there was supper in a society house for installed members, and Mr. Greene played the piano for us. Our regular Vesper services came in November, at Christmas, at Easter, and on Baccalaureate Sunday. Christmas was an unforgettable experience, with exaltation ringing to the rafters. Every year there were special concerts, too: with Harvard, M.I.T., Worcester Tech, or Exeter. Freshman year we sang with Harvard in the final program of the Concert Series. Some of us went down to New York to sing with the Princeton Glee Club in the Waldorf ballroom. Sophomore year we sang an all-Bach program including the *Magnificat* with the Princeton Choir, in their beautiful Gothic chapel. Junior year we joined with Orchestra and Barn to produce *Alceste*, our first venture in grand opera. We learned to combine singing with the application of makeup, the use of stage gestures, and the attempt to look Greek and sound French. Senior year we went to Bowdoin to participate in the Music Festival under the direction of Mlle. Boulanger. Our choir memories will always be a mixture of fond ones like the annual presentation of Mr. Greene's Christmas gift, singing on bus trips, and of beautiful songs like *Komm Süsser Tod* sung beneath the brilliant blue windows of the Princeton chapel. We have learned to know and to love music; what is more, we have had a marvelous time!

Christmas frost . . .

Respite from "Cultivation"

AND then, before we knew it—oh, not that we didn't have paper dolls cut out to represent the intervening days—the Christmas season was upon us. The weather was glorious. There was *never* such weather on the Wellesley campus. Bright vivid days, with the snow a foot deep, crunching at every step. The cold was sharp in our noses; our feet ached, and our knees were numb. By day the campus was a white fashion page across which the bright ski suits moved—red earmuffs, green bandanas, parkas, Tyrolean jackets, ski pants, square-toed ski boots. By moonlight the snow-covered stretches were silver and blue. The trees and the buildings were hushed in sharp focus; the light from the street lamps came out in gold splinters. It looked like an illustration from Dickens.

We shopped in the Vil—holly and Christmas presents. On the side we studied for quizzes, wrote source themes, complained about our work. At last came the formal dinner—with candle light and turkey, and fresh green peas. We made up our own tables, and thought how fond we'd grown of these special people whom we were leaving for the first time. We sang carols at the table, and then gathered around the tree in the living room to exchange ten-cent presents. Somebody was Santa Claus, with the aid of pillows. Christmas Vespers came—the chapel packed with people, bright lights, a joyous big choir, their faces aglow with Christmas spirit. Our blood thrilled to the sound of carols; the warmth of the season stirred within us. We burst triumphantly into the recessional hymn, *Oh Come All Ye Faithful.*

Time was telescoped in the next few days. We *did* get our papers all in, we wrapped up presents, we packed our trunks, we pranced to the Vil. In the midst of the excitement Betts was the victim of another fiendish Sophomore plot. Suspecting that Shafer was after Betts' life and possessions, the Norumbega girls bolted all the doors. Unfortunately Shafer was already concealed in the closets, and during dinner stole Betts' suitcase—all packed to go home—and hid it in the Shafer elevator, between floors. We considered mass

Answer to her every call . . .

There is a right merry cheer . . .

action by the Freshmen, but postponed it 'til after Christmas. We were too excited at the prospect of going home to bother much with such mundane affairs as class battles. We were going on our first vacation! Enthusiastically we talked about families and friends in hometowns. We wondered if the Cotillion dance at the club would be as exciting as ever, viewed in the new light of one only recently home for the holidays. Would everyone be glad to see us? Would they think we had changed? We hoped they would think us older—we felt so! We peered into our mirrors only to discover that we looked as young as ever—younger, perhaps, with the hair-ribbons we had bought because everyone was wearing them. Older or younger, we felt different, but it didn't really matter. We were going home!

On the last day we got up early to sing to the Seniors. We hung peppermint canes on their door knobs, and staggered a bit in the early morning gloom because we'd had a party in somebody's room the night before. Breakfast was special—bacon and eggs. We tore upstairs to finish packing, and to put away the posters and the china dogs. We snatched the sheets from our beds, and reduced our rooms to echoing vacuums. We wore our coats and hats to our 2:40 classes, and carried our overnight bags. We sat near the door, being sure to catch the teacher's eye, because it was a Calendar Day, and when the bell began to ring we were out the door in a flash. We tore to a taxi in the parking space, and, cheerfully wedged in with six other girls, drove to the station.

There was a barrage of trunks in the middle of the station floor, with crowds of girls screaming at one another, clutching their hats and looking, with anguished faces, for trunks. The whole scene flashed before our eyes; we ran out to the platform, wriggled through the thick-packed girls, and scrambled on to the train. And that was the last we knew. Oblivion settled down as we sank into our seats . . .

From care and sorrow free . . .

We burn the midnight oil . . .

Return to Learning

INEVITABLY, we returned. We returned to empty rooms and enthusiastic friends. We had new permanents, new fraternity pins, new gossip. We were rudely confronted by Midyear schedules, with Comp. on the very last day. From then on we lived, thought, talked, and breathed nothing but Midyears. We found copies of last year's exams in the halls; we desperately read assignments we had skipped; we held bull sessions to discuss the nervous system and the use of footnotes; we copied notes from classes we had missed. And then the fatal day arrived. Snow, still, on the ground. No one rode bicycles. In thirteens and fourteens we set out, grimly ignoring the blueness of the sky and the brilliance of the snow, or the pine trees turned to cotton bushes. We clutched ink, blotters, and pens, and in our minds we ran over the events of the French Revolution. Then the room, the last-minute cramming, the bell, the hush. The awful cream-colored books; another hush; the mimeographed sheets. Such a little sheet to last two and a half hours! The relief if we had spotted a question at the last minute. The horror if we had slighted a certain topic, only to meet with it here! Time flew. We scrawled illegibly, forgetting to organize. At last it was over. We staggered out. We met our friends. We argued and discussed all the way home, but at lunch someone told us for heaven's sake not to mention work at meals. It was nerve-wracking.

But at night they gave us crackers and milk. Oh, there are compensations for the evil things of life. Which will we remember longer—the aching tension of an exam, or the crackers, and the coolness of the milk? No doubt it will be both—inseparably linked.

It was at that tumultuous season of the year that we ordered our class rings. The committee was busy for weeks deciding on the exact shade of the Wellesley blue . . . how square the top of the ring should be We were lucky, everyone said, because we could have square numerals too. At last the notice appeared on the class board. We could actually be measured for ring sizes. We did and ordered a ring with or without pearls according to our preferences. How could we wait?

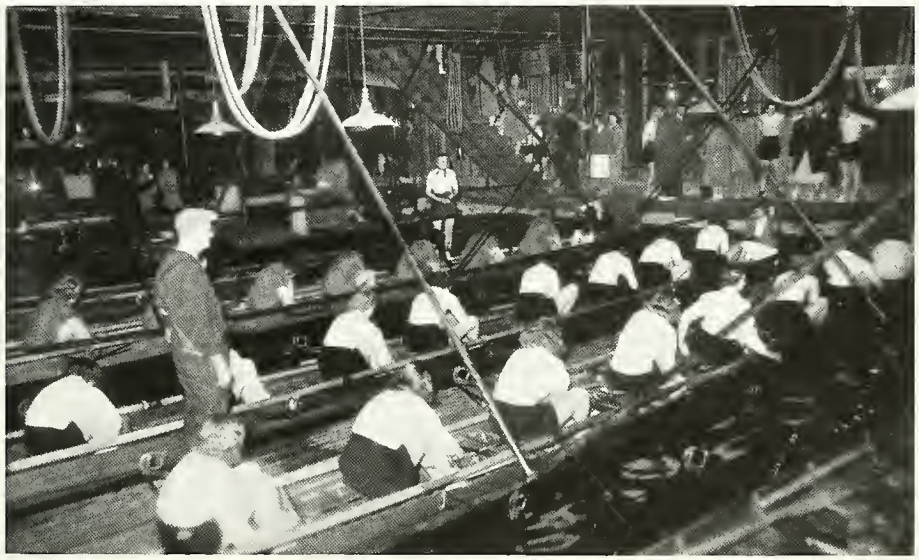
Spring was on its way in this place where seasons arrive weeks ahead of schedule. At the end of February we were beginning to revive after the strain of exams and hard work. We hailed the partial disappearance of the snow and, in the dry places, we jumped rope. People going by looked curiously at knots of girls, ski-suit clad, taking turns at skipping over a rapidly twirling bit of clothesline.

How much would —— weigh? . . .

And Spring at Last . . .

THE weeks streamed by. At tight moments we thought the end would never come, but secretly we knew that time was all too swift in the wonder of a first spring at Wellesley. First the thawing snow with puddles in the parking space, wet ankles, and clothes steaming on the radiator. It was in this cheerful season that we Freshmen sought our revenge. We hatched a plot which was promptly fulfilled. At dinner time we crept outdoors, armed with our deadly weapons chuckled maliciously as we filled trunks in Noanett with Putzie's stuffed horse and Edar's girdles and Spang's pictures.

Then spring going on . . . with mud, the first hint of green, and dandelion coins behind the gym. The leaves thrust forth their pointed ears, and we could no longer see Sage from Billings. On May Day, all in white, we thrilled to the feeling of Wellesley as a whole as real college spirit came alive. In time the primroses along the path came out. Daffodils popped up in the field behind Dower. We took countless pictures and in sheer animal spirits



Home again float we in silence . . .

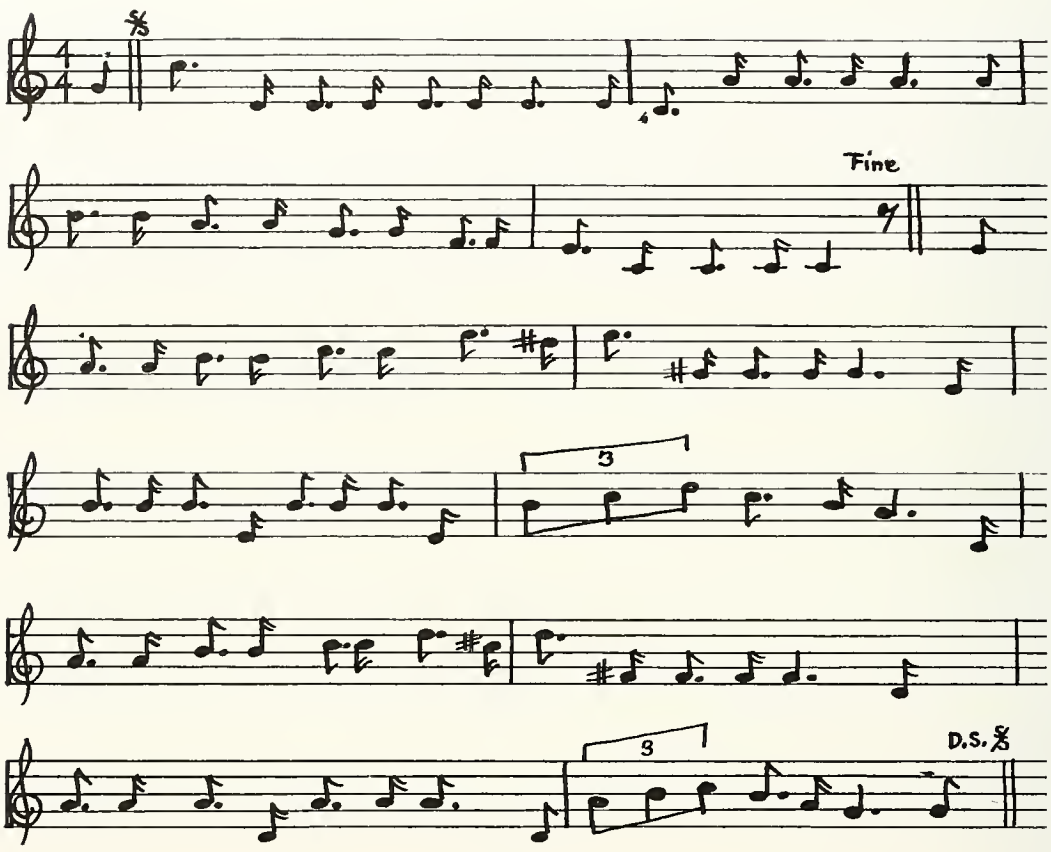
. . . confetti, strong cheap perfume, and yellow paint. Silently, single file over the slush we made our way towards the Quad. How lightheartedly we poured confetti in typewriters and bureau drawers, or saturated rugs and mattresses with perfume. While one of us painted '39 on the mirror, her accomplices took the pillow case and filled it with pictures, stuffed animals and sundry unmentionable articles. Then out into the foggy night where Chris was cruising in her car. Our spirits . . . which had been subdued . . . were released. We shouted all the way home, and made pie beds and threw pillows out of windows. We contemplated getting tan.

Then Float Night . . . crowds along the shore, the smell of cigars and trampled grass, the creaking chairs, the steamer rugs. The classes with their numerals held high. And the crew race! Four slim shells slipping over the lake to victory for '36. Crew songs drifting up from the shore, the "W" with lifted dripping oars, and the clear voices replying over the water from the boats. The Japanese lanterns brightened into sharp relief. The music began high over our heads on the

MEN AT WELLESLEY

Words:
LEORA AULTMAN
MARGARET WYCKOFF
VIRGINIA PLUMB

Music:
MARGARET WYCKOFF



CHORUS

In Wellesley round the campus and upon the village green,
The gentlemen, or stronger sex, are few and far between.

VERSES

Oh Sheffield, Zigler, Greene and Haroutunian have their woes
The ladies in majority are likely to impose.
They're browbeaten in classes and in chapel they're not heard,
Whenever they assert their rights, no one will hear a word.

In sports and in dramatics we our mannish clothes do don,
The gentlemen are out of place and mournfully look on.
Our hair is shingled "heinie" style, the Homestead girls wear pants,
Instead of being on display, we're stags at every dance.

The Tupelo tradition is that if they don't propose,
We pick them up and throw them in, in all their Sunday clothes.
We secretly suspect that many a wet bedraggled swain,
On second thought is rescued and is taken back again.

library roof. Then the floats. Humpty Dumpty, Little Bo Peep, and Little Boy Blue . . . We stared eagerly through the gloom at the clever settings—tried to identify the girls who were posing as our favorite nursery characters. We even managed to recognize the paddlers, inconspicuous as possible in dark shirts and slacks. We didn't want to miss anything. When it was over we strolled home —full of our participation in a real Wellesley tradition.

TREE DAY was clear and green. We lined up in the shadow-flecked road by the chapel, and screamed when they brought us our yellow banner. We draped the blue streamers over our shoulders, and after an interminable wait, marched off in the "Entrance of the Classes." We made the very right arm of the W. The others followed us. Then Betsy Anderson stood out to lead the Alma Mater. When we sang the Tra-la-las, she took off her cap and nodded with her head. Before all those faces on the hill it was almost too wonderful to bear. There was the green sparkling in the sunshine. The sky was unbelievably blue. How we had feared rain on this day! But the fates had been kind. We were not to be disappointed. We turned proudly to the parents and friends who had come from home to see the pageant. "Isn't it beautiful?" we whispered. "Isn't it beautiful?" We were pleased with their admiring comments—with their "oh's" and "ah's" at the sheer loveliness of the tower, rising benevolently above the campus to watch the dancers who came out from behind the big clump of evergreens beside the road. We stopped talking and stood silent.

We sat down inside the ropes and watched Ponce De Leon's search for the fountain of youth, knowing in our proudly cynical young minds that he would never find it. Then came Spang borne aloft by four of our deadly Sophomore enemies. She wore a white toga and her legs were bound in purple thongs. They dragged Jean Hewitt out, clad in yellow rags. The Freshmen edged perceptibly closer. Spang was hard and sarcastic. We groaned and hissed and booed. She gave the spade to Jean. We cheered lustily. At last the awful moment came. Jean gave the spade to Betts. In a mad pack we tore after her, veering from one

True-hearted daughter of Wellesley . . .

direction to another. At last, with violent cheers we started up the hill, the Sophomores in vicious pursuit. Through the bushes. Over the grass. Panting up the road. A mob around a tiny tree—an oak. Had we made it? Did we beat them? Could we cheer? Yes! The tree was ours. The race was won. With ridiculously shining faces and broad grins we swarmed around the tree. Then, for the first time we opened our throats and shouted:

Rah! '39 Wellesley Rah.

Wellesley 1939 Rah!

Rah! Rah! '39, Wellesley '39.

1-9-3-9 Wellesley!

IN MEMORIAM

ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON

1864-1936

The sixth President of Wellesley College. We were her last Freshman Class. To her we dedicate this page.

Out from the Kings of Israel . . .
The Wellesley Chapel

PENDLETON HALL, housing the departments of Chemistry and Physics, was finished our Freshman year, and named for the President who planned it.

We understand the negativity of radio activity . . .
Pendleton Hall

Friendships, memories lasting . . .
The President's House

LIGHTS in the windows of the President's House, symbol of the gracious hospitality to be found there. It was in our Sophomore Year that Miss McAfee inaugurated her now traditional "Tuesday Nights."

Fall Field Day

WE OUR MANNISH CLOTHES DO DON

ONE day at the height of our summer festivities we noticed that the kitchen calendar had been flipped over to September. Shortly afterwards appeared the familiar ads for the proper college clothes. We shortened our skirts, rinsed out our sweaters, sent our beer jackets to the cleaners and set out to invest in crazy new hats, wool dresses, and sophisticated formals, becoming to a Sophomore. With infinite experience behind us we picked up a few Brooks sweaters. We began to feel excited at the thought of college friends who had been represented by delightfully vague postcards from Lake George, Arizona, Germany.

On the train we greeted old acquaintances feverishly, and pointed out the well-dressed but timid freshmen. Sophomore greetings are more enthusiastic than all the other years put together. It had been the first parting and the first reunion; we were overjoyed to discover that we hadn't over-estimated the friends we'd chosen. It would be a great year we all agreed.

We went back to the Vil to collect lamps and chairs. New girls were in our rooms, faced with the eternal struggle of bringing cheer into a dismal north room. We told them how *we* had conquered the difficulties. The Head of House treated us like equals, and urged us to come and see her.

Return was not without its sorrows; some of our best friends had moved to other houses. We visited them, running from Severance to Shafer, or from Norumbega to Davis twenty times a day, vowing to get together at least once every afternoon or evening. Alas for our resolutions. Old friends were dear, but new ones were fascinating. We talked to our first freshman, marveling that one so young could be so poised. We swooped down on our little sisters; took them en masse to Seiler's. We were terribly knowing about what courses they should have avoided; what teachers were divine. We filled their ears with Wellesley legend; told them to order peppermint sundaes, and brushed aside their attempts at conversation.

At formal chapel our big sisters turned out in cap and gown for the first time. The class of '36 had never looked strange in them, but to see our old familiar friends! The upperclassmen waited expectantly to hear what Miss McAfee would say on her first public appearance before us. When we left the chapel we were hers for life. We envied the freshmen, with whom she classified herself. We watched her brisk step; gloried in her cherty suit, and felt akin to her because she was so young and friendly.

We loved Bible from the very first day. Violent partisanship arose, with champions defending the various members of the department. We felt exceedingly adult in grade one courses and terrified in advanced ones. At night we gathered in small groups to talk, but we missed the violent camaraderie of freshman houses; the bull sessions which raged till two, dancing in the living rooms, the nightly trip to the Vil, or a feast in somebody's room. We missed the 9:30 confusion in the living room, with dense smoke, flying tongues and clacking knitting needles, and the maid who gathered up the ash trays at five of ten. We missed the ill-matched roommates whose bickerings had supplied us with table conversation. We knew what it was to have part of our college life behind us, and once in a while a premonition of the ultimate separation would send us to our best friend's room to talk about life.

Two Golfers

Virginia Tuttle
President of the Athletic Association

On Hazing Day we tried to be savage to the poor timid creatures in green hair ribbons. We lined them up on the bench by the Index Board or on the Chapel Steps and took their names when they couldn't finish the '36 Marching song.

We spent the fall hurrying to and from 4:40 Gym classes. We served tennis balls, shot arrows, ran a puck down the field, while the wind put color in our cheeks. Much later Fall Field Day made a climax with organized exhibitions of our skill, and real audiences to watch us. There were blue programs of the events; people sold food; girls wandered across the field with ice cream sticks, wondering why their coats seemed so thin in the cold wind.

GOLF

Phebe Gould '40 *Head*

VARSITY: Helen Shane '40, Phebe Gould '40, Dorothy Hanna '41.

TEAMS

1939: Dorothy Barrow, Virginia Kyger, Mary Lieurance.

1940: Phebe Gould, Jean Pope, Helen Shane, Mary Phil Taylor.

1941: Ann Fiddler, Dorothy Hanna, Jean Haslam, Virginia Stiles.

Members of the Basketball Team

The fall's golfing activity reached its culmination in the harvest tournament and supper which took place on October twenty-seventh. Competitors in the afternoon's tournament were Mary Fenton '42, Virginia Allen '42, Phillis Clason '42, and Phebe Gould '40. Phillis Clason carried off the first prize with a score of fifty-eight for nine holes.

The semi-annual deluge of six-weeks quizzes worked to prevent a large turnout at the supper at T.Z.E. following the match, but those hamburgers never tasted better!

Last spring the M.I.T. golf team came to Wellesley to play non-competition matches against a selected group of Wellesley golfers, and wound up the day's tournament by taking their opponents out to dinner. Because this informal competition met with decided approval on the part of both teams, a return match took place on May eighteenth.

OUTDOOR BASKETBALL

Elizabeth Boardman '40 *Head*

VARSITY: Betty Jane Feldmeier '40, Jane Denton '42, Katherine Ebbert '42, Elizabeth Boardman '40, Virginia Andersen '41, Cretyl Crumb '41.

SUBSTITUTES: Ellen Booth '41, Helen Tower '39.

INDOOR BASKETBALL

Frances Cottingham '39 *Head*

VARSITY: Katherine Ebbert '42, Marva Peterson '40, Caroline Knight '42, Elizabeth Gilbert '42, Elizabeth Ralph '42, Frances Cottingham '39.

SUBSTITUTES: Carolyn Elley '40, Jane Hathen '41, Priscilla Carter '42.

Outdoor basketball has had a highly successful season this year, with more than seventy girls attending classes regularly.

The class teams have competed hotly during the fall season, under the guidance of their captains and Betty Boardman, head of basketball. The final event of the year was the Freshman-Sophomore battle at Fall Field Day on November tenth; the Freshmen were victorious with a score of thirty-three against the Sophomores' nineteen.

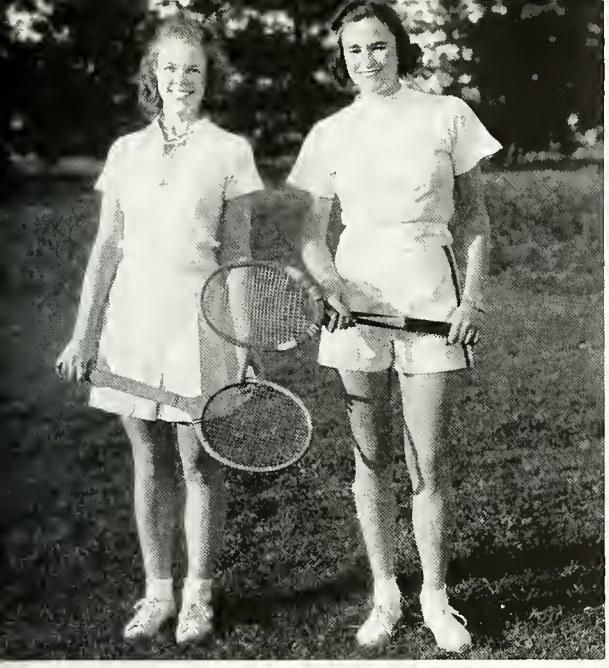
TENNIS

Frances Roberg '39 *Head*

VARSITY: Patricia Cumming '41, Anne Cohen '41, Carolyn Elley '40, Marva Peterson '40, Barbara Prentice '41, Frances Roberg '39.

TEAMS

1939: Frances Roberg, Helen Tower, Dorothy Voss, Mary Pearson, Jean Paradis, Margaret Rouse, Gertrude Whittemore.



Two tennis players ready for a game

1940: Carolyn Elley, Marva Peterson, Elizabeth Gregory, Myra-Ann Graf, Gene MacDonald, Rebecca Jackson, Dorothy Hastings, Dorothy Pugh, Carolyn Wysor, Mary Newton, Mary Turner, Lynn Lochridge, Helen Simson, Margaret Chittenden.

1941: Patricia Cumming, Anne Cohen, Barbara Prentice, Jean Barkin, Helen Gorrell, Caroline Dalton, Barbara Remy, Katherine Snow, Doris Bry, Jean McLane, Peggy Walbridge, Anne Lineberger, Jane Hathen, Elizabeth Collier.

In the fall of 1938 the winner of the singles was Suzanne Van Dyke. Patricia Cumming and Anne Cohen won the doubles.

LACROSSE

Ruth Harwood '40 *Head*

VARSITY: Anne Cohen '41, Anne Davison '41, Jane Hathen '41, Edith Fisher '41, Marva Peterson '40, Carolyn Elley '40, Helen Park '39, Helen Tower '39, Ruth Harwood '40.

The ancestry of lacrosse goes back to the North American Indians, with whom intertribal lacrosse games were as much of a custom as baseball is with us today.

Lacrosse is steadily gaining in popularity at Wellesley. It is a fast sport, but not a dangerous one; it requires no equipment; it is easy to learn; and best of all, there are few rules connected with it. May it gain an even larger number of devotees in future years!

ARCHERY

Antoinette Meyer '40 *Head*

VARSITY: Louise Baldwin '40, Dorothy Harris '39, Anne King '41, Antoinette Meyer '40, Jane Becton '41.

TEAMS

1939: Dorothy Harris, Helen Tower, Barbara Walther.

1940: Louise Baldwin, Helen Irish, Peggy Noyes, Antoinette Meyer.

1941: Jane Becton, Anne King, Elizabeth Dickinson, Helen Peterson.

1942: Marjorie Coll, Louise Countryman, Georgia Sanborn, Dorothy Tredick.

Members of the Archery Teams

ARCHERY

Archery was unusually lucky in having a number of seasoned archers this year. The fall season came to a climax on Field Day. Five W's were awarded to the following outstanding archers: Louise Baldwin '40, Dorothy Harris '39, Antoinette Meyer '40, Barbara Walther '39, and Elizabeth Young '40 after the shooting of Columbia rounds. Then class squads shot the Columbia rounds, and the four highest scorers from each squad were designated as the class team.

Our Hockey Players

In the spring there is more active competition in archery, for besides Field Day and play days with other colleges, all archers may compete for places on the two teams entered in the Inter-Collegiate Telegraphic Contest. The results from colleges all over the country are compared by telegraph, under the auspices of the National Archery Association.

HOCKEY

Helen Park '39 *Head*

Varsity: Nancy Jackson '39, Helen Park '39, Caroline Elley '40, Marva Peterson '40, Carol Wysor '40, Virginia Andersen '41, Edith Fischer '41, Jane Hathen '41, Priscilla Carter '42, Joan Guiterman '42, Elizabeth Ralph '42, Mary Stafford '42, Betty Timberlake '42.

W's: Nancy Jackson '39, Helen Park '39, Caroline Elley '40, Marva Peterson '40.

Hockey was very lucky to welcome to its grounds the umpiring conference held by the Northeast Field Hockey Association. Eleven colleges were invited to send teams to demonstrate; Wellesley also contributed players, and thus a week-end of instruction was combined with one of fun. We were also fortunate in having the Northeast Tournament on our grounds.

The Wellesley students played a match with the Alumnae and beat them. On Field Day the twenty-two best players played a match.

VOLLEYBALL

Marian Stearns '40 *Head*

Margaret Wheeler '42, Janet Mueller '42, Mary Louise Brubaker '42, Thelma Jeffery '42, Barbara Manning '41, Jean Reedy '41, Ruth Dahl '41.

Working for improved technique, volleyball players practice on their serves, passes, attacking shots, volleys, and retrieving from the net.

In May, 1938, representatives of the volleyball teams from Framingham, Pine Manor, and Dana Hall played with the Wellesley girls, girls from each school being on each team. The first teams of the sophomores and freshmen also play an exhibition match on Field Day.

In January, 1938, Charlotte Damron '40 and Marian Stearns '40 attended a volleyball and basketball symposium in Worcester with Miss Elizabeth Powell of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education. The two delegates saw and took part in games with representatives, mostly coaches, from boys' and girls' schools, demonstrating advanced technique. Miss Powell added to the interest of the meeting by showing movies of Wellesley girls playing volleyball.

BASEBALL

Carolyn Wysor '40 *Head*

Anne Cohen '41, Elizabeth Bamford '41, Adele Menand '41, Carolyn Wysor '40, Patricia Fleming '41, Helen Park '39.

Wellesley's battering battalion of baseball enthusiasts found their new home on the southeast corner of the hockey field no handicap. And many a time was the air rent with sharp cracks of bat connecting horsehide, thuds of balls nestling into padded suits.

Then fell that unlucky day—Spring Field Day—when Wellesley's sturdy star students faced Wellesley's fatally phenomenal faculty. The result was bad, but that is not the point! The moral of the story is that the defeated have passed on their loyal spirits.

CREW

1939

Bow, M. Kahle
2, H. Park
3, H. Warshaw
4, G. Sharp
5, V. Tuttle
6, C. Farwell
7, L. Bennett
Stroke, M. Horton
Cox, A. Corcoran (Captain)

1940

Bow, M. Gilkey
2, G. Person
3, D. Hanson
4, B. Hutton
5, J. Tweedie
6, M. Hudson
7, M. Jones (Captain)
Stroke, E. Browning
Cox, K. Jahn

1941

Bow, D. Mosher
2, N. Gould
3, B. White
4, N. Stevenson
5, K. Reppert
6, W. White
7, D. Blake
Stroke, F. Mariotti (Captain)
Cox, M. Corrigan

Varsity Crew

RIDING

Barbara Kinyon '39 *Head*

Helen Tams '39, Priscilla Blackett '42, Mary Saalfield '42, Ada Eppstein '41, Maria Herrera '41.

As always, a goodly number of Wellesleyites found the bridle paths irresistible.

The Field Day competition of this fall had as its hazards the archery targets and stumps of trees felled by the hurricane. Mr. J. P. Wescott, the judge, also met with hazards in the form of very close competition between two excellent Freshman riders, Priscilla Blackett and Mary Saalfield. Dinner cooked in the fireplace at McGee's was the reward for an afternoon of hard riding.

Three members of the riding teams

The Wellesley College Orchestra

THE activities of the Wellesley College Orchestra have been many and varied during the four years of the college generation in which the class of 1939 has participated.

The fall season reached its peak this year in the concert in the Chapel on November 28. The program included selections from the early music of Rosenmüller, a concerto for flutes and strings by Scarlatti, an early symphony by Rosetti, the overture to "Ottone" by Händel, and Händel's organ concerto in D minor, with Carl Weinrich as soloist. The concert was repeated at Harvard, and was later broadcast over a national hookup.

OFFICERS

Malcolm H. Holmes, *Conductor;* Margaret H. Horton '39, *President;* Eleanor L. Rodgers '40, *Business Manager;* Andrea N. Brown '40, *Treasurer;* Alice Willard '41, *Secretary;* Amy Hodel '41, *Librarian;* Marion W. Gibby '41, *Concert Mistress.*

VIOLIN I

Marion W. Gibby '41, Priscilla Davis '39, Mary Louise Barrett '42, Helen H. Tower '39, Esther Duke '42, Anne L. Hendricks '40, Gertrude M. Robison '42.

VIOLIN II

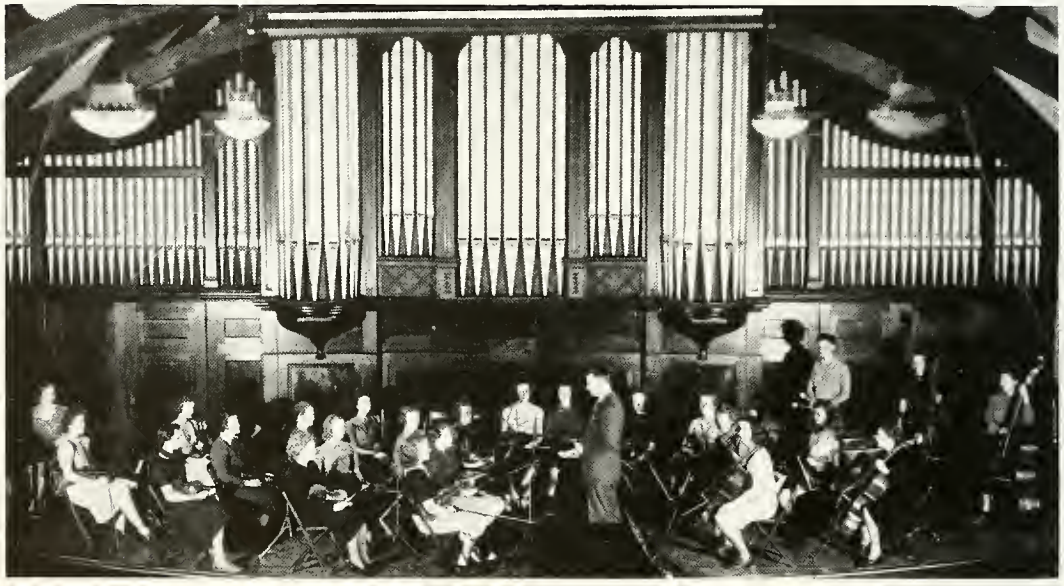
Margaret H. Horton '39, Margaret A. Hudson '40, Carolyn P. Elley '40, Vera B. Warner '42, Helen Nerney '40, Patricia A. Jackson '42, Josephine H. Knox '41, Beverly J. Andrews '42.

VIOLA

Eleanor L. Rodgers '40.

VIOLONCELLO

Esther C. Parshley '39, Miriam E. Wise '39, Andrea N. Brown '40, Thomas Hayes Proctor, Peggy E. Goodman '42, Katherine Weltey '41.



After rendering many recitals we achieved the climax of the entire year at the spring concert which was held in Alumnae Hall on April 26. With the assistance of the Harvard University Orchestra and with David Barnett as piano soloist, the combined orchestras presented a program of music from the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Included on this program was a Beethoven piano concerto and Haydn's "Clock Symphony," as well as selections from Brahms and the modern Russian composer, Glazounov.

BASS

Marjorie J. Northrup '39, Virginia C. Vail '40.

FLUTE

Alice Willard '41, Jean S. Hussey '39, Priscilla Pattison '41.

CLARINET

Joan R. Pinanski '42, Mildred W. Spitz '40.

TRUMPET

Penelope Hutchinson '40, Ann P. White '42.

FRENCH HORN

Amy Hodel '41, Sally S. Baird '42.

PERCUSSION

Frances H. Postell '39, Jane M. MacMaster '40.

PIANO

Mary McDonnell '39.

ORGAN

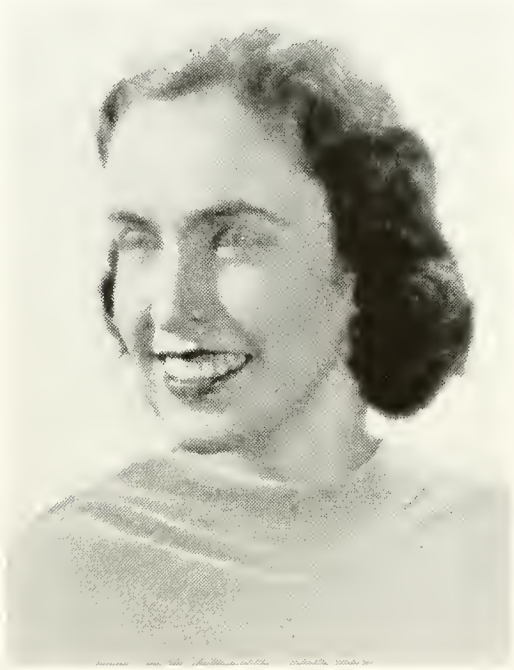
M. Elizabeth Wunderle '39.

THE autumn days flew past. We climbed the Tower to see the trees which flamed around the lake. We wandered down to Tupelo, where, earlier, we had heard the cries of the crew coxes and the splash of oars. In October came a day, important not only to us, but to all circles of education. Miss McAfee was inaugurated. As we lined up in our white dresses on Norumbega Hill we remembered Pres Pen, the gracious old lady who sat in the second row at chapel, the friendly soul who covered campus in "The Goldfish Bowl," the serene woman who addressed us in public. Our mothers had known her; we were glad that we had shared a year at Wellesley with her.

We assembled by classes all around the green in front of Pendleton Hall. The Carillon played; there was noise, conversation, brilliant streaks of sunshine slanting over us. We stared at the photographers, and the newsreel men, and the reporters. In front of the great oak door of Green Hall, Miss McAfee posed for the eager reporters before the procession started. Behind the band marched the college students in gleaming white. We did not talk any more except to murmur now and then when the occasion became too exciting to bear by ourselves. The sun beat down on our heads as we wound our way down the hill, past the Quad and up to Alum. We lined up along the road, shoulder to shoulder, to make a path for the marshals, Mary Bruce Taylor and Kathy Forsyth. They came proudly down the avenue carrying their marshal's batons . . . small white sticks tied with a ribbon. Behind them, in cap and gown, came the Academic procession. The brilliant red hoods, the green, and blue, contrasting with the somber black gowns. We beamed on the teachers whom we knew, unfamiliar in their academic gowns. At last came Miss McAfee, smiling at the applause which went before her. Her gold tassel gleamed in the sunlight, as it bobbed beside her dark hair. Smiling, too, her father walked in the procession. We were to know him better in the ensuing years, were to see him in chapel beside Miss McAfee or listen to his sermons. Now we thought how proud he must be. We watched them all the way up the road, then followed them.

We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her . . .

Two by two we marched into Alum, received our cream-colored folders which said on their covers "Inauguration of Mildred Helen McAfee as Seventh President of Wellesley College," and settled down in our seats to follow the "Order of Exercises." We listened reverently to Dr. McAfee's invocation and then turned our attention to the address by Dr. MacCracken, the President of Vassar College from which Miss McAfee had graduated. We thought it was nice and a little amusing that a Vassar graduate should come to be the president of Wellesley.



Marjorie McCullough
President of the Class of 1941

Then Miss McAfee herself rose to make her Inaugural Address. It was exactly suited to the occasion. We were to learn later that it was typical of all of Miss McAfee's addresses. We were to delight in the fact that our president's words were always "just what she should have said." One detail excited us. We had heard that Miss McAfee was going to make a reference to our competition song, and when she did, we were strangely thrilled.

FALL presented a multitude of occupations. We met all our friends in the Bible room studying for the first quizzes. We made trips to the Vil, stopping off to visit with our little sisters. We had tea at the Inn, exulting in the candles, the fireplace, the marmalade and cloves. We bought jugs of fresh cider, bags of apples, and single roses for our rooms. We yearningly watched the window displays change at Stuart's and Filene's. We succumbed again to the hair ribbon fad, and bought out McClellan's and Davis's supply. On week-ends we hung out of the windows in a manner recalling Freshman year, to see our fortunate friends depart for football games. They came home with feathers and programs which they let us read. We made Geology field trips in busloads, and scrambled over the crags of Nahant. A new magazine appeared on the stands. It was full of pictures, and we thought it a marvelous way to keep up with the news. It was called *Life*. We hoped it would be a success, but we needn't have worried. In no time the market was flooded with picture magazines, which, it seemed, were just what the world had been waiting for. On Hallowe'en the lights were dim. We had spook salad, with clove eyes, and orange napkins.

We waited impatiently while the seniors and juniors elected their officers. Then came the "Indexed" notice; "Nominations for Soph. Officers in 140 Green." We who had thought we knew everybody in the class found that there were many worthy individuals who had escaped our notice. The final results, however, left nothing to be desired: Anna Tiebout was our president. The rest were equally efficient and as remarkably pretty, too, we thought. "Betts" Wunderle, Sherry Stout, Puss Parkhurst, Chris Hunter, Peg Anderson, Carol Doty, Ann Wemple, Pussy Davis, Kitty Kelly, and Peg Wyckoff.

As November third drew near, Republicans and Democrats began to rear their heads in our peaceful dormitories. We snarled about the national debt; argued for public expenditure; denounced the Brain Trust; fought over Big Business. That night we held the rally

. . . are so well-dressed
they're always asked away . . .

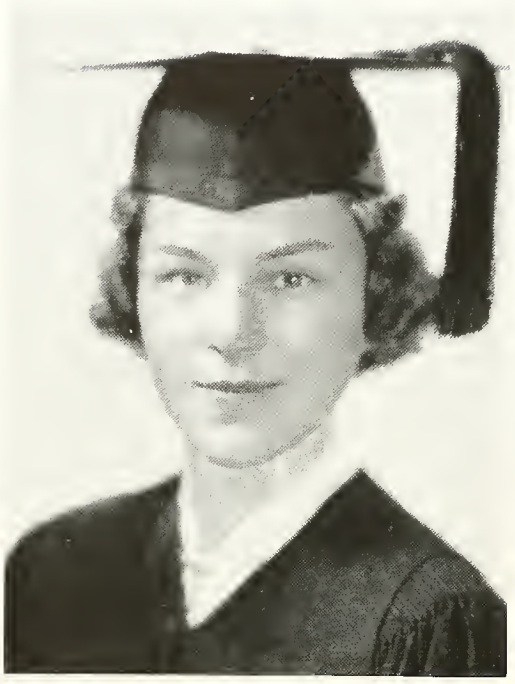
. . . once in every college generation. With torches, banners, proclamations, we wound about the campus in a procession. The separate houses had slogans, and their costumes and songs revealed their allegiance. We reached a pitch of excitement as we paraded. Through the night came flashes of photographers' bulbs. The roads were lined with crowds who watched our progress. We shouted things, sang our songs, raised defiant banners and described circles in the air with our torches. We marched to Alum, crowded ourselves in, and listened to election returns. The votes continued to come in . . . more and more for Roosevelt, until it became apparent to those who were Republicans that theirs was a lost cause. They folded up their Landon daisies, symbol of the west, and crept home through the night, temporarily tired and defeated.

We made trips to Boston on the 12:55. On some days we went to the museums in our polo coats and sports hats; on others we dressed in fur coats, high heels and our most daring hats for a trip to the theatre, tea at the Blue Ship, dinner at Ola's or dancing in the Copley. We learned the short cuts through the city, often landing in strange shadowed streets where our heels clicked noisily and suspicious creatures lurked in doorways. In South Station we had foolish pictures taken in the waiting room or drank orange juice at the drug store counter. The 11:50 train to Wellesley was noisy and smoky. We let our stylish hats slide down on our noses and put our feet up on the seats and dreaded the cold walk home from the station, or the equally chilly wait for an empty taxi.

Before we realized it, five academic weeks were gone and not a day passed without the announcement of another quiz. There were small rivalries among us to see who was the most heavily burdened. We saw no cause for worry; after all, when one is eighteen and has lived through a year of academic responsibilities, a handful of quizzes is not alarming. It was even fun checking off the papers and tests as we finished them, and when the last one was over there was an awful let-down feeling with nothing to pull us up to the mark.

Suddenly it was Thanksgiving time, heralded by the singing of "Come Ye Thankful People Come," in morning chapel. We went to our friends' houses for Thanksgiving; ate turkey in Gloucester, New Bedford or Providence, or went into Boston for cheer, wondering whether or not they missed our bright faces at home.

WHEN the Christmas Bazaar opened we knew beyond all doubt that the holiday season had arrived. While others were finishing off the cold sliced turkey of Thanksgiving, we were turning our thoughts to the next event. Alum was camouflaged in evergreens, and among the spruce boughs stood the booths. We drifted in noisy groups from one to the other, yearning over hand-knit mittens with colored flowers woven into them, hammered copper ashtrays, lamps, bowls, sweaters, scarves, embroidered tyrolean suspenders, china animals, plump pink pigs, silver gazelles, lop-eared cocker spaniels, mandarin coats and rings from China. This, we decided, was one of the nicest things C.A. gave us.



Dorothy Voss
President of the Christian Association

BUT Christian Association was responsible for the hearty welcome during Freshman week, arranging for the Ask-me's, the Wednesday tea at Tower Court, the Freshman vespers, the Campus Suppers, and Vaudeville and "Big Sisters."

Once they are members of the college community, C.A. brings students an opportunity to be consciously sensitive to life's significance through worship, thoughtful discussion, and purposeful activity. The enrichment of the spiritual life of the students is furthered by Sunday night Vesper services in the society houses, a quiet hour for prayer each week during Lent, and the Religious Forum. C.A. is justifiably proud, too, of its latest innovation; the purchase of a radio-victrola for use in the symphonic services which have been held in the C.A. Lounge Sunday evenings. These services offer an opportunity to relax, meditate and listen to the world's greatest music. Guest speakers lead thought provoking discussions at the regular Thursday afternoon teas. During the fall of 1938 the teas were devoted to a study of contemporary religious struggles in Germany, Spain, and China; while the winter and spring teas concerned themselves with such varied modern problems as the Oxford Group, prison life and work, and Indian missionary teaching and training.

Work beyond the sphere of campus is undertaken by the Social Service Committee. The members act as hospital librarians, readers to the blind, and helpers in clinics and settlement houses. Conferences widen the scope of C.A. through contact with other organizations of similar purpose. Days of study and play with fellow-students and leaders in international, social and religious movements present valuable experiences to the Wellesley representatives.

Movies, gym classes, music recitals, and hygiene lectures by Dr. DeKruif sponsored by C.A. give the impetus for the creation of group feeling among the employees, and relaxation for them on campus. For the men, smokers, picnics, and illustrated lectures are very popular. Frequently there are parties which include all the employees, when, under the leadership of C.A. members, games are played and songs sung, and selections given by talented employees who play musical instruments.

All of these activities and services are carried on under the leadership of a group of very active officers and committee members who direct the policy of the Christian Association and apportion the duties which are necessary for the carrying on of the work which C.A. does. There are a great many places where the whole body of students who are interested in doing volunteer social service work, in helping with the employees' parties, and in taking an active part in the life of the Association can be of great assistance. So it is that under the guidance of the Christian Association officers hundreds of girls work ably and efficiently. The officers are:

Dorothy Voss '39, *President;* Louise Tibbetts '39, *Vice President;* Elizabeth Gregory '40, *Junior Vice President;* Ann Winship '40,

Secretary; Christine Corey '41, *Treasurer;* Carol P. Doty '39, *Chairman, Community Service;* Edna Golding '39 and Ethel Baron '39, *Chairmen, Conference;* Margaret Hayes '39 and Margaret Horton '39, *Chairmen, Worship;* Marianne Robinson '39, *Chairman, Social Service;* E. Virginia Kyger '39, *Chairman, Employees Committee;* Joseph Haroutunian and Theodore Steiger, *Faculty Members;* Margaret Davis, *General Secretary*.

Thus, with the aid of the able and enthusiastic faculty advisors, Christian Association tries to serve the college. It is conscious of its significant idealism and social purpose.

But back to our first Christmas Bazaar. . .

We lingered a long time before the exhibition of dolls. Some of us blushed to recognize our awkward handiwork; others felt a swell of pride as we lifted our dolls' skirt and petticoat so that our friends could exclaim over the lace-trimmed underwear, in the making of which we had broken so many good needles. We were astonished at the infinite variety of personality brought out in the identical dolls. There were demure ones in delicately frilled caps and dresses; quaint dolls in full printed silk gowns and poke bonnets; athletic dolls in tiny scraps of bathing suits, or in skiing outfits; dolls with a foreign flavor, in Alpine suits, grass skirts, or Japanese kimonos.

We bought presents for our families and friends, sipped hot chocolate, munched doughnuts, and watched the exhibition dancing. We toured the booths again and again, and finally left the Bazaar with empty purses, and a revival of the Christmas spirit which we thought we'd exhausted the year before.

Soon they set up the house Christmas trees,

and hung wreaths in the halls. We had much to do; papers and quizzes to prepare in response to the inevitable pre-vacation demand; shopping trips to make to the Vil; presents to buy, with an eye out for good-looking wrappings; invitations forwarded from home to answer; train tickets to purchase. We responded to the stimulus of constant activity combined with the joy of Christmas, but we longed for a release from our labors. We sang Christmas Carols until they palled, knowing that when we got home they would be just tarting to sing them. We wondered how we could ever wait two more weeks for the real day to arrive. Our hothouse variety of Christmas was wonderful, but it was a forced bloom.

On December 11 we turned our radios in to the world-wide broadcast of King Edward's abdication speech. A year before we had sat in hushed groups while a sad British voice announced the death of King George. The Prince of Wales had come to the throne; the world had watched his struggle to share it with an American woman. And now, for her sake, he was giving up his heritage, his kingdom and his country. Our eyes were moist as we heard him use the phrase, "the woman I love." We felt history moving forward as he gave his throne and people into his brother's keeping, with the closing words, "God bless you; God save the King."

On the last morning we were up at dawn. We dressed feverishly, gulped down our coffee, and tried to discover what we'd forgotten. We mailed extra laundry cases from the college post office, and hoped they'd arrive home before we did, because we really needed our skates. We went through the familiar delirium of Calendar classes, and dashed to the station still clutching our notebooks and pens. We were off for another vacation!

THE three weeks of holidays melted away like a lozenge, leaving us with only the taste. Ignoring our mother's knowing smiles, we packed up all the library books we'd carted home.The train ride was definitely bad; we fell into our houses spent and broken. Most of the gang had arrived, and came whooping out to meet us as we left the elevator under a pile of suitcases, extra coats, hat boxes, magazines, and knitting. We stayed up late to unpack, to reassemble rooms, to make beds and to compare tales.

The next morning we got our exam schedules, and ran a trembling finger over each day's list of exams. At last we located five of them in a little huddle of three days; the sixth was off by itself on the last day. We tried to put the awful matter out of our heads, but it was impossible. We began to worry then and there, and didn't stop until the very last Thursday afternoon. The three short weeks until exam period leapt by. Before we could even begin to live up to our schedules the evil day was upon us, and we were desperately re-reading text-books, underlining our notes in red, and wasting much precious time agonizing with our corridor mates over the futility, the inescapability of Midyears. We ate ravenously; it was our chief relaxation. During the nightly crackers-and-milk

Compare and contrast . . .

sessions we hated the girls who were planning to be in bed within half an hour, and we hoped there would be a fire drill. We came back from each exam wailing that it had been simply terrible. The questions had either covered every single thing in the course or they had been on the unimportant subjects we'd skipped in our hasty review.

When it was over, those of us who lived near enough went home, to be comforted by the solicitous care of our families and friends. We were gratified when they commented on the circles under our eyes; but there were inevitably some who claimed we'd put on weight and had never looked better! Those of us who couldn't get home went to New York to catch up on our neglected metropolitan life. We crammed into three or four days all the movies and plays and dances that exams had forced us to forego.

Wellesley has cultivated me . . .

THE first event of second semester was Sophomore Tea Dance, with Nancy Reynolds as our chairman. For February it was decidedly spring-like, with the undefinable spring smells in the breezes. The ground beneath our feet was slightly muddy, in decided contrast to the hard floor of the ballroom. Our bright gold banner flashed from the wall above the orchestra. Across from it, daylight came through the glass doors to the terrace. One or two noses were pressed against the glass, but we didn't consider it much of an audience. That night there were dances in several of the houses. The campus was full of carloads of good-natured young men asking directions, and only-too-willing directions given by the girls. Strains of music drifted out the open doors.

Spring at Wellesley was as wonderful as we had remembered it. Missing the trip from the Vil for classes, we promised ourselves long walks around the Lake with congenial friends, who, like ourselves, might find themselves with unexpected free afternoons.

Major Officer elections came around. We read and re-read the long official ballots on which the class of '38 stepped up to seniorhood. We yelled ourselves hoarse at the announcements in Green Hall court, marveling to see Spang and Bunny and Gretchen in senior caps. Then came the event for which we'd been waiting with actual trembling: the announcement of our own Village Juniors. The old Vil Juniors led them out, all grinning broadly over their roses, as a shout greeted each new disclosure. After they had all lined up, looking as though they might burst open from joy at any moment, we all sang to them, telling them what a really superior group they were. Photographers leaned from the roof to take pictures; little kodaks clicked hopefully on all sides, although the sun was hidden behind the tower. After the songs were finished, we poured on to the small stone platform, seizing peoples' hands, grinning foolishly, screaming congratulations, and wiping furtive tears with the backs of our hands.

There was little time for rejoicing, however, for Tree Day and May Day were in the offing, and then rehearsals began.

We salute you . . .

MAY DAY that year was an important one for us. Peg Horton had labored long and hard with her committee to plan the formations we would make upon the hill. Wyck coached us in the '37 Marching Song, which it was our privilege to sing. At the unspeakable hour of 6:45 A.M. we would gather amongst the clothespins on Tower Court hill and practice shifting at the sound of the whistle. The grass was wet around our ankles; our neighbors had the newly-born look about the eyes; either they came without make-up, or their lips were put on a bit lopsided. We had premonitions that someone would mar the performance by erecting the wrong card at a crucial moment, thereby sending the entire class into disgrace.

The night before, we hemmed our seniors' gowns. On May Day, we slipped into our yellow clothes, and ran to other houses to shut seniors' windows and to make their beds.

The race itself was a black avalanche descending upon us. Before we could distinguish who was out in front it was all over. Newspapermen crowded about the winner, who smiled through her hoop for them and discussed her matrimonial prospects. Then we lined up, and marched through the seniors, who tapped on their hopps as we marched into chapel. There was mellow gold light shining diagonally upon the solid mass of girls who stood singing, "Joyful Joyful." We sophomores slipped from our transept before the service ended, and ran to gather our cards from the libe steps. When the other classes streamed from chapel they found us on the hill, making the numerals of our sister class. We sang "We'll take the torch from hands that have held it high," Wyck blew her whistle, and we shifted our formation, stumbling to keep our balance on the sharp hill. We sang a tongue-twisting song to a Gilbert and Sullivan tune, and beamed happily when the seniors called, "We want that song again!"

SPRING passed all too quickly; with it we felt nostalgia for the Vil. The crews came out on the lake, and once again the cries of the coxes came over the water, to mingle with the strange noises from Billings. In our classes we smiled to hear the violin striving against the piano sonata, both drowned out by throaty contralto scales.

On May 6 we attended our first mock Academic Council, holding our sides as we recognized Dr. De Kruif's bag, and Mr. Greene's gestures. That same night the papers were full of some of the most amazing photography of our times: the Hindenburg in flames.

Float Night was doubly thrilling that year, because we knew what to expect. It was a fresh clear night, with sounds coming across the water, and the little waves lapping against the shore. We laughed uproariously at the burlesque of a Harvard-Wellesley crew race of the gay nineties, in which one shell wore striped shirts, visored hats and black moustaches. In the other pulled sunbonnet maidens in leg-o-mutton sleeves, squeaking "Row, row, row your boat" in a variety of keys. Then before our eyes passed a panorama of Gilbert and Sullivan, to the accompaniment of appropriately rollicking tunes.

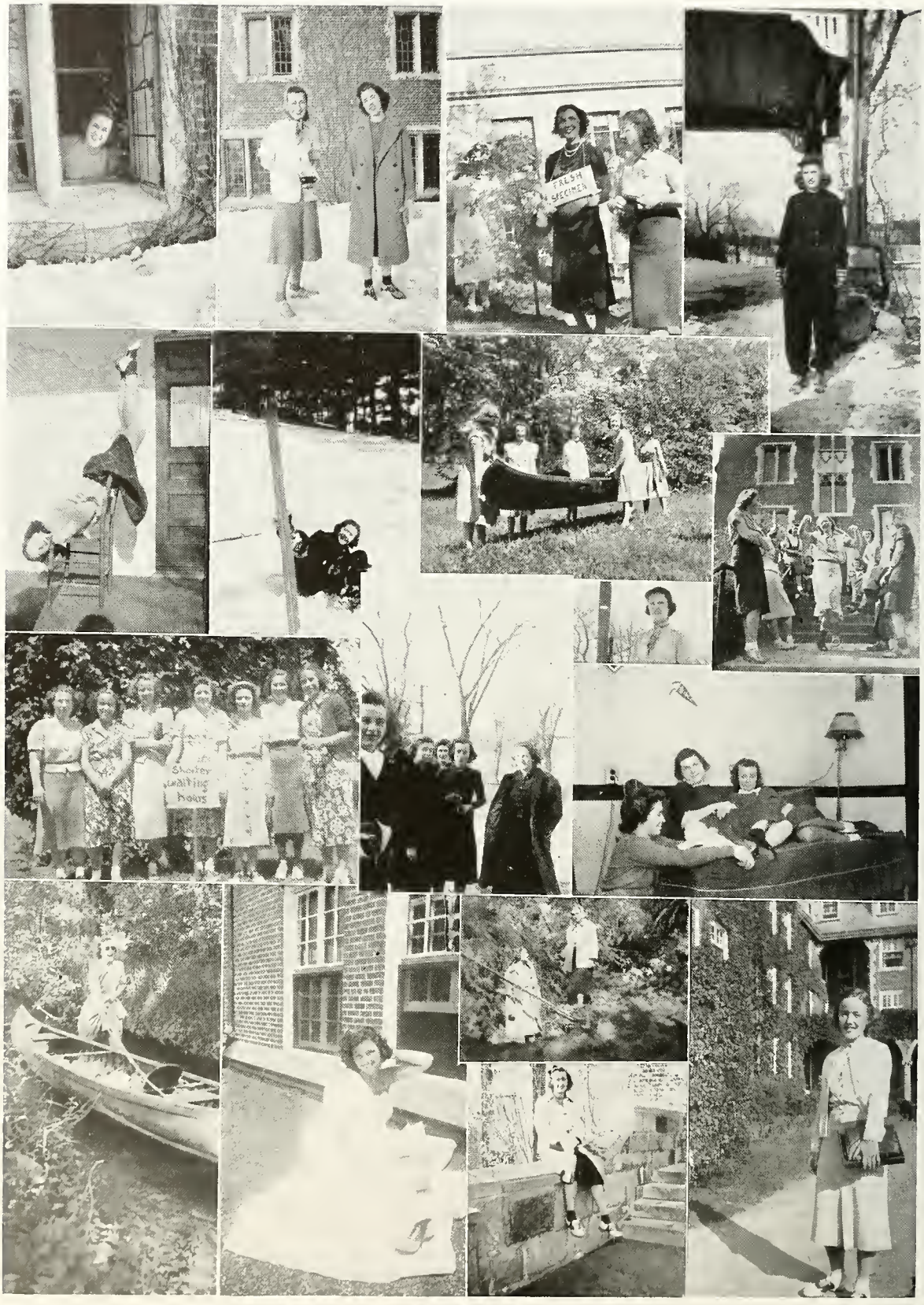
TREE DAY did *not* dawn bright and clear. During the morning there were intermittent showers, drenching the lawn where the spectators must sit. Anxious eyes scanned the Tower Court flagpole, worried Alumnae drove about the campus. The performers tried to console each other, but it was a horrid prospect to think of postponing the pageant to Monday. At last a feeble gleam of sunshine emerged; the flag was raised, and with trepidation we prepared to go ahead.

The classes lined up,—'40 behind an immense red banner for the first time; we were second in line.

Within the ropes we scrambled to be five abreast, then marched to the green, to form the "W" and sing *Alma Mater*. Then we climbed the hill to find places. It was the Happy Prince they were dancing that day. Tay Ott stood on a pedestal, bright in her gold costume. Mary Ann Dilley made a pert swallow, flirting with the Wind and with the Reeds. The Charity Children capered in, saucy in their ragged red dresses. Rhea Ornstein, as the Mathematical Master, convulsed us with her angular, jerky motions. Before our eyes, a carnival took place: Seamstresses, Workmen, Lackeys, Clowns, Poor Children, Rich Children, the Town Council—all came on and danced. At last, as a climax, appeared Schermie, Peg McAdam, Janie Dahl, Dorothy Pickett and Joan Lockhart, in filmy white angels' gowns, with wings and haloes which glittered. The sight of them, beautiful in the sunlight, advancing to the tune of *Pomp and Circumstance*, made us catch our breath. It was Wellesley tradition—the velvet sweep of the Tower green and the music swelling over the tops of the trees.

Then Lee Aultman and Evie Van Wie crept forward as black and white ghouls for the Ceremony of the Spade. The class of '40 reached their tree and cheered. They had become a class now, and 1939 was moving rapidly ahead—almost too fast to realize.

Breezes from Waban blow gently' . . .
Behind the scenes on Float Night


FRESH
SPECIMEN

Across the Meadow to Founders' Hall

NOW IN THE JUNIOR CLASS . . .

WHEN we came back to start our Junior year we had a sense of security and poise. We had become a vital part of the college community, and were an integral part of freshman life through our Vil Juniors, and such things as the Handbook and the Portrait Directory. 1941 was to be our sister class, and would look up to us as seasoned college women. But we were still far enough away from commencement to feel a lively joy in all the campus functions, as our pleasure was still untinged with regret and furtive glances into the future. We recalled the words of the song which made us "Jolly Juniors," and looked forward to a year of rich and hilarious experiences.

On the first night back those of us who had come to welcome the freshmen, went down to the Vil to catch them at Seilers, or to deliver Portrait Directories in the dormitories. The prospect of seeing a new freshman class amused us. We were interested in them as our sister class and as individuals, but the word "freshman" did not rouse in us the active curiosity of the previous year. We immediately fitted into time-worn grooves. With a sense of knowing the ropes, we went to Natick or Wellesley Hills to the movies. The only missing factor was the impending sense of doom which accompanies such trips during a rush of papers and exams. We dropped in on our new little sisters, and were annoyed to find them occupied with meetings and assemblies when we wanted them to go to the Vil for a spree. After all, we were able to tell them anything they might want to know; why should they seek information elsewhere? We shopped for new blotters, picture-frames, and waste-baskets. Our freshman notebook covers were still holding out, but a critical eye could see that they would not last another two years. We went to Hathaway to browze, and came away with fresh books of poetry, or new plays, or a Hummel statue. We delighted in spending money there before it was really necessary.

We went to the C.A. meeting for freshmen, grew deeply pensive over the years we had already spent at Wellesley, and dedicated ourselves to richer lives for the future. At night the stained glass windows were black, and above the brown fretwork the only decoration was the three mottoes in Gothic letters of gold: "My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord," "God Is Love," and "Not to Be Ministered Unto but to Minister." They were words to repeat, to savour, and to make part of oneself.

On sunny fall afternoons we walked around the Lake in languid groups. The sun beating down on our bare heads called up summer memories—days of bright beaches, and the sea. Now the rays were more oblique. Cool air shaped itself to the shadows of the trees. From across the lake we saw the thin tower rise, and heard faint Billings noises. We tried to visualize old College Hall, walked below

the mathematical gardens, and crossed over the President's bridge. Girls in canoes passed silently down the stream, between the weeping willows. The tennis courts were noisy with people.

At Formal chapel we marveled to see the boisterous class of '38 subdued in cap and gown. At last we sat in the nave of the chapel. The first day that the choir brushed past us we realized how close we were to the centre of things. Choir managed to amalgamate the new members after a few days of tearing down the aisle.

We began our grade three courses feeling infinitely scholarly, and knowing that the way to be a success is to *recite*—preferably with an understanding of the subject.

We had our first serious discussions of Prom. How soon was it decorous to invite a man? What sort of dress would be most becoming? Where should we go for the week-end, and how many of us could go together?

WE BURN THE MIDNIGHT OIL . . .

Freshman Vaudeville

OUR Junior year and Freshman week were almost over, but the Vaudeville was to be the climax. Each organization gathered its wits and its members together in an effort to produce a skit that would at once amuse our sister class (if we were Juniors) and to introduce the publications, the government groups, the C.A., the A.A. to the eager and curious Freshmen. We giggled over plans and scripts, despaired of ever filling our allotted time, and waved arms and legs wildly in an attempt to produce a comedy. We got dusty exploring the dark recesses of the stage in Alumnae, and incurred the wrath of otherwise good natured roommates, by making off with clean sheets, or pillows, or suitcases to use them for "props." We had rehearsals attended by laughter, not always where we had intended it to come, from the casts of the other skits. The dress rehearsal was a mad jumble of powder, safety pins, pages of script separated from their owners, the voices of the actors which were too weak, and those of the directors which were apt to seem too vigorous. We were sure that the whole enterprise would be a failure. What would the Freshmen think of us? Would they ever join any of the organizations if we did not impress them favorably?

But the evening came at last, and the theatre filled with groups of laughing Freshmen, escorted by their big sisters. We were not quite ready. Someone went to the piano, the Senior Song Leader came up on the stage and led the upper-classmen in "Prairie Flower", and "'Neath the Oaks", and all our other favorites. Some of the Freshmen listened and laughed at the funny parts of the songs; others of them, whose mothers had gone to Wellesley, sang too, knowing all the words as perfectly as we.

The lights dimmed. Now we presented ourselves. We introduced them to the organizations which they would join.

The Wellesley College News

NEWS has been experimenting this year, endeavoring to give its readers the news they want, trying to satisfy their desires as much as possible. Two new columns have appeared—*Caps and Frowns*, consisting of exchange items gleaned from other college papers, giving us an idea of what is going on on other campuses, and *C. G. Comment*, which aims to help the undergraduate to understand the workings of the system of student government under which we are organized. The rather nonsensical poem about college whimsies has grown up into a sharper commentary on affairs of importance extending beyond Wellesley, leading out into the world. *News* has followed a unified editorial policy, under which the editorials have not been limited in scope, but have endeavored to take in something of peculiar interest to the college, a topic of discussion on other campuses, and a matter of world importance. The use of pictures for most issues has enlivened and made more vivid the printed page.

News began this year a library of cuts. Through the use of a very efficient filing system, many more cuts are available for future use and a record of activities (less perishable than one of plain pictures or snapshots) is preserved.

When *News* holds tryouts in the spring and fall of every year, the editorial board endeavors to take on new members who will strive especially for accuracy, next for vividness of expression, without allowing personality to enter into a news article, and finally for promptness and willingness to cooperate. Fledgling reporters must assimilate the style book, to assure consistency in capitalization, punctuation—mechanical details which are nevertheless essential to the neatness of appearance of a newspaper. Make-up endeavors to follow diagonal lines across the page, to avoid massing of solid blocks of printed headlines; more important articles are placed at the top of the page, with heavier headlines about lighter ones, to give a sense of the importance of an article with relation to the other news stories.

News splurged with a super-special Junior Prom issue last spring, bearing the blue silhouette of a damsel in crinoline, plus the lightest of frivolous features to delight the souls of visiting males. Society pins and roses decorated its pages when new society members were announced in the fall; turkeys stalked sedately to introduce the Thanksgiving issue. For a grand departure during midyears, the board issued a full-page paper

Martha Parkhurst
Editor-in-Chief
The Wellesley College News

with a skiing theme; the imaginative element came in yellow-sheet blurbs about Seaseal Ker Plunke and Rainy de Messy Hair cavorting about the swimming pool during the Tides of March. And then the Tides of March came in actuality, and, with a final splash in the field of journalistic history, the old board recorded the dedication of the

The Editorial Board of *The News*

The Business Board of *The News*

George Howe Davenport Swimming Pool and the recreation building, and left the new staff to carry on the tradition.

Editorial Board

Martha Parkhurst '39, *Editor-in-Chief;* Louise Ahrens '39, *Make-up Editor;* Elizabeth Golden '39, *News Editor;* Adrienne Thorn '39, *Feature Editor;* Louise Sargeant '39, *Exchange Editor;* Virginia Hotchner '40, Helen Kazanjian '40, Martha Schwanke '40, Jane Strahan '40, *Associate Editors;* Janet Bieber '40, Sherley Heidenberg '40, Barbara Walling '40, Constance St. Onge '40, *Assistant Editors;* Isabel Cumming '40, Marilyn Evans '40, Elisabeth Green '41, Susan Swartz '40, Carol Lewis '40, Doris Bry '41, *Reporters;* Dorothy Blum '40, Elizabeth Potterton '40, Mary Barrows '41, Josephine Bonomo '41, Ann Blackmar '41, Margaret Wright '41, Nancy Siverd '41, Beverly Andrews '42, Jean Pinanski '42, Joan Pinanski '42, *Assistant Reporters;* Louise Stewart '39, *Drama Critic;* Elizabeth Davis '39, Mary Dougherty '39, *Assistant Drama Critics;* Elizabeth Kruskal '39, *Art Critic;* Ruth Ostermann '39, *Music Critic;* Ann Winship '40, *C. A. Representative;* Willye White '41, *A. A. Representative.*

Business Board

Mary Pearson '39, *Business Manager;* Katherine Edwards '40, *Advertising Manager;* Barbara Cohen '40, *Associate Advertising Managers;* Janet Chase '40, Anne Cohen '41, Barbara Prentic '41, Ruth Ludlam '41, *Business Editors;* Adelaide de Beer '41, Katherine Kingston '41, Ada Clark '41, Virginia Reid '42, Caryl Hadsell '41, Margaret Schloss '42, Gloria Bosetti '42, Elizabeth Titus '42, Cicerly Church '41, Anne Tomasello '42, *Associate Business Editors;* Alice Jantzen '39, *Staff Photographer.*

Legenda

LEGENDA, like its literary relatives on the Wellesley campus, is very much a tradition. It is expected that in the early part of May buildings will be sprinkled with volumes whose covers come to be familiar. The debut of LEGENDA is, however, not an accident. It is made only after a year of work and planning on the part of the staff of Juniors and Seniors who have spent all their leisure moments, and a few more (snatched from the Art Libe and Billings) in typing lists of names, pasting pictures in the "dummy" like kindergartners, and running frantically from pillar to post in the train of a photographer.

The Business Board has aided and abetted us, tramping miles of city blocks in order to find ads enough to finance our zest for detailed descriptions and three pictures on every page.

We have spoken editorially for a year now, at last, we resume our individuality and our own names.

EDITORIAL BOARD: Caroline Conklin, Leora Aultman, Jean Rearick, Marilyn Evans.

PHOTOGRAPHY BOARD: Ruth Maynard, Isabel Perry, Hilda Warshaw, Mary Ellen Crawford.

The Editorial Board of LEGENDA

The Business Board of LEGENDA

BUSINESS BOARD: Marjorie Kellogg, Virginia Coville, Priscilla Davis, Catherine Sladen, Marguerite Partridge, Emilie Little, Joan Henry, Janet Gould.

Press Board

OUR introduction to Press Board took the form of written tryouts. Those of us who showed journalistic aptitude then learned our way about the office; knew what files to consult for a girl's record, and recognized the leading papers of United States cities. We covered campus beats and wrote about the girls in the districts for which we were reporting. We were excited when our first newspaper stories came back from the clipping bureau all neatly tabulated. And sometimes our stories appeared on the Bulletin Board in the basement of Green. This was particularly true if we were correspondents for a Boston paper. We telephoned stories to City Editors, guided photographers about the campus on Float Night and Tree Day, wrote reviews of art exhibits, teas and concerts. Striving always to maintain professional standards, we covered all campus activities, sent Sunday stories to key cities, gave home towns a personal account of what their girls were doing, We frowned down photographers who wanted to feature Wellesley legs, and tried to keep our names from appearing in advertisements. In furthering the ideals of Wellesley in print, we learned a great deal about reporting.

Miriam Meyer
Student Chairman of
the Press Board

OFFICERS

Clemewell Lay, *Director of Publicity;* Betsy Weston and Sarah C. Smith, *Assistants;* Miriam Meyer '39, *Chairman of Press Board.*

Members of the Press Board

MEMBERS

Ruth Anderson '42, Elizabeth Burnquist '39, Janet Callahan '41, Frances Clausen '41, Olive Coolidge '41, Marilyn Evans '40, Eleanor Finger '40, Josephine Futtner '40, Patricia Hambright '40, Frances Harvey '39, Mary Hilliard '40, Amy Hodel '41, Ann Lincoln '41, Jane Lundquist '39, Eleanor Merrill '39, Harriet Mills '41, Mary E. Parks '39, Jean Pinanski '42, Joan Pinanski '42, Rose Sarhanis '39, Barbara Snedeker '40, Ann Webb '40, Dorothea White '39.

The Business Board of *The Wellesley Review*

Review

THE strides which the *Wellesley Review* has made this year are described in the brief Preface which appeared in the "new" dusty pink issue, under the heading "*Review* Puts Its Hair Up." Without the formality of a footnote we quote the Preface as being indicative of the spirit of the whole magazine.

"We hope you like us all freshly washed and ironed and feeling rather grown up and sophisticated and even dignified with the new stiffening at our back. And our cover has grown up from the football type and gone *Atlantic Monthly*-wards."

It is the hope of the staff which brought about the change (after many conferences in "Nippy's" room, and hours of discussion at the Printer's with regard to cover and page layouts) that the magazine will become an increasingly vital organ for the publication of "Articles of real merit" and stories and poetry by authors of real ability.

The Editorial and Business Boards confessed, in the Preface quoted above, that they had outgrown a prep school love of publicity and no longer wanted their names emblazoned on the first page. LEGENDA has convinced them at last, however, that their public would like to know them. They are:

EDITORIAL STAFF

Norma Sharfman '39, Elizabeth Davis '39, Leonore Sacks '40, Dorothy Southmayd '40, Patricia Redman '40, Caroline Parfitt '40, Caroline Conklin '39, Alicia Gallagher '40, Elisabeth Green '41, Ann Remington '40, Nancy Chapin '40, Clara Cohen '41, Vera Schapiro '40, Elizabeth Bierer '40, Yvonne Jones '41, Harriett Lundgaard '40, Nancy Borden '41, Emily Pribble '41.

BUSINESS STAFF

Lucille Young '39, Barbara Salisbury '39, Leona Marks '40, Betty Myers '41, Elizabeth Snavely '40, Sarah Peace '41, Eleanor Fisher '42, Ruth Bleasing '42, Carolyn Couch '40, Phyllis Pray '41, Mary Barrows '41.

The Editorial Board of *The Wellesley Review*

AWAY FROM THEIR HOBBES AND DESCARTES . . .

TO the crisp air of autumn the society houses opened their doors and in we went. We dressed carefully and went to sip tea and eat sandwiches in one of the little houses by the lake or over in Shakespeare. We could not, we knew, join more than one society, but it was hard to decide. . .all the houses were so cute and the girls so friendly. We envisioned belonging ourselves, or going as guests of our friends. We foresaw dropping in for a Coca Cola, or attending vespers there on Sunday nights. How pleasant, we thought . . . a perfect excuse to be out and "away from the Hobbes and Descartes."

So some of us turned to T.Z.E. or Agora or Phi Sig. Others joined the society with the brown Elizabethan house that nestled by Tower Court Hill, or wandered into the classical atmosphere of A.K.X. Each of us was loyal to her own, once the Society rose had been pinned upon her shoulder. And those of us who didn't join loved them all, having a better selection of teas to attend than our friends who belonged!

Zeta Alpha

The green-shuttered, white-pillared home of the devotees of Modern Drama . . . Zeta Alpha Society House.

ONE morning in November, 1876, Delia Lyman and May Strong were summoned to President Ada Howard's office to be charged with the serious business of forming a literary society, long desired but never achieved till that time. The by-laws and Constitution were promptly drawn up and the meetings began, held in a large room on the fifth floor of College Hall, which was shared by Phi Sigma, still a neighbor of ours.

During the early years Mr. Durant lent much encouragement to the societies, bringing books from Boston, and giving honest and helpful criticism. In 1881 the societies were discontinued because of the pressure of academic work, but were resumed again in 1896. It was not until 1900, however, that the house which the present members of Z.A. fre-

quent with such pleasure, was completed.

Now, within its walls, the thirty-five members work and relax together, in the big old-fashioned kitchen where can be found an ample supply of food and Coca Cola, or in the blue and ivory living room with its friendly fireplace. There are held the Thursday afternoon teas and Sunday night Vesper Services and Suppers. There is work to do, too, however in the form of housekeeping, preparing

meals, and Program Meetings, in which the society fulfills its literary function. This year Z.A. has studied drama in its various aspects; reading Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* one evening in November, listening to December talks on modern dramatists by its members, in February discussing Modern Critics and Dramatic Prize Awards, and triumphing, in May, with the production of a real melodrama, entitled *Gold in the Hills*, or *The Dead Sister's Secret*.

Officers

Aileen Davidson, *President;* Jean Fox, *Vice President and Acting President first semester;* Jean Van Riper, *Acting Vice President first semester;* Alice Corcoran, *Secretary;* Dorothy Harris, *Treasurer;* Charlotte Nickell, *Custodian;* Mary Dougherty, *Central Committee Member;* Leora Aultman, *Head of Work.*

Members in Facultate

Myrtilla Avery, Agnes Roche, Grace G. Crocker, Eliza M. Rogers, Virginia Onderdonk, Martha Hale Shackford, Dorothy M. Robathan.

Honorary Member

Sarah Emily Brown.

Seniors

Leora Aultman, Susan Barrett, Virginia Bell, Margaret Cahill, Katherine Canfield, Caroline Conklin, Alice Corcoran. Frances Cottingham, Aileen Davidson, Mary Dougherty, Jean Fox, Jane Gracy, Dorothy Harris, Joan Henry, Alice Jantzen, Betty Kolter, Virginia Kyger, Elizabeth Morgan, Charlotte Nickell, Anne Shepard, Katherine Sladen, Jean Van Riper, Dorothy Voss.

Juniors

Elinor Bancel, Carol Cosden, Margaret Hudson, Janet Quinn, Gene McDonald, Peggy Schorer, Elizabeth Snavely, Mary Phil Taylor, Lynette True, Mary Eliza Turner, Elizabeth Van Wie, Mary Walling.

Tau Zeta Epsilon

IN 1889 a group of serious-minded young Wellesley students banded together and formed the Art Club, under the sponsorship of the History of Art Department. On May fifteenth of that same year the members voted to change the group's official title from Club to Society, and the Art Society was born. Tau Zeta Epsilon came into existence in 1894, when the Academic Council gave its approval to the change in name, and offered to the new society a room in the Art Building for the exclusive use of its members.

T.Z.E.'s first house, completed in the year 1900, was in the meadow near the arched drive from the parking space to Pendleton Hall. In this year, too, were introduced the customs—still followed today—of presenting living pictures from the school of art which the society had chosen to study, and concluding the year's activities with a reception open to the general public of Wellesley College.

The house which T.Z.E. now occupies was opened on April 24, 1929. The members have just reason to be proud of it; its Norman lines, terrace, and homey, beam-ceilinged living room, complete with those two accessories indispensable to comfort, a fireplace and a broad window seat, are the envy of the college. T.Z.E. also has first access to Tupelo Point by virtue of its lakeside location, which has been a further cause of many a green-eyed glance from members of other societies whose houses are located in less favorable sites.

On bitter winter days the "Tizzie" members can sit curled upon the expansive window seat in the living room and watch the skaters fly over Lake Waban's gleaming silvered surface; and when the first crocuses in the Botany gardens foreshadow the coming of spring, they can spend delicious hours wandering down Tupelo path, or sunning themselves in a Spoonholder. Sunday evening Vespers at "Tizzie" are a college legend—the splendid music which is provided by its members and the mood of comradeship instantly established by its roaring living room fire have proven to be an unsurpassable combination.

The interests of the society have undergone expansion along with the dimensions of its membership list, for at present T.Z.E.'s members deal not merely with the art of a certain period (as did the original Tau Zeta Epsilon group), but also with the musicians of that time.

This year the chief interest of T.Z.E. has been focused upon the French art and music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. At the meetings David, Ingres, Corot, Courbet, Manet, Degas, Renoir, Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and Picasse have been discussed with an eye to their main aims, developments, achievements, and influences. Simultaneously, T.Z.E. members have given thought to the tendencies in music which reflect the trend of the moderns in art.

At each of the four program meetings T.Z.E. has held throughout the year, there have been living pictures and musical selections. The models for the pictures were carefully chosen, and their costumes were as accurate reproductions of the original paintings as time and finance would permit. That music was selected which would best relate to the tendencies of the artistic school in question.

The open house reception on April fourteenth and fifteenth culminated T.Z.E.'s studies in art and music during the year. For the edification of both friends and members, the best of the living pictures given since September were repeated in alternation with the best of the music played during the year; and the final correlation of the two was accomplished. Members and guests watched the result of a year's work and effort and told each other that the leaders in the society had directed all the activities very efficiently, and pointed to them with pride in what they had done together.

And this is the house on
Tupelo Point dedicated to
Music and Art . . .
Tau Zeta Epsilon Society House.

Officers

Dorothy Stout, *President;* Cynthia Kilburn, *Vice President;* Ruth Osterman, *Treasurer;* Virginia Colville, *Secretary;* Marion Thomson, *Head of Work;* Joan McKee, *Housekeeper;* Virginia Plumb, *Head of Music;* Mary Randall, *Central Committee Member.*

Members in Facultate

Mrs. Mabel E. Hodder, Mr. Howard Hinners, Miss Hetty Wheeler, Mrs. Laura Loomis, Miss Alice I. P. Wood, Mr. Edward Greene, Miss Agnes A. Abbott, Miss Helen Davis, Mr. W. Alexander Campbell, Mrs. Laurine Bongiorno, Miss Sirapie Der Nersessian.

Honorary Members

Miss Alice Brown, Miss Margaret Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Macdougall.

Seniors

Margaret Anderson, E. Byrd Boorse, Dorcas Cameron, Virginia Coville, Phyllis Finklestein, Mary Elizabeth Glines, Margaret Horton, Nancy Jackson, Marjorie Jaminet, Cynthia Kilburn, Joan McKee, Ruth Osterman, Virginia Plumb, Mary Randall, Dorothy Stout, Mary Thompson, Marion Thomson, Anna Tiebout, Virginia Tuttle, Nancy Waite, Virginia White, Betty Wunderle, Margaret Wyckoff.

Juniors

Hope Barnfield, Betty Bierer, Carolyn Couch, Virginia Donk, Jean Kelley, Lynn Lochridge, Helen Nerney, Jeanne Nutter, Elizabeth Ramsey, Jane Shugg, Dorothy Southmayd.

Shakespeare

THE Shakespeare Society was founded April 18, 1877, with a membership of twelve; and its first literary meeting was held one month later. The work of the society grew and prospered from the beginning. Connection was made with the London Society, then three years old, and records were received early enough to be read in that society and the Wellesley Shakespeare society at the same time. Mr. Durant was made an honorary member as were several members of the faculty, who entered enthusiastically into the literary work. Dr. Hudson's name appears more than once on their records, and letters were often received from so eminent a Shakespearean scholar as Mr. Furnival. The aim of the society as given in the constitution was a high one—the study of the greatest artist in the world as a means to intellectual development. The early society had all the vitality that comes to a high purpose resolutely followed.

From the founding of the society until 1880, the meetings were held in Society Hall. At that time Society Hall was taken over by the college for its own use and the Shakespeare Society had no permanent place of meeting until 1893 when it was given a home in the Art Building. In 1892 the society began working for a home of its own. Its efforts were realized in 1898 when the cornerstone of the present Shakespeare House was laid. Throughout this period of wandering the society continued with undiminished strength. It was the privilege of the Shakespeare Society from 1880 to 1888, between the dissolution of Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma, to stand as the sole representative of the society spirit of cooperation in high ideals and service to the college. After College Hall burned down, Shakespeare House was used for administrative offices; the World War saw it turned over for making medical supplies.

The Tudor house under the hill where Anne Hathaway might have lived. devoted to Shakespearean Drama . . . Shakespeare Society House.

When one opens the door, one seems to be in Tudor England. The great living room is panelled in oak and centers around the fireplace. Mullioned windows curtained in red complete the impression. Aside from a kitchen, more modern than any Anne Hathaway ever knew, the little society house might well be a dwelling into which Shakespeare walked for an afternoon's visit.

Shakespeare presents its plays on a stage on the second floor. All characters are represented in Elizabethan costumes, those of Shakespeare's time, instead of in costumes appropriate to the period of the play. The minimum of scenery is used; signs indicate settings, leaving the details to the imagination of the audience. The collection of frilled collars, full-length hose, and sweeping velvet robes grows each year; this year an addition to the

costume supply constituted a birthday gift to Shakespeare Society.

The first dramatics in costume were presented by Shakespeare Society in 1886. A yearly play was given from 1887 to 1912. From 1912 until 1920 a play was given every alternate year, thus giving the society a span of two years to work on their project. This plan was abandoned in 1920 and Shakespeare has since then presented to the college yearly a Shakespearean play which is the result of a year's growth in literary research and dramatic activity. Last year Shakespeare presented to the college *The Comedy of Errors*, and

this year all their literary and dramatic energy has been devoted to Shakespeare's romantic comedy, *Twelfth Night.*

Officers

Marian Colwell, *President;* Ruth Giles, *Vice President and Acting President first semester;* Lucille Merrifield, *Acting Vice President first semester;* Cora Harrison, *Treasurer;* Camilla Davis, *Secretary;* Margaret Hayes, *Housekeeper;* Louise Stewart, *Central Committee Member;* Barbara Schofield, *Chef.*

Members in Facultate

Henrietta Alexander, Barbara Maynard, Carolyn N. Britton, Louise S. MacDowell, Sophie C. Hart, Grace L. Perry, Amy Kelly, Margaret Sherwood, Edith Mallory, Evelyn K. Wells, Helen L. Mansfield, Mabel M. Young.

Honorary Members

Mary B. Brainerd, Harold King, Constance M. King, Julia Marlowe Sothern, Edith Wynne Matheson Kennedy.

Seniors

Marjorie Lou Ashcroft, Constance Brown, Marion Colwell, Camilla Davis, Carol Doty, Ruth Giles, Cornelia Harrison, Ruth Harrison, Margaret Hayes, Marjorie Kellogg, Catherine Kelly, Ellen Libby, Barbara Mellor, Lucille Merrifield, Jane Mitchell, Martha Parkhurst, Nancy Reynolds, Barbara Schofield, Louise Stewart, Margaret Walker, Ann Wemple, Marjorie Willitts.

Juniors

Elizabeth Blakeney, Helen Bryson, Jean Cumming, Virginia Grier, Harriet Hull, Barbara Hutton, Marjorie Jones, Marjorie Noppel, Carol Parfitt, Margaret Sands, Jane Strahan, Margaret Van Wagenen, Beatrice Wakefield.

Phi Sigma

PHI SIGMA was organized in 1876, along with Zeta Alpha, by Mr. Durant in the second year of the college, to fulfill the need that was felt for a smaller student group within the college that would be united by a common interest. Members were at first elected by the "rush" system, on the merits of outstanding literary ability. Miss Katherine Lee Bates was a charter member brought in in this way after a headlong dash to reach her door ahead of the Z. A. representative. During these first years the society held its meetings on alternate Saturday nights in a room in old College Hall. Phi Sigma was disbanded in 1881 along with the other societies on the ground that they drew too much time and energy from regular academic work.

In 1889, when Miss Shafer was president of Wellesley, and at the instigation of the faculty who were members of the societies, Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha were re-established. The year 1893 saw the founding of a Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma at Wesleyan which was then co-educational and, in 1897, the first annual convention of the two chapters was held at Wellesley. This chapter was soon dropped, however, according to the record, "because of lack of capable material, but during its existence was most devoted." An alumnae chapter of this Wesleyan group still exists.

The facilities for meetings proved so unsatisfactory that by 1892 the society began to discuss the possibility of a house of its own, preferably situated on Norumbega Hill, with the present site on Tupelo road as second choice. This dream materialized in 1899, when plans submitted by Mrs. C. K. Cummings were accepted. On February 3, 1900, the present society house was formally opened by a housewarming. The guests coming from the cold of a February night were cheered by a fire blazing on the hearth. The warm glow reflected on the ice-blue walls which were sprinkled with what looked almost like stars in the sky outside.

Today girls dropping in from an afternoon of skating on the lake, or rushing down for half an hour's relaxation between classes, find the same cozy and cheerful atmosphere. Or, if it is springtime, they may open the door and go out onto the terrace to sink luxuriously in the modernistic metal and leather chairs, or swing back and forth in the streamlined glider. Provided with a book or a magazine and some candy from the society larder, they will be tempted to while away more hours than they had perhaps intended.

Cozy Bungalow on Society row
where go those who love
Modern Poetry . . .
Phi Sigma Society House.

Phi Sigma has always enjoyed open meetings with non-member guests and at one time joint meetings with the other societies. An operetta was once given with Zeta Alpha. A joint vaudeville with Agora was a traditional event, and two dances were given with Shakespeare. An annual Christmas Masque was given until a few years ago when it was deemed wise to simplify somewhat the busy social schedule of the college. Two famous events in the history of Phi Sigma were the visits of Joseph Jefferson in the year 1899-1900, and that of William Butler Yeats, who were brought to the college as guests of the society.

After the burning of College Hall in 1914, Phi Sigma, as well as the other society houses, was used for class rooms. During the World War, the society as a group turned to war work with the house as a center for its activities.

Phi Sigma for many years studied the folklore of foreign lands, but in recent years has changed to the study of modern poetry.

Officers

Margaret Clayton, *President;* Frances Postel, *Vice President;* Eleanor Campbell, *Secretary;* Ann Rieb, *Treasurer;* Christine Hunter, *Central Committee Member, Head of Production;* Mary McLaughlin, *Head of Work;* Marjorie Pease, *Housekeeper.*

Members in Facultate

Josephine Batchelder, Clara de Morinni, Kathleen Elliott, Katherine Paton, Elizabeth Manwaring, Marguerite Raymond.

Honorary Members

Vida Scudder, Albert B. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Galen L. Stone.

Seniors

Eleanor Campbell, Margaret Clayton, Elizabeth Davis, Virginia Doulberry, Eleanor Ferrin, Katherine Hack, Elizabeth Hancock, Patricia Harvey, Christine Hunter, Lucy Katt, Margaret Kenway, Elizabeth Kruskal, Mary Martin, Mary McLaughlin, Marjorie Pease, Isabel Perry, Frances Postel, Ann Rieb, Louise Sargeant, Nancy Sargent, Lucetta Sharp, Miriam Wise.

Juniors

Ann Bishop, Andrea Brown, Katherine Buchanan, Nancy Crane, Eleanor Finger, Shirley Heidenberg, Jean Katt, Muriel Terry.

Alpha Kappa Chi

THE idea of a classical society in Wellesley College was first discussed on March 11, 1892, and Alpha Kappa Chi Society was founded officially on May 14, 1892, with thirteen charter members of the classes of 1892, 1893, and 1894. The purpose of the society is "to advance the interest in classical study in Wellesley College."

The first meetings were held in College Hall. The first house occupied by the society was built on a hill next to Dower House and first used in the year 1903-1904. In 1924 the present house belonging to the society, behind the library, was completed, and Alpha Kappa Chi gave its former house over to the use of the Psychology department. This house was torn down in 1935-1936.

The Alpha Kappa Chi Society House of today is in simple classical style, with two pillared porches. The white walls are overgrown with vines, and the sheltered spot behind the library makes a cool, inviting location in which to realize, as did the ancient Greeks, the beauties of nature. The ancient philosphers—Plato, Aristotle, Socrates; the dramatists of Greece—Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes; the scientists Pythagoras and Ptolemy—these classic giants in an early civilization well justify the study of their work. As Greek colonists laid the foundations for the powerful Roman civilization, as the Roman world spread its culture through conquest, so our present civilization is a result of classic influences.

The activities of the Society have been devoted to the study of the classics. At the program meetings, various members of the society report upon some topic of interest connected with the classical period, and especially upon subjects related to the program planned for the annual semi-open meetings. At these meetings it is the custom of the society to present a Greek or Latin play which has been studied throughout the year. In the past it was possible to give these plays out-of-doors in their original form. At present however, this has been found to be impracticable, and instead, good translations of classical dramas are used. Among the plays which the society has presented are Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Alcestis*, and Sophocles' *Electra*, which Alpha Kappa Chi performed in English for its semi-open meeting this year, under the direction of Bernice Libman '36, who played the original Electra in the dedication of the Greek amphitheatre. The play deals with the revenge of Orestis, Electra's brother, on his mother Clytaemnestra and her lover Aegisthos, who murdered Orestis' father. The use of the chorus in the presentation of Greek plays aids in interpretation of the dramatic action.

The classically cool and simple Greek house; inviting lovers of Euripides and Sophocles to enter . . . Alpha Kappa Chi Society House.

Outstanding alumnae members of Alpha Kappa Chi are numerous. Listed in *Who's Who* is Bernice Kenyon '20, who was on the editorial staff of *Scribner's Magazine* from 1920 to 1924, Book Editor with Charles Scribner's Sons from 1925 to 1927, and, after an interlude of foreign travel, has done poetry reviewing for the Philadelphia *Inquirer* since 1929. Winner of the Masefield Prize while at Wellesley, Miss Kenyon is an honorary member of the N. C. Poetry Society, and contributes to well-known magazines, such as *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mary D. Fraser '23, is also an author by profession, specializing in editorials, verse, and translations. Helen Santmyer '18, a novelist, also turns her hand to magazine articles and short stories.

Officers

Janet Waters, *President;* Elizabeth Avers, *Vice President;* Barbara Hale, *Secretary;* Jean I. Paradis, *Treasurer;* Elise Manson, *Custodian;* Janet Matter, *Central Committee Member;* Marianne Robinson, *Chef;* Betty Hendrickson, *First Factotum;* Anne Hendricks, *Second Factotum.*

Members in Facultate

Mary L. Austin, Katharine Balderston, Muriel S. Curtis, Dorothy W. Dennis, Caroline R. Fletcher, Joseph Haroutunian, Helen H. Law, Barbara McCarthy, Antoinette Metcalf, A. Bertha Miller, Agnes F. Perkins, Florence A. Risley, Helen J. Sleeper.

Honorary Members

Margaret Anglin Baker, Mrs. Stella Balderston, Lillian L. Buller, Mrs. C. G. Hamilton.

Seniors

Mary Elizabeth Avers, Jean C. Avery, Dorothea L. Baker, Ethel M. Baron, Jane G. Dawes, Barbara Hale, Ruth E. Harvey, Emmeline T. Manganiello, Elise Manson, Janet Matter, Jean I. Paradis, Marjorie A. Parmenter, Mary Frances Pearson, Marianne G. Robinson, Janet Waters, Helen C. Whittemore, Jeanne M. Wysor.

Juniors

Mary F. Butler, R. Nancy Congleton, Anne Hendricks, Betty C. Hendrickson, June Mason, Ann P. Wheeler.

Agora

IN 1892 a small group of Wellesley Freshmen who were interested in the political and social problems of their day formed what was known as the Cottage Street Political Club. Through their meetings and discussions a definite need of the undergraduates was satisfied . . . and so the group survived and grew until it took its place among the college societies and became the Agora we know today.

The meetings were, at first, held in an alcove on old College Hall until, in 1901, our own House by the Lake was built. In spite of the additional opportunities for social activities, the original aim of the society remained unchanged . . . the desire to guide and train its members into fuller and richer citizenship.

The work of the society is carried on by studying some chosen problem of current interest, of either social or political significance. This yeat we centered our attention on the three dictators: Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

The name Agora was selected for our Society because the Agora of Athens offered to the Ancient Greeks just what this society wishes to offer to its members. There, in an open square or market place just below the Acropolis, the men of Athens gathered to exchange their goods and to discuss the civic questions of the day.

The Agora uses as her motto the great motto of our college . . . "Non ministrari sed ministrare" because we who are privileged to meet here hope that we may individually, and as a group, be of real service to each other, to Wellesley, and to our Country.

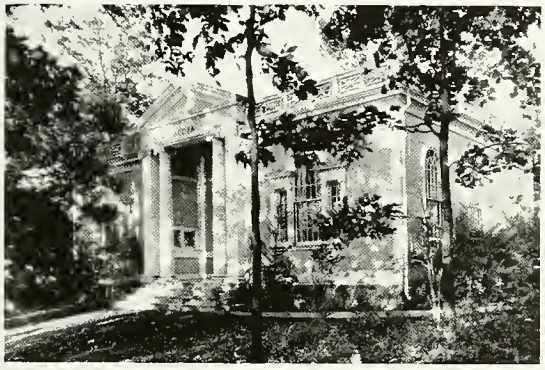
Agora has its social side, too. Around the fireplace its members are happy to gather on Thursday to drink tea and eat sandwiches and chat about the events of the week. Sunday evening finds the society as a group again, this time for its Vesper service, led by the President. We enjoy the informal buffet suppers which are served by certain of its members after Vespers, and are seldom willing to leave the fire to go out across campus to our houses and our books.

So, as is the case with all of the societies, Agora tries to make its house a place where the society members may find stimulation and relaxation; where they may come for pleasure, where they may bring their friends or may entertain. Where, also, they may discuss topics which are of interest for the most part,

not only to them, but to the world as a whole. Agora is an excellent medium through which girls may widen their viewpoints and their friendships.

Agora is proud of her house, the cornerstone of which was laid in June, 1901, and nineteen years later was doubly prized because we had come so near to losing it. In November, 1920, Agora was damaged by fire which resulted in considerable loss. But May, 1921, saw it redecorated and the scene of a housewarming, its possessions once more collected and secure.

The house as it stands today, many years after the fire, is inviting. To reach it, one goes down a path by the side of the lake and comes face to face with the stucco building. Pillars lend dignity to the facade, and the eye, following them upwards, comes to rest on the Greek letters over the doorway which proclaim that one has, indeed, found Agora.



Down a wooded path to the house where one may discuss the civic questions of the day as one looks out over the lake . . .
Agora Society House.

A treasure of which we are very proud is General Pershing's flag, which he presented to Agora after the war. General Pershing also gave us a handsome clock in memory of his wife, who was a member of Agora. Miss Marian Bosworth presented us with a helmet of Athena of which we are equally proud.

Officers

Jean Stetson, *President;* Emily White, *Vice President;* Marie Kraemer, *Purveyor;* Sylvia Spense, *Housekeeper;* Catherine Roff, *Treasurer;* Elizabeth Dodson, *Secretary;* Adrienne Thorn, *Central Committee Member.*

Members in Facultate

Alice Armstrong, Julia S. Orvis, Mary L. Coolidge, Alice M. Ottley, Mary C. Ewing, M. Eleanor Prentiss, Mary L. Finch, Helen S. French, Mrs. Thomas Proctor, Mr. Thomas Proctor, Edna F. Heidbreder, Marion D. Russell, Celia H. Hersey, Seal Thompson, Frances L. Knapp, Barbara G. Trask, Mary J. Lanier, Alice V. Waite, Ruth H. Lindsay, Lilla Weed, Marion C. Loizeaux, Judith B. Williams.

Honorary Members

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Bradley, Edwin A. Cottrell, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Greene, General John Pershing.

Graduate Students

Marjorie Wright, Marjory Morgan.

Seniors

Elizabeth Barrett, Elizabeth Burnquist, Ruth Coleman, Louise Crane, Elizabeth Dennett, Elizabeth Dodson, Margarita Gomez, Virginia Jabara, Marie Kraemer, Joan Kuehne, Jane Oleson, Helen Poor, Catherine Roff, Barbara Salisbury, Norma Slee, Sylvia Spence, Jean Stetson, Adrienne Thorn, Mary Tunison, Emily White, Gertrude Whittemore, Elinor Young.

Juniors

Margaret Bell, Marion Fritz, Dorothy Hastings, Helen Hibbs, Virginia Merrills, Ruth Nehring, Mary Newton, Constance St. Onge, Alice Sanderson, Jean Simson, Cynthia Steitz, Phoebe Storrs, Edna Vogt.

WE came down with our first colds of the college year, bought supplies of Kleenex and fruit juice, went to the Infirmary to be painted, drank soda water, and got the first blue slips of the season.

Early in October we had a class meeting about Junior Show. Pussy Parkhurst, general chairman, sketched the story on which the script-writers had been working over the summer, and Wyck brought down the house with a preview of "Just Beyond My Fingertips." Tryouts began that week.

THE results of our class elections as Juniors maintained our high standards. Chris Hunter was our President. The others included Taddie Davidson, Adie Thorn, Pussy Parkhurst, Marion Thomson, Ellen Libby, Weesie Bennett, Helen Poor, Peg Wyckoff, Midge Willits, and Nancy Sargent. As they gathered on the steps of the sophomore transept to have their pictures taken they were a good-looking group, all in sports reefers, with corsages and broad grins.

On October 16, the first anniversary of Miss McAfee's inauguration, we turned out in large numbers for chapel, to show her she had become an indispensable and ever-exciting part of our college lives.

The leaves began to turn once more, their vivid yellow coloring making the trunks seem black by contrast. We missed our days of required gym, and sought other outlets for our excess energy in violent games of tennis or in exhilarating walks around the lake.

On Hazing Day we discovered several new features of freshman torture. The class of '40 was certainly up-and-coming! What we had done to them seemed unimaginative in comparison. We remembered with a sigh the good old days when real rivalry had existed between '38 and '39. We wondered what had become of the tug-of-war to which they had once challenged us, across Longfellow Pond. We didn't ask many of the freshmen to sing. In the first place they were our little sister class, and besides, it made us feel a bit ashamed to be picking on anyone so young

and defenseless when we were old enough to know better.

From time to time it was brought sharply home to us that our life at Wellesley was not a thing to be taken for granted. Newspapers bristled with accounts of war and suffering abroad. It seemed unthinkable that young Spaniards should be fighting and dying for their ideals while we lived a tranquil life with books and friendships on a campus where there was not so much as a single unsightly spot. We looked with newly-appreciative eyes at Christmas Tree Alley, and at the Tower against the sky; we found fresh pleasure in Wellesley's "woods and waters." We realized sharply how much it should mean to us to think and speak as we wished. In our college library we could come in contact with great minds, unhampered by social or political doctrines.

Our courses began to fit together. We saw life whole, and as we began to clarify our ideals and fit them into the pattern of our lives we realized what it meant to become adults. We tried not to be carried away with youthful enthusiasm and desire for reform, and tempered our resolutions with sober criticism of existing institutions, realizing always that many others before us had planned to change the world, and had run up against a problem far too big for them or had settled into a placid contentment in which they were too lazy to challenge injustice and corruption. We strove to keep before us those who had met with success.

Great stir now became evident in Alumnae, where Junior Show was nearing production. Mitch grew hoarse trying to make refined young ladies talk like taxi drivers. The chorus girls practiced their dance routines with the hoops. Girls who could barely carry a tune mingled with despairing singers. The cast returned home at night exhausted, and shook their heads gloomily when asked how it was going.

They could never, they said, do a good enough job with only three big rehearsals. But we were confident.

ON the day before Junior Show we wore large sandwich boards advertising the great event, and Jinny Kyger paraded back and forth in front of chapel wearing one of the more amazing costumes. On November 5th itself, the entire Junior class turned out in softly clashing shades of yellow. The air was generally tense and expectant. At night Alum was thronged.

Mary Walling
President of the Class of 1940

Our amateur orchestra struck up the overture, and Joy Northrup threatened to bring down the house when she slapped her bass and twirled it. The curtain rose on a breathtaking spectacle: a bevy of college maidens decked out in pink and blue Doctor Dentons. They pranced about the stage calling attention to themselves as typical Wellesley girls. The chorus girls appeared on the scene, with determination to enliven college life. A bitter interlude around the mail boxes followed, with Cynnie Kilburn impersonating a maid behind *True Story Magazine*. At the A.S.U. meeting appeared our handsome hero, Chris Hunter, who left noble Tudie Barrett for a chorus girl. Tudie sang the never-to-be-forgotten "Just Beyond My Fingertips," and left the stage a sadder but wiser girl. Much mirth ensued when the Broadway babies took her in hand, and taught her how to get her man. Affairs reached a pitch of emotional intensity during the taxi-drivers' strike; Mary Dougherty made us cringe in our seats before her violent wrath.

When the curtain fell on the grand finale we rose to our feet and clapped wildly. Never had we seen a more stunning performance. The English language did not contain superlatives enough to describe it. The entire cast lined up beaming and bowing, and we cheered for Pussy and Mitch. We clutched our bright yellow programs to our hearts, and wished that we had it all to do over again.

Our one-day breathing spell at Thanksgiving arrived. Those of us who had occasion to use trains became properly bitter at the prep school students who lined the aisles, bumped about with their heavy suitcases, wore collegiate type hats, chewed gum, and made vociferous plans for a nice long week-end in New York. We maliciously anticipated the days when they, as college students, would be reduced to a single holiday.

December involved the usual rush of activity. Among the highlights was Batn's production of "Finished." We were more than a little surprised at its utter frankness, and even as we wondered whether there would be raised eyebrows, we chuckled delightedly at things we had never seen before on a Wellesley stage.

We came back from Christmas to sleep on beds whose hardness surpassed all memory. The first dark breakfast saw us grumbling and quarreling; the only conversation we made concerned who had eaten breakfast the latest during vacation.

In January came the Ice Carnival, with a tense moment when the ice began to give beneath the weight of the spectators. We moved precipitously back towards the warmly glow-

ing fire, and watched the water spread in a thin pool over the place where we had been standing.

On Saturday nights some of us gathered to lie around and listen to Toscanini on the radio. One night he played "Perpetual Movement" with twenty violins on the solo. Sometimes, listening to the music, we thought we had found the meaning of life, but when we tried to put it into words it slipped away.

I love to skate with you . . .

There was strange weather that January. One day there were silver trees, and the oak leaves were appliqued. On the next, the wind drove the rain in gusts until the entire meadow path disappeared in a flood. The Northern Lights flashed steely-cold. They shot upwards in electric blue, and sprinkled mysterious red and green fire across the sky.

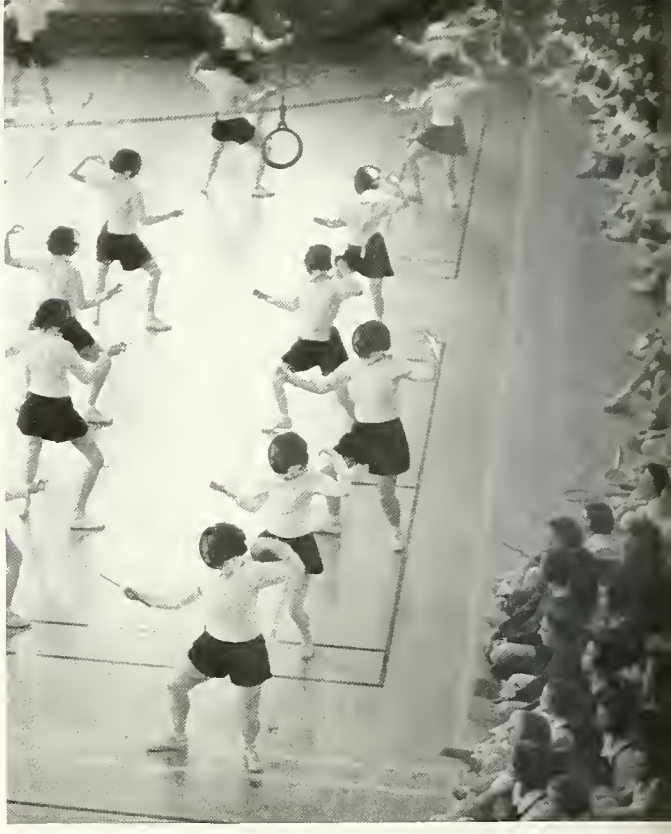
Exams were an old story to us by now. As comic relief the Faculty put on their "Faculty-Informals," and the student body turned out en masse to scream at the thin green arm, and to howl over Mr. Procter's telephone call. Our most lasting impression will always be Miss McAfee discussing her marital bliss with Mr. Jenks, and Mr. Greene's impossible blonde wig. The curtain fell for the last time on Mr. Haroutunian grinning over a large corsage of carrots, and on Mr. Holmes, wondering who sent him the cabbage.

In the early spring we worried about the Anschluss, went to hear our own Opera, peered through the windows at romantic Senior Prom and wished that we might stay out late enough to see Connie Carter's solo dance. The sight of the young men in tails made us decide to settle our fates for our own Prom as soon as a decent opportunity presented itself. We went on rigid diets in order to mould ourselves into the sort of creatures who decorated the pages of *Vogue*. We thumbed through fashion magazines, and window-shopped in Wellesley and Boston for THE dress.

On Honors Day we thrilled again to the fascination of an academic procession. We enjoyed filling the seats of the Junior section and watching the Seniors sidle into the rows ahead of us. We studied the various tilts of their caps, and wondered how we'd wear ours when the time came. We were thankful that we sang familiar hymns because there weren't enough books to go around. It was fun to be able to sing and look at everybody at the same time. The brilliant blue windows seemed to issue a challenge to us as we heard the lists of honors read. We smiled to see the arch enemies, Procter and Haroutunian, march out together with enormous grins on their faces.

Where, oh where? . . .

THE GENTLEMEN ARE OUT OF PLACE . . .



IN the Spring we went to the Indoor Sports Demonstration, delighting, at last, in an opportunity to watch. But the Juniors and Seniors were there as leaders of the various groups.

HEADS OF SPORTS

Antoinette H. Meyer '40, *Archery;* Mary-Eliza Turner '40, *Badminton;* Carolyn E. Wysor '40, *Baseball;* Elizabeth Boardman '40, *Outdoor Basketball;* Cynthia S. Kilburn '39, *Crew;* Rhea Ornstein '40, *Dancing;* Carolyn P. Elley '40, *Fencing;* Phebe D. Gould '40, *Golf;* Helen B. Park '39, *Hockey;* Frances O. Cottingham '39, *Indoor Baskeeball;* Marion E. Fritz '40, *Indoor Activities;* Barbara Kinyon '39, *Riding;* Ruth Harwood '40, *Lacrosse;* Frances W. Roberg '39, *Tennis;* Marian Stearns '40, *Volleyball.*

Heads of sports have in their hands the administration and successful termination of the activities of which they have charge. Each Head, according to the Constitution of the Wellesley College Athletic Association, has general supervision of the sport members as regards health, attendance, costume, training, skill, and attitude. She is to assist the Coach of her sport, at the beginning of the season, in the general sports meeting and help her with the assignments and schedule of appointments for required and voluntary students. She is also to arrange with the Coach the minimum number of appointments necessary to make voluntary participants eligible for team membership. This should be posted on the sports board within a week after the beginning of the season. The Head selects, with the Coach, all teams and posts the lists of the members selected. She appoints the Captain of the Freshman Squad, whose appointment is confirmed by the first freshman team as soon as it is chosen, or otherwise another election is held. The Head of a sport announces the suggested training rules to be followed. These training rules are not only aids in producing the stamina necessary for a high standard of achievement, but also part of that physical education which results in balanced living.

The Head of a sport transacts all business connected with her sport herself or through her class captains. She leaves in the Athletic Association office for the Custodian, at least one week before formal competition, lists of teams, "W's," honorary varsity; in indoor work the three best in each activity, and nominees for new heads of sport to be checked for probation. She records in the sports record book the skill, as decided in conference with the Coach, on a numerical basis, taking 95% as the maximum of achievement. She submits in writing to the Hygiene Recorder of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education (1) alphabetical lists by class, giving the student's first name (not initial), of all students taking voluntary activities either as a major or a minor; (2) lists, not later than one week after the final competition, of the squads and teams, with notation beside the students' names as to "W's" or varsity: (3) a general report giving the number who signed

up in each sport and the number who came out, the general program, results of competitions, comments, suggestions regarding management or equipment, and, finally the name of the new Head of Sport, whose election she has conducted.

DANCING

Rhea Ornstein '40 *Head*

Wellesley College Dance Group: Mary Coe '41, Camilla Davis '39, Jennie Dyke '39, Rhea Ornstein '40, Martha Parkhurst '39, Constance St. Onge '40, Beatrice Wakefield '40, Margaret Wyckoff '39.

Apprentice Dance Group: Judith Alexander '40, Florence Brooks '40, Elizabeth Deems '41, Dorothy Doerres '39, Joan Field '40, Virginia Grier '40, Joan Guiterman '42, Rebecca Jackson '40, Martha Kahle '39, Helaine Kaplan '41, Jean Katt '40, Barbara Kroeger '40, Natalie Maiden '40, Emily Pribble '41, Catherine Sladen '39, Lotraine Stanley '41, Nancy Stearns '41, Victoria Summers '39, Mary Van Hagen '40.

At Wellesley, modern dancing, involving work in both technique and composition, is offered throughout the year as either a required or a voluntary sport. Each season work is shown in a demonstration of some sort. The fall demonstration this year included a technique sequence, original compositions, and some of the dances performed in past programs.

Winter dancing is divided into elementary, intermediate, and advanced groups. The spring gym demonstration presented in March offers a summary of the work of the elementary and intermediate groups. The work of the advanced dancing students and, in many cases, of several of the elementary and intermediate ones as well, is shown in a dance program presented in conjunction with the Theatre Workshop.

For the past three years this combination of arts has successfully produced in a truly artistic manner "Don Juan," "King Argimenes," and, this year, "Tide of the Years" and "Fighting the Waves," both of which were designed to fit into the spirit of the dedication activities of the new recreation building.

After spring vacation, dancing is taught in the outdoor Greek Theatre.

The two honorary dance groups, the Wellesley College Dance Group and the Apprentice Dance Group, play a vital role in many college activities. They appear in the fall dance demonstration, putting the watching intermediates and elementaries to shame by virtue of their superior talents; they add to the festive spirit of the Christmas Bazaar by presenting an appropriate program for the amusement of the shoppers and spectators; they carry off the leading roles in their joint productions with Theatre Workshop with admirable grace. Their largest project, however, is the management of the Tree Day dances. Members of the Wellesley College Group compose all of the solos themselves, and each star performer has in addition the task of training a group dance. The fact that Tree Day is one of Wellesley's best loved traditions is a significant tribute to their skill and patience.

Heads of Sports

FENCING

Carolyn Elley '40 *Head*

Honors

Advanced Fencing: Carolyn Elley '40, Helen Park '39, Blanche De Puy '42.

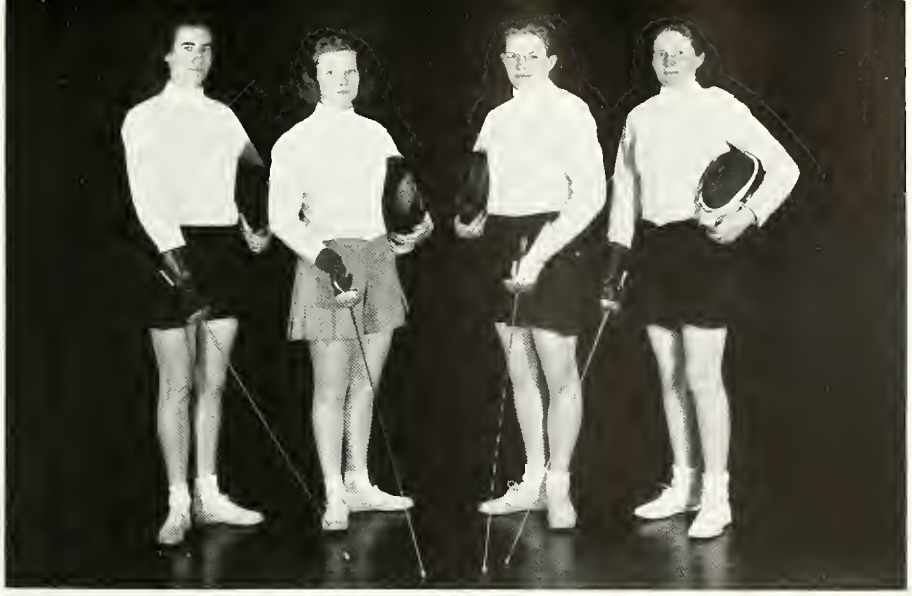
Beginners' Fencing: Jane Fay '42, Joan Little '41, Nancy Stearns '41.

High point of the season for the advanced fencers was an evening of fencing with five members of the Dana Hall enthusiasts in this sport.

The fencing demonstration at the end of the winter season, culminating this year's work, was part of the demonstration of indoor activities held during the week of the dedication of the George Howe Davenport Swimming Pool and recreation building. Following the Grand Salute, as performed by two graduate hygiene students in old fashioned costumes and long moustaches, members of the fencing classes showed the main points of an elementary lesson in the sport. Helen Park '39 and Blanche De Puy '42 performed a three-point bout, won by Helen Park.

Fencing as a sport goes back to the sixteenth century, with the advent of the rapier. It has been defined as the philosophy of gymnastics. Since the days of armor, up to the eighteenth century, protection for the face or other parts of the body in a fencing bout was unknown, and all the great fencing-masters of the rapier recommended enormous buttons, which, affixed to the point of the weapon, afforded a measure of protection to an opponent. The first mask introduced was of solid metal, in which openings were made for the eyes, and thus left exposed the very parts that most needed protection. The foil used now is made of yielding steel, with a leather-covered or rubber button fixed to its point. The temper of the foil should always be ascertained before commencing practice, by placing the point on the ground, and pressing downward, until the blade assumes a considerable arc of a circle, after which it should be allowed to spring back by suddenly releasing the point. A wire mask protects the face; a leather breastplate, to cover the entire right side and hang a little distance over the lower part of the body, and a leather stitched collar buttoned at the neck protect the body.

Members of the dancing class



Fencers

Wellesley Blazers

Carolyn Elley '40, Helen Park '39, Marva Petersen '40.

To be the recipient of a gym blazer is no mean achievement at Wellesley College, where standards are as high in the athletic field as in the academic. The Constitution of the Athletic Association stipulates the requirements for this honor as follows: "The Wellesley Blazer will be awarded to a few Seniors and exceptional Juniors who are considered by the Blazer Committee to have met adequately the following conditions: sportsmanlike conduct in all College activities; contribution to the Athletic Association other than merely playing on teams, which includes maintaining and spreading interest in the Association, and serving on committees; regular participation in organized athletic activities; and outstanding proficiency and versatility in athletics."

Helen Park, a Senior, and Carolyn Elley and Marva Peterson, Juniors, are indispensable members of our college community; for their unflagging interest and ability in things athletic and their infallible sportsmanship we salute them!

Blazer Winners

CLUBS

Alliance Française

Ada S. Eynon '39	*President*
Ann Winship '40	*Vice President*
Vivian V. Delaney '40	*Secretary*
Sherley R. Heidenberg '40	*Treasurer*
Miss Ruth E. Clark	*Faculty Adviser*

Circulo Italiano

Bernice M. Levine '39	*President*
Lydia I. Solimene '40	*Secretary*
Josephine I. Bonomo '41	*Treasurer*
Margaret N. Lodi '40	*Social Chairman*
Signora Pierina Castiglione	*Faculty Adviser*

Classical Club

Constance K. Brown '39	*President*
Ann P. Wheeler '40	*Vice President*
R. Nancy Congelton '40	*Secretary-Treasurer*
Miss A. Bertha Miller	*Faculty Adviser*

Deutscher Verein

Jane G. McKinley '39	*President*
Mary E. Bennett '39	*Vice President*
Hilde L. Seelbach '40	*Secretary*
Phoebe W. White, '40	*Treasurer*
Miss Margaret Jeffrey (1st sem.) Frau Johanna E. Volbehr (2nd sem.)	*Faculty Adviser*

La Tertulia

Margarita Gómez '39	*President*
Isobel E. Mackay '40	*Vice President and Treasurer*
Frances O. Cottingham '39	*Secretary*
Justine Gottlieb '39	*Chairman Executive Committee*
Senorita Laura de los Riós	*Faculty Adviser*

Mathematics Club

Ruth F. Hawkes '39	*President*
Ann M. Rieb '39	*Vice President*
Helen B. Park '39	*Treasurer*
Ann Gray '40	*Junior Executive*
Betty Jane Feldmeier '40	*Secretary*
Miss Mabel M. Young	*Faculty Adviser*

Cosmopolitan Club

Phoebe W. White '40	*President*
Mollie P. Sah '39	*Vice President*
Althea W. Eames '40	*Secretary*
Marjorie D. Li '40	*Treasurer*

FAR TOO JOYOUS TO LAST . . .

Junior Prom

THE weeks before Prom passed incredibly quickly, and May 6 turned up on our calendars with the anticipatory marks made months beforehand. The hint of rain in the air worried us as we hurried home from the Vil with stiff curls peeping from beneath our bandanas. One or two of the ends became limp, and threatened to ruin our evening. Schedules for the tubs were posted; steam and noise and bustling were the order of the day. We pressed our dresses, polished our nails, made frantic trips to Tower with the limericks for our place cards, and at last the men began to arrive, all very impressive in their tails. The Prom maids flew about with corsage boxes, and the underclassmen in the house stared at the men, and wondered whose they were. We swept down the stairs, reveling in the adoration of the masses. Dinner by candlelight was a confusion of faces and voices. Prom itself was the receiving line, the informal dancing, the Grand March to the strains of our new Marching Song—thrillingly played by Glenn Miller's orchestra. The dresses were pastel shades of pink, orchid, yellow and blue, the skirts full and swishy. Outside the windows, the spectators stood in tiers to watch our Junior Prom. We met at certain pillars to exchange dances. At last came the intermission, with cakes and ices served by the pretty Prom maids. We sat out in the hall or on the marble steps to drink our coffee. We danced until two, then with aching legs came home to loll around and discuss the fun it had been. The next morning we took our men to classes and chapel, then piled into cars and drove off for week ends in Connecticut, on the Cape, or at a summer home. We organized mass cooking, and dish-washing, we sang around the fireplace, and played baseball in the fields. After returning on Sunday night, we flopped on our beds, weary but happy, and counted the world well lost for three days of pure bliss.

AT the announcement of Major Officers and Vil Juniors we saw the class of 1939 step into important positions. We could hardly believe our eyes to see Tic and Dody and Pussy in senior caps. It seemed no time at all since we had first been impressed with the ceremony freshman year. Nothing had changed but the personnel. We might have closed our eyes and imagined from the shouts that Blake Schoenfuss had just set her cap on Nancy Jane Miller's head, and that Chappie was smiling wistfully from behind Nuncie.

As spring took possession of the campus we appeared in pinks and blues. The water of the Lake and of the little ponds was actually sparkling in the sunshine; the willow trees turned to a pale chartreuse green; tiny leaves began to shut away the sky, and to paint patches of shade on the sidewalks.

We carried pillows, notebooks, and dark glasses up to the roofs of our dormitories, and sprawled in the sun which soothed us and warmed us, and made us drowsy. We discovered old freckles reappearing across the bridges of our noses; we wore white to offset the tan which began to show very faintly.

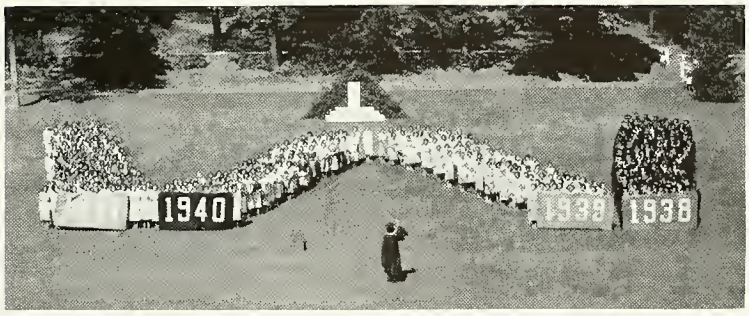
On Easter we went to chapel surrounded by straw hats, cherry suits, navy reefers, white ascots and gloves, and corsages. The dim chapel air was laden with the sweet heavy scent of Easter lilies. After the service we came out into the dazzling sunlight to meet our friends, and to walk home to dinner.

EARLY in May we experienced one of the most thrilling events of Junior year. The other three classes gathered on the chapel steps, and we marched from the arch at Green, singing for the first time, the Marching Song of the class of '39. It was thrilling to step in time to the rhythm, expectantly awaiting the surprise and enjoyment of our listeners. When they greeted our arrival before the chapel with loud applause we felt a stir of pride in our Ginny Plumb.

During the step-singing there was much whispering and speculation as to how the new senior officers would appear. We stood on tiptoe and strained our necks to catch sight of any strange vehicle. At last came the Fraser's Delivery Wagon, and the officers stepped out, wearing yellow corsages. We beamed happily on President Nancy Reynolds, LEGENDA potentates Caroline Conklin and Midge Kellogg, Head of Tree Day Peg Wyckoff, and Song Leader Ellen Libby.

SOON we were measured for caps and gowns. We stood in the C.G. Office wearing the sample skull caps, and laughed at the ridiculous appearance of our friends. The spring nights were thick and warm—often there were sudden thunder showers. Float Night arrived, an uncertain day as to weather. The grass was lush, wet and very green, with the strange yellow intensity which a lowering evening gives. Robin Hood and his men passed before us. We were pleased to recognize such old friends as Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.

Tree Day was beautiful with no question about sunshine. The photographer was here from *Life*, and the classes, lining up by Billings, tried to catch a glimpse of the famous Eisenstaedt. Opportunity came when a small child ran out on to the green just as the dancing was about to begin. A little man ran forward, almost hidden by his mammoth camera, and took shots of the child from all possible angles. The approaching Gazelles were not a whit put out, but advanced gaily to begin the pageantry. Before our eyes an Egyptian scene unfolded, with strange headdresses and gowns. Caryl Hadsell made a regal freshman Tree Day mistress, and we all decided to learn to walk the way she did.



W - E - L - L - E - S - L - E - Y

On Tuesday and Friday nights we gathered on the chapel steps to sing our college songs. One evening when we had had to go to the libe a sudden shower came up, and we smiled to hear the squeals of the stepsingers as they ran for shelter. The last stepsinging arrived late in May. We went, with lumps in our throats even before anything began. We wondered whether any of the seniors would break down and cry. As we sang our light-hearted songs we thought soberly of the things for which they stood; the things which the seniors were leaving forever. It was almost sadder for us than it was for them, we thought, because we would be left behind, to miss their familiar faces about the campus. When the time arrived for them to sing their Step Song our faces were terribly wet. Two by two they marched away with their forget-me-nots in their hands. We watched them go.

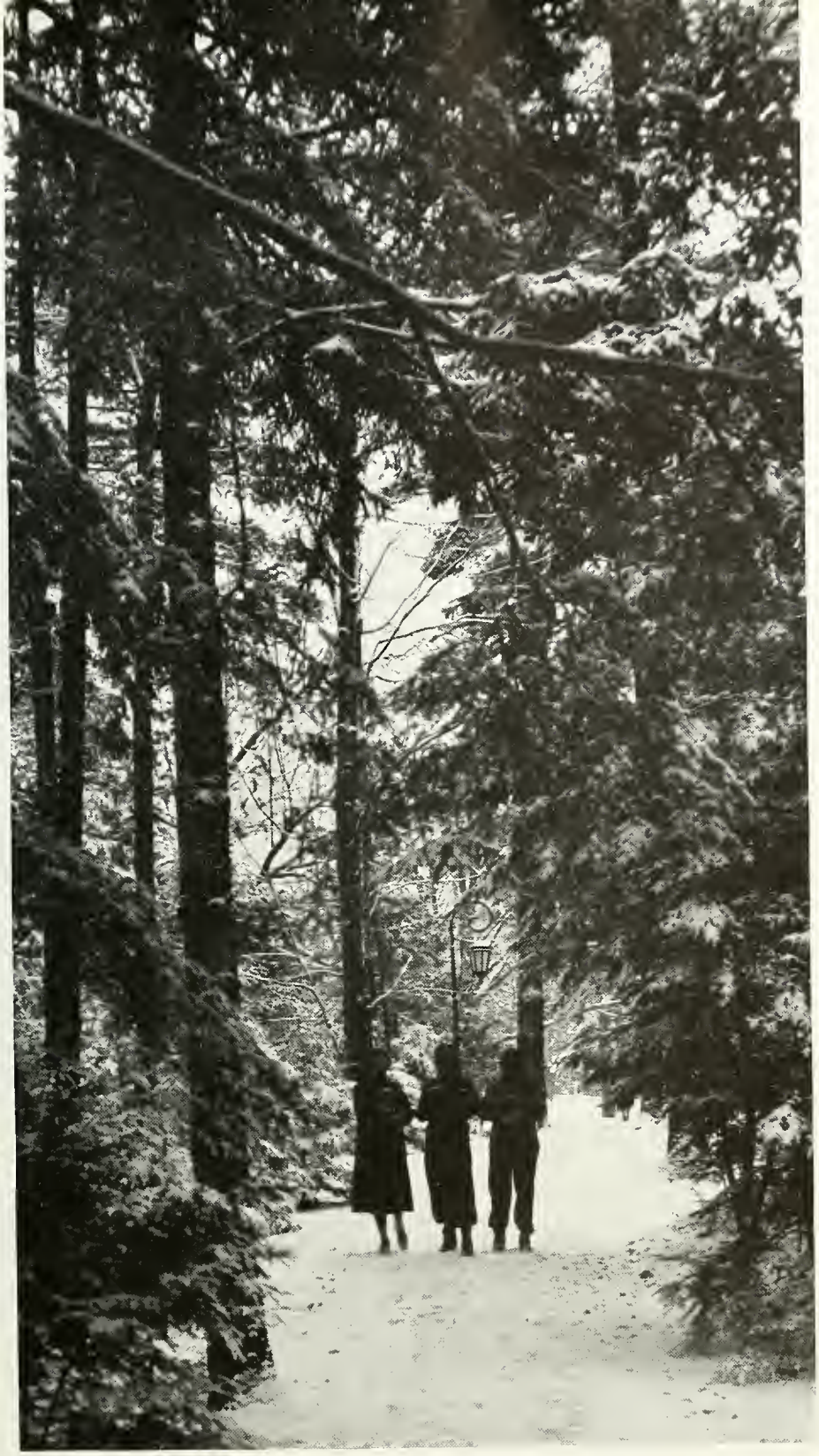
Over and over again the strains of the sad song drifted back to us. On the steps where they had stood was a tangible silence. They had left a deep gap in our midst. After their voices had died away, there was a mad scramble in front of chapel. We moved awefully down to the senior steps, pinching ourselves to see if it was real.

NO PARKING

Non Ministrari . . .
The steps of Munger

A Mighty Fortress . . .
The Tower

Shadows of evening draw nigh . . .
Tower Court in the afternoon.



And oft we will seek in memory . . .
Christmas Tree Alley before the Hurricane.

Neath the Oaks . . .

ON September 20 a great many of us came back early for the last time. We left home with mingled emotions, most of them disturbed. The world stood on the brink of crisis; Hitler's war scare paralyzed us with the realization that it was our friends who would have to fight. We wondered whether we, like some of our mothers, would give up senior prom to send money to the Red Cross. It had been raining for several days. The tone set for our return was sombre. We promised ourselves we would enjoy every moment, fully savouring the familiar routine with new and deep appreciation.

Everything we did recalled freshman year and the first time we had done it. As we stepped into the front hall, we noticed the artificial oppressive heat. We looked with genially critical eyes at the girls with whom we were to spend this important year; we assembled our rooms with the greatest possible care. There was not much chance to study the freshmen; the poor creatures attended meetings all day in a downpour.

The next morning we went to hear Anna's address as President of C. G. We sat in the back of Alum recalling Blake Schoenfuss, and the impressive creatures seniors had seemed to us then. Now we realized that beneath a senior gown could beat a human heart; and that sometimes the knees even trembled.

Some of us went to change our schedules. Outside Dean Knapp's office sat the usual rows of waiting freshmen. We were pleased to be mistaken for them, partly because we liked to seem young; yet partly for the pleasure of being able to announce that we were seniors!

That afternoon the rain was dashed by the wind. The trees writhed with increasing violence; the small branches snapped off to litter the ground. Trains crawled laboriously past; over the radio came tales of destruction throughout the state. By nightfall we realized

that we were living in a never-to-be-forgotten year. We walked in to dinner watching the great trees bend towards us, the noise of their falling drowned in the torrent of wind. We stared at the mutilated pinnacles of the Tower, and tuned our radios to hear accounts of the hurricane which was sweeping New England. We tried to visualize the destruction occurring along the coast; we could not conceive of Providence under water from an enormous high tide.

The next morning we tramped over the wreckage taking pictures. We bought Boston

Grand old seniors . . .

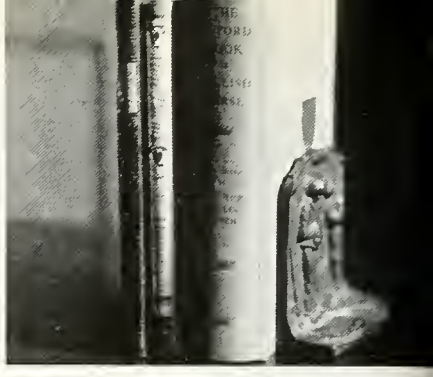
newspapers, worried about our families and friends, wondered what had become of the girls whose trains had been caught along the shore line. The events of freshman week paled beside the hurricane anecdotes we began to collect. As in all great emergencies the people rose to the occasion. Volunteers cleared the roads, families took in refugees, lived by candlelight, cooked over fireplaces, and boiled their drinking water. We were living in stirring times; we visualized ourselves saying, in years to come, "The hurricane of '38? Yes; I was a senior at Wellesley."

But with incredible rapidity we resumed our normal state. At stepsinging we announced the rest of our class officers: Jeanne Wysor, Lee Aultman, Weesie Bennett, Betts Wunderle, Carol Doty, Kay Sladen, Bobbie Schofield and Nancy Sargent. A holy awe filled us as we marched in cap and gown behind our banner—to ourselves merely a group of friendly girls, but to the freshmen, THE SENIORS. But how undignified and gay our election celebration that night at Seiler's where we gathered to drink sodas and reminisce about the Seniors we had known and how worldly-wise they had seemed.

Nancy Reynolds
President of the Class of 1939

Anna Tiebout
President of College Government

Our lives and hopes to serve her . . .



Poet's Readings

WE went to our new classes; we had our class picture taken in the Greek Theatre. Afterwards we met in Alum, our excitement contrasting strangely with our solemn black and white garb. We thought wistfully of the girls who were not graduating with us, but who would always be part of our class tradition.

Fall activities were a blend of familiar and new experiences. The tone of bull sessions had changed. If we discussed men, it was specific men. If we discussed world conditions, it was with an increased sense of our own part in them. If we discussed jobs, we realized it was not merely a question of getting one we liked, but of getting any at all. Now and then a wave of practical joking reminiscent of freshman year offset our dignity. We fled from the men and boys who haunted us with magazine subscriptions, trailing our Hofbrau feathers in their faces.

Sometimes we campus-guided, and as we pointed out the beauties of Wellesley to a girl who thought she might be coming, we realized with a pang how much we would be relinquishing to her.

The postponed first Formal chapel of the year, strange and exciting. We filed into the front section of chapel where our view of Miss McAfee was absolutely unhampered. We felt the presence of the girls in the transepts although we couldn't turn our heads to see them.

We went to Sunday night Musical Vesper services in the C.A. Lounge, and discovered the college switchboard, where, urged by Mr. Kehoe, we put through a few calls.

The song she likes to sing . . . By the Old Chapel Steps

Wellesley Concert Series

At our last Candlelight Vespers the choir stood banked on the stairs as we left. It made a beautiful decorative pattern of repeated gold flames and softly glowing faces in the candle-light. We guarded our candles from the wind all the way home.

The Heads of Forum Committees

Forum

Executive Board

Anne Paulson '39, *President;* Ruth Nearing '40, *Vice President;* Anne Lineberger '41, *Secretary;* Lucile Sheppard '40, *Treasurer.*

WE plunged into a steady stream of Forum activities because the world grew more and more complex and we wanted to understand it. Forum steadied our aims and gave our activities direction. Following its aim, "to promote intelligent interest in public affairs, national and international," Forum has this year presented a varied program to the college. Speakers have included Mr. Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union, Mr. Granville Hicks, Fellow at Harvard University, and Mr. Christian Herter, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; as well as student-led dinner discussions on the subject of propaganda and the railroad situation. At an all-college lecture sponsored by Forum, Mr. Vincent Sheean, foreign correspondent and recent observer of the European scene, gave an interesting picture of the world today.

Outstanding activities this year have included an Armistice Day speech by Mrs. Vera Micheles, Dean of the Foreign Policy Association; the aid, by the American Student Association, to Spain; trips to Boston Courts and the legislature; debates with Harvard and Amherst; and discussion groups on international affairs. Delegates have been sent to various International Relations Conferences and Wellesley was the scene of an intercollegiate conference on "Colonies and Raw Materials."

The purpose throughout the year has been to stimulate critical thinking on the campus.

Committee Heads

Janath Russell '39, *American Student Union;* Sherley Heidenberg '40, *International Relations Club;* Jane Harrison '39, *Speaker's Bureau;* Jane Gold '41, *Chairman of House Representatives;* Fiora Mariotti '41, *League of Women Voters;* Jean Hussey '39, *Ticket Chairman;* Phoebe Storrs '40, *Personnel Bureau Representative;* Martha Schwanke '40, *News Representative;* Elinor Hayes '40, *Peace Chairman;* Mary Phil Taylor '40, *Head of Freshmen.*

E. Anne Paulson
President of Forum

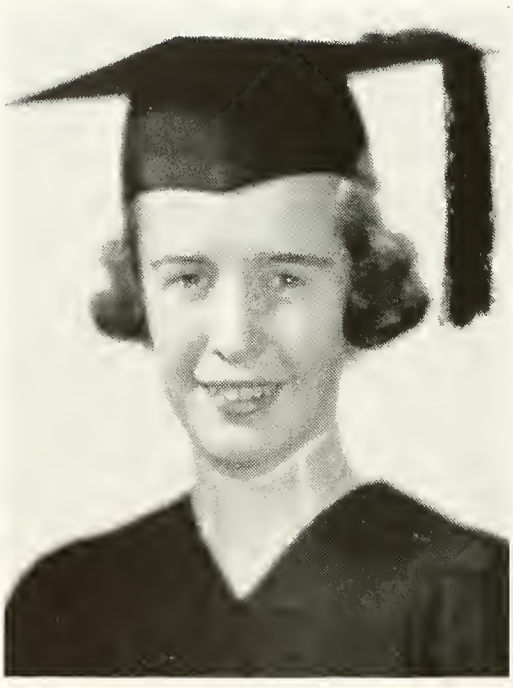
AS the cold weather set in, we tried to pack all possible activities into each day. We made brisk trips to the Vil and had tea at the Inn to celebrate the slightest event. We took the 12:55 to Boston to study Greek sculpture at the Museum, or to see *Amphitryon*, *Golden Boy*, or *Susan and God*.

We went to freshman houses for dinner, and felt like oracles because we had survived so much, and could give helpful tips. Early in November our Phi Betes were announced. We were pleased that they were admirable girls, with not a grind amongst them.

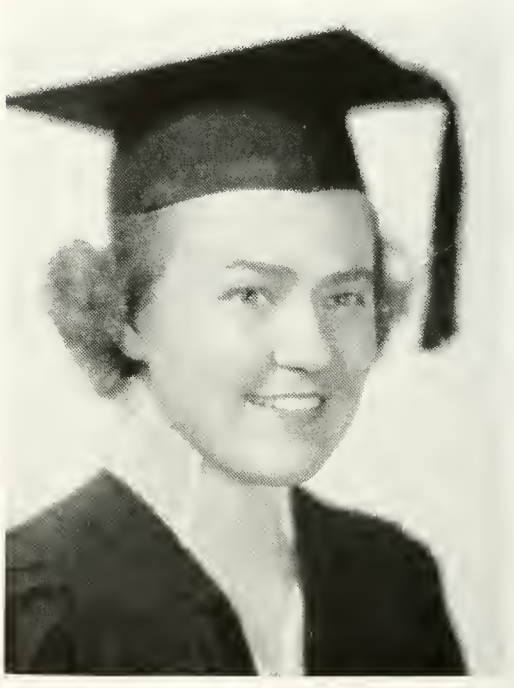
We began to be acutely aware of problems within our fields. Psych majors puzzled over I.Q. tests; and Comp. majors found themselves foreshadowing things that never happened. We grew to know the members of the faculty as individuals. At tea with them we learned of graduate work they had done. We came to enjoy talking to them informally about hobbies shared, about life in general and about our own problems in particular.

We visited the swimming pool in various stages of its progress; we had dinner at Miss McAfee's, and went to the Green Room to have our senior pictures taken. Beneath the bright cold lights we squirmed in abbreviated velvet draperies.

Christmas came again. We dressed our last dolls, trimmed our last trees, ate our last formal dinners. At Vespers we were shaken by the Beethoven *Hallelujah Chorus*, and dedicated ourselves to ideals which we were too moved to express On the last morning the sophomores woke us and hung candy canes on our doors. Glad to be going home, we packed, nevertheless, with a weight upon our hearts. For us, the season would never again be so protracted, so stimulatingly full of Christmas activities shared with 1500 like-minded girls.



Margaret I. Anderson
Chairman, House Presidents' Council



Ruth B. Coleman
Chief Justice of Superior Court

Einstein admires my mind . . .

MIDYEAR exams were an old story to us by now. We felt so complacent about them that we suspected in another year we wouldn't even have bothered to go to them. Weather changes contrived to hold our interest; the first day was wet and slushy, with horizontal lines of rain like a Japanese print. The next day the snow was deep and crunchy, with purple hollows. The kind-hearted administration tried to cheer us up with startling color combinations of blue and pink scrap paper with orange and green books. Our crackers and milk sessions were enhanced by gum drops, Spanish peanuts, and piles of creamy cheese. Our four exams were over before we felt rushed, and some of us found ourselves able to leave before the last Thursday. It felt like stolen time.

Discussions of Prom were quieter than they had been the previous year. The question now was not, whom to invite, but whether the men could get away for the week-end. Age sat hard upon them, and we were heartbroken to find that some of them could not throw off their responsibilities to share March 4 with us. We rested, dieted, tried our hair new ways, planned tables for Prom dinner, made reservations for Sunday, and reminisced about Junior Prom. At class meeting—the one to which Stewie wore a glossy black wig as Tree Day Mistress—we received last minute instructions. On March 4 Alum was transformed into a sunny Italian garden. The Grand March was exciting and sad; the eyes outside the window, full of reverence and envy. As our full skirts swished and floated about us we cherished every moment until Woody Herman slipped into "Home Sweet Home." Back in our houses we lamented that Prom days at Wellesley were over for us.

'Tis with pleasure we meet . . .

QUIZZES, papers and rehearsals crowded in upon us right after Prom. Even before our orchids and camellias had quite wilted, Prom seemed a frivolous week-end; another one like it would knock our academic standing into a cocked hat. We buckled down with grim determination, already starting to lay aside a heap of notes labeled "General."

Our happiness knew no bounds, however, on the week-end of March 18. After four years of drives for the Swimming Pool Fund, of crew hats bought, of apples eaten, our dreams came true; and our faith that '39 would use the new pool, was justified. People gathered from all parts of the country to witness the dedication ceremonies. There were exhibitions of squash and ping pong, a swimming meet, a panel discussion by prominent undergraduates, and a formal dedication. On Saturday night Theatre Workshop presented *Fighting the Waves* and *Tide of the Years* in Alum. Again and again we toured the George Howe Davenport building, each time discovering something new. We loved the modern color schemes of the lounges, we admired the glistening white and crimson squash courts. From the submarine window we watched our friends dive into the bubbling green water. The hair dryers in the dressing rooms were a final touch of perfection. We longed to witness faculty night in the pool, but had to content ourselves with using binoculars from Hemenway.

Realizing that our time grew short we began asking multitudes of guests for dinner. We tried to spend as much time as possible in other houses, but grudged every moment away from friends in our own house. By the time spring vacation arrived we were glad of the dance to set our minds in order, and to catch our breath before the final plunge. There was also the matter of job interviews!

If all the girls who could not swim . . . The George Howe Davenport Pool

Problems such as these have we . . .

WHEN we returned, it was to disappear into the maelstrom of spring activities at Wellesley. Many of us were working on Society Open Houses, praying that we would not only cover expenses, but might make a pleasant surplus to leave behind us. More than that, we hoped that our efforts would produce a really worthwhile entertainment. Among our chief delights at this period was the observation and comparison of new spring hats: pancakes, pinnacles and pagodas, trimmed with charteuse and fuchsia.

Early in April fifty of us attended a dinner sponsored by the Alumnae Association. Here we learned of the duties, rights and privileges which would be ours when we joined the thousands of women who had once been Wellesley girls. Our recognition of the imperishable qualities of our college life was strengthened.

But by far the most serious occupation of the seniors was the practice to acquire speed. We had removed our hoops from the wall, and now we loped up and down the corridors, knocking our knees together, bumping into open doorways, and blindly driving our hoops.

On the last night of April, our little sisters came over to sew up our gowns. With a sober sense of what lay ahead of us, we could not share their broad grins. As we laid out our wildest scarves with which to tie on our mortar boards, we reflected that hoop-rolling was not the simple job it appeared to be to a spectator!

The next morning we indulged in a little house rivalry to see who would sit in the front line on the hill. The night before we had contemplated being nasty about it, but in the light of day we decided nothing mattered that much. Soon there was a mob of us chafing to be off. We watched the crowd of spectators along the road as they surged forward to see us. When the newsreel men appeared we knew that starting time was close. The actual race was over before we could fully comprehend that it had begun. Panting and laughing we posed for our pictures as our little sisters ripped out the short hem of our gowns. Then our last May Day procession into chapel; we envied the sophomores who shared the day with us. This year we saw our numerals on the hill: 1939.

Virginia Tuttle

The Tree Day Mistress

HER AIDES

Dorothy Stout

Mary Elizabeth Glines

Nancy Reynolds

Margaret Cahill

FOR our last Float Night we grew pleasantly reminiscent over a theme from childhood which we were now leaving far behind. We crowded the banks of Lake Waban to see Alice in Wonderland, the White Rabbit, the March Hare and the Mad Hatter. The class crew songs swelled and died away, the lights played on the dripping oars, the floats glided past, and we remembered other Float Nights. Perhaps early ones, when alumnae mothers or aunts had brought us, and we had squirmed impatiently in the long lapses between floats, or had leaped up and down marveling at the Japanese lanterns overhead, and at the great grown-up girls all around us. Or the first Float Night that had really belonged to us—when we were college freshmen. Some of us may have smiled a bit grimly at the picture of ourselves at Float Nights, either as harassed professional women snatching a week-end from work, or as young mothers, clutching daughters destined for Wellesley.

On Tree Day our beloved green was transformed into a Russian carnival scene. Petrouchka came to town—bright peasants, puppets, a performing bear. It was a day we thought would never come.

While underclassmen massed in pastel colors and looped their blue ropes over their shoulders, we gathered in our caps and gowns back by Billings, for all the world like a flock of penguins. We clasped our familiar golden banner, and grinned at the shouts of '42 when they unfolded their new purple one for the first time. Over the tops of the trees came the music, and we moved forward, wondering which would be the climax for the spectators, the first flash of the freshman banner coming down the road, or the entry of the seniors to close the W. It was Ellen, our own classmate, who led the Alma Mater, and Nancy, our president, who made the welcoming speech. And finally, Tut came down the hill, her bright red-gold hair glinting in the sun. It was a moment we could not forget: Pomp and Circumstance, the familiar smell of crushed grass, the sun beating warm on our heads, our friends around us, and the memories of our last Tree Day at Wellesley being made and blended of the sights and sounds about us. From our high vantage point on the hill we watched the ceremony of the spade, the frantic rush of freshmen and sophomores. We found our friends and families, and from far off heard the sounds of '42's first cheer. The tradition would be carried on indefinitely, whether we were here or not. But because we *had* been here, we were a permanent part of that tradition. Next year we would meet under the small golden oak on Norumbega Hill, a spot on campus that would always be ours, no matter how unfamiliar became the paths and archways.

The last month of college unfolded itself in the bright fleeting patches which are called "days." Often the warm benison of the sun surrounded us; the roof tiles gleamed, hot winds blew across the fields. We tried to recall snow caught on the vines of the wall by Green. It was unthinkable that this place had seen us on skis, or that the ice of Lake Waban had rung to the sound of our skates. Summer was fast approaching; this time it would not be merely a pause between two college years.

"The pause that refreshes"

We are devoted to toil . . .

The General

FOR a long time now we had been shuffling through four years of assorted notes, with the hope that they would throw light on that mysterious thing, the General. The duller pages were relieved by marginal drawings: design for a new spring formal, attempt at a lion from the front, profiles, new hats. On the last day of classes we faced a strange and sad emancipation: these chairs, these rooms, these halls, the index board—we were leaving them behind forever. Our education was over. For sixteen years it had been the only way of life we knew. Some of us felt like lost souls; some of us were violently glad. But all of us went forth to battle on June 2, with chills along our spines. Perhaps it wasn't all over for us yet. We agreed with the old Chinese proverb that it's harder to get out of Wellesley than it is to get in. Some day a bright little thing will accost us with, "Oh, did they have a General when *you* were there?" The answer is found in the death silence hanging over Founders, in the extra proctors, the fateful sheets, the gaping books, the frantic scribbling, the bell, release, the sun, fresh air, and JOY!

As an anticlimax we took finals. Then the underclassmen went away, and as at freshman week, it was our campus. Soon alumnae returned, to frolic as of yore, and we were now practically one with them. The class of '38 was back, their ankle socks and saddle shoes denying that a year of stockings lay behind the girls. On Saturday we fell in behind the colorful parade which wound about the green; the class of 1939, about to join the ranks. That night we held our banquet, with Dorty as our toastmistress, and hordes of girls running around the table. On Sunday, we heard Baccalaureate Service with Dr. Horton, and at night, our last choir vespers. The next day, surrounded by people from home, we felt the ownership of campus slipping away from us. As it had been before we came, it would be after we had gone. Our Commencement took place in Alumnae, where we had seen so many undergraduate activities—the election rally, freshman vaudeville, Barn plays, the concert series. We packed for the last time; no further use for storage boxes. These posters and pillows were leaving the room for good this time. The view from the window, the desk over which we had bent,—voices along the corridor—memories so soon.

A train thundered past, re-echoing through the empty room; we slipped our namecard from the door, shut it, walked away.

Our four years at Wellesley, composed of bright external things, were gone. From now on, Wellesley was *within* us.

Nancy Reynolds
Most Dignified
Pussy Davis
Most Dated
Peg Anderson
Most Naive
Barbara Schofield
Prettiest
Martha Parkhurst
Most Likely To Succeed
Most Versatile
Betty Wunderle
Most Energetic
Mary Martin
Best Scholar
Helen Park
Best Athlete
Peg Cahill
Best Dressed
Lee Gulfman
Wittiest

"BY THE END OF

HER SENIOR YEAR''

HONORS

Phi Beta Kappa

Elected in November

Dorothea L. Baker
Julia B. Flagg
Margaret I. Hayes
Elizabeth E. Kruskal
Mary C. Martin
Jean Merrill
Miriam E. Meyer
Esther C. Parshley
Marion C. Thomson

Elected in March

Doris N. Anderson
Virginia T. Cox
Camilla G. Davis
Ada Eynon
Babette N. Friedmann
Retta L. Gelling
Margarita Gomez
Mary F. Randall
Janath Russell
Dorothy L. Sebbins
Babette L. Seele
Anne L. Shepard
Anna L. Tiebout

Senior Durant Scholars

Doris N. Anderson
Jean C. Avery
Dorothea L. Baker
Virginia T. Cox
Sylvia Darman
Camilla G. Davis
Priscilla Davis
Ada S. Eynon
Julia B. Flagg
Babette N. Friedmann
Retta Lou Gelling
Margarita Gomez
Margaret I. Hayes
Elizabeth E. Kruskal
Mary C. Martin
Jean Merrill
Miriam A. Meyer
Esther C. Parshley
Mary F. Randall
Janath Russell
Babette F. Samelson
Babette L. Seele
Anne L. Shepard
Marion C. Thomson

Anna L. Tiebout

LIST

Senior Wellesley College Scholars

Margaret I. Anderson
Leora C. Aultman
Dorothy Barrow
Caroline I. Conklin
Elizabeth Dennett
Carol P. Doty
Phyllis V. Finkelstein
Jean E. Fox
Rhoda Garrison
Justine Gottlieb
Merlyn Guthrie
Barbara Hale
Dorothy M. Harris
Cornelia Harrison
Frances Harvey
Adele Hillman
Margaret H. Horton
Jean S. Hussey
Ellen E. Kerl
Barbara Kinyon
E. Virginia Kyger
Ruth Levin
Bernice M. Levine
Riette Lichtenstein
Dorothy J. McLauthlin
Ruth Nesbitt
Kathryn O'Keeffe
Marjorie H. Pease
Albertine M. Reichle
Grace M. Reilly
Ann M. Rieb
Mollie P. Sah
Jane B. Schanfarber
Elaine D. Schwartz
Dorothy L. Sebbins
Helen Sherman
Leila N. Small
Jean E. Van Riper
Hilda R. Warshaw
Ann Wemple
Miriam E. Wise
Lucille B. Young

MISS DOROTHY M. ROBATHAN

Dean and guide of the Class of 1939.

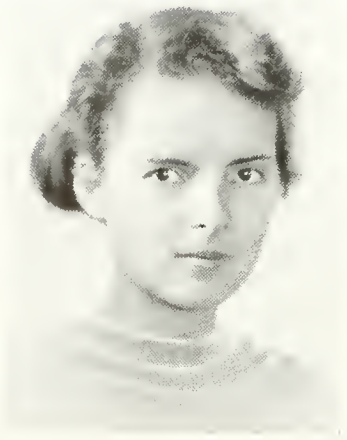
MISS SEAL THOMPSON

Professor of Biblical History at Wellesley College; friend of the community, and honorary member of the Class of 1939.

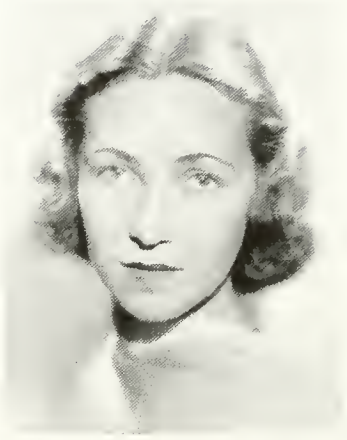
MLLE. NADIA BOULANGER

Honorary Member of the Class of 1939

She is a musician and teacher of great distinction, the Head of the Department of Theory and Composition at École Normale de Musique, in Paris, and associated with the Conservatoire de Fontainbleau.

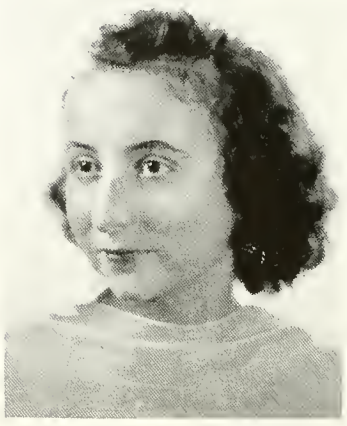


Ruth Adams
2234 Woodmere Dr.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio



Laura T. Ahlstrom
280 Park Ave.
New York, N. Y.

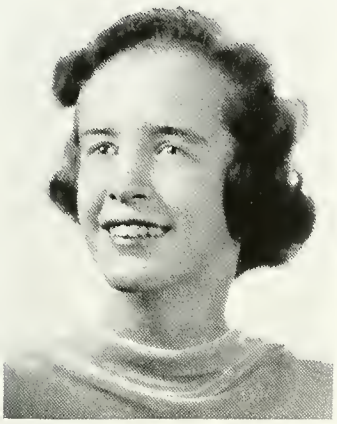
Augusta W. Ahrens
635 E. 18th St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



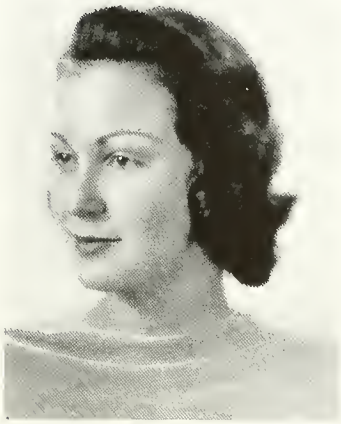
Louise A. Ahrens
Wyomissing Park
Reading, Pa.

Doris N. Anderson
28 Arlington St.
Malden, Mass.

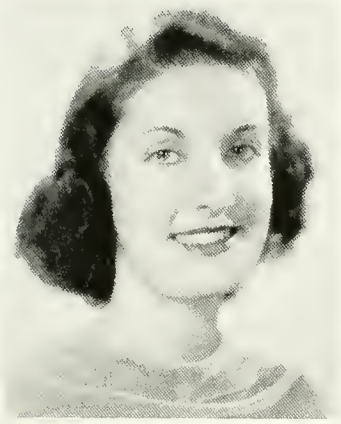
Legenda



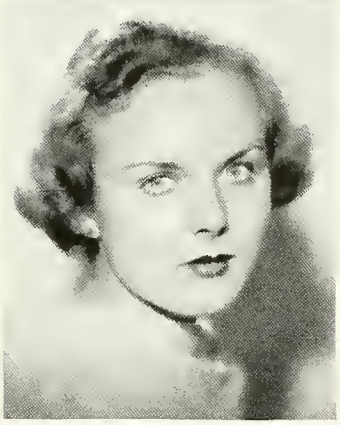
Margaret I. Anderson
Tusculum College
Greeneville, Tenn.



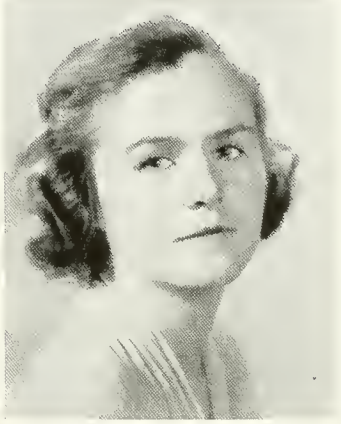
Marjorie Lou Ashcroft
519 Oak Ave.
Sulphur Springs, Texas



Leora C. Aultman
50 Walnut Rd.
West Barrington, R. I.

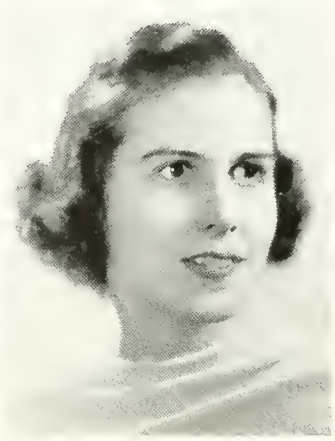


M. Elizabeth Avers
3757 85th St.
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

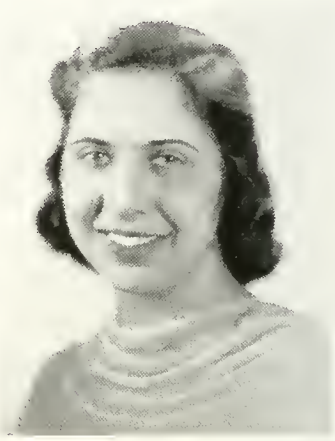


Jean C. Avery
60 Prospect St.
Framingham, Mass.

1939

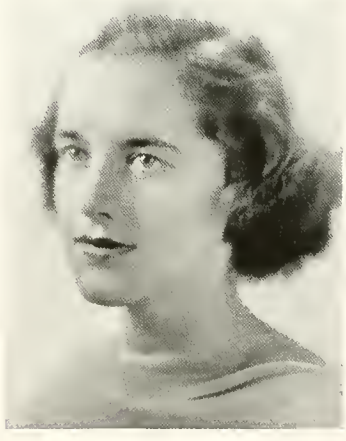


Dorothea L. Baker
4315 Underwood Rd.
Baltimore, Md.



Ethel M. Baron
2222 Nebraska St.
Sioux City, Iowa

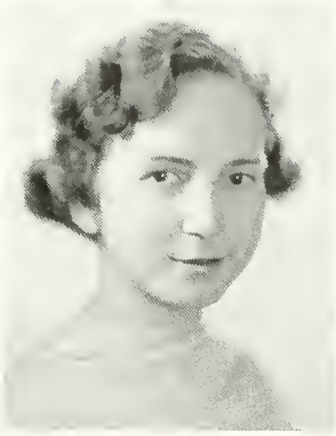
Elizabeth Barrett
260 Lincoln Ave.
Bellevue, Pa.



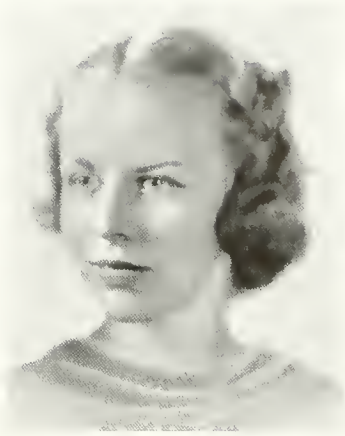
Susan C. Barrett
16 Whitfield Rd.
Baltimore, Md.

Dorothy Barrows
15 School St.
Lebanon, N. H.

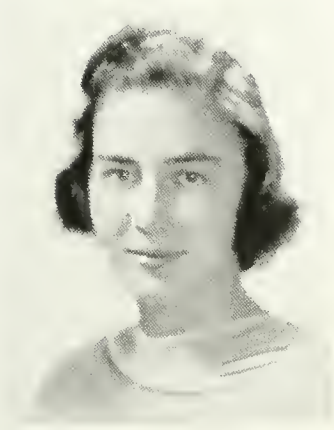
Elizabeth K. Beach
336 N. Fullerton Ave.
Upper Montclair, N. J.



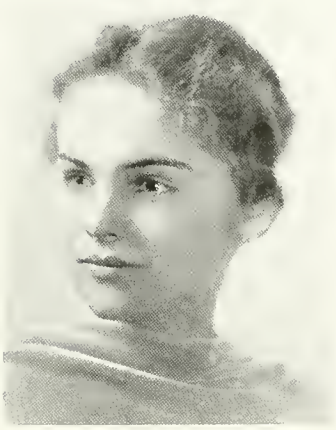
Nancy M. Bedell
55 E. Tenth St.
New York, N. Y.



Virginia S. Bell
Box 252
Altadena, Calif.

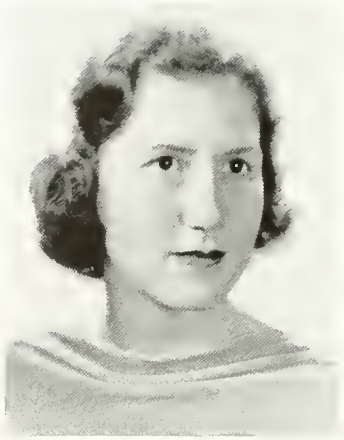


Louise M. Bennett
149 S. Lake Ave.
Albany, N. Y.



Mary E. Bennett
214 Hemenway St.
Boston, Mass.

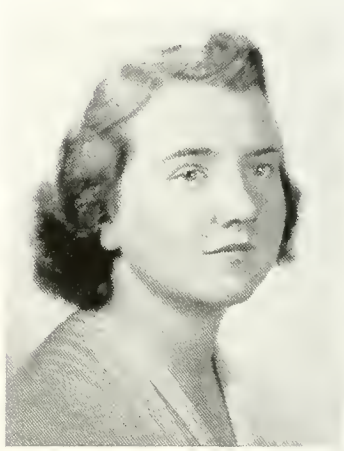
Mary Louise Bircher
1610 Jefferson Ave.
Scranton, Pa.



E. Byrd Boorse
3100 Carlisle Rd.
Birmingham, Ala.

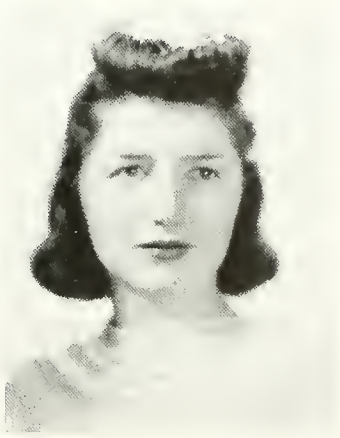
Paula Bramlette
108 W. Whaley Ave.
Longview, Texas

Audrey E. Broad
159 Brite Ave.
Scarsdale, N. Y.

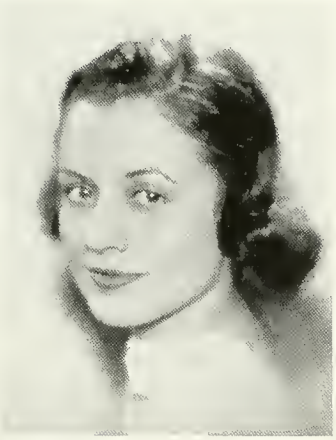


Ruth M. Brodie
309 Guy Park Ave.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

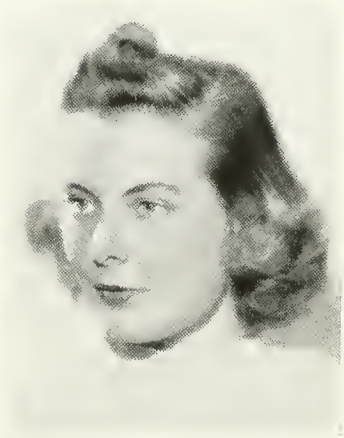
Constance K. Brown
Westtown School
Westtown, Pa.



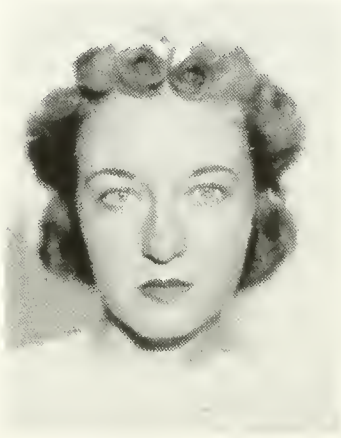
Lucie E. Brown
135 Neshibe Rd.
Waban, Mass.



Elizabeth H. Burnquist
704 Crest Ave.
Fort Dodge, Iowa

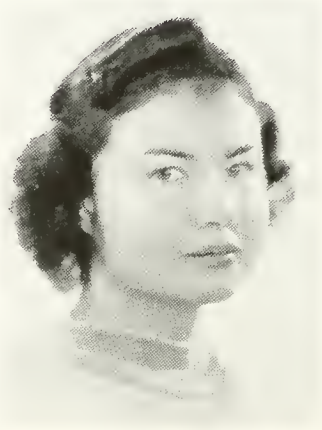


Margaret F. Cahill
1100 Park Ave.
New York, N. Y.

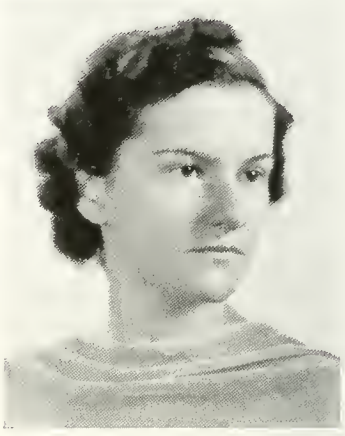


Elizabeth B. Call
2500 Monument Ave.
Richmond, Va.

1939

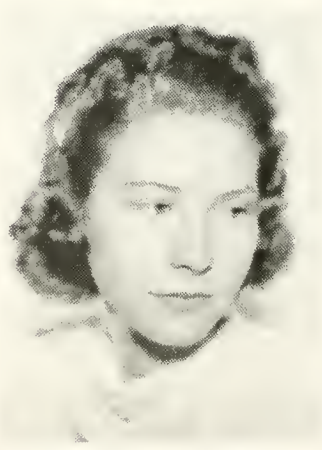


B. Dorcas Cameron
98 Herrick Rd.
Southampton, N. Y.

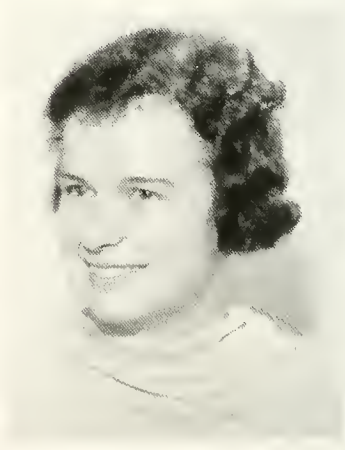


Eleanor K. Campbell
14 Elm St.
Westerly, R. I.

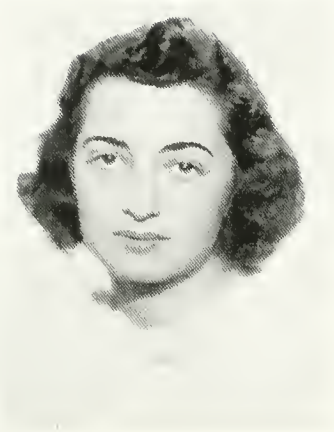
Sarah E. Campbell
214 Highland St.
Milton, Mass.



Kathryn S. Canfield
7865 Van Dyke Pl.
Detroit, Mich.

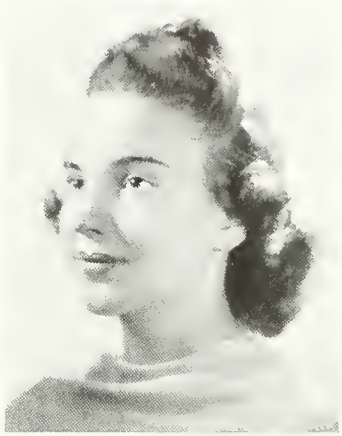


Margaret E. Carey
36 Huntington St.
Springfield, Mass.



Beatrice G. Carmen
1063 Commonwealth Ave.
Newton, Mass.

Virginia M. Carr
237 Norwood Ave.
Edgewood, R. I.



Virginia M. Carrow
230 W. Summit Ave.
Haddonfield, N. J.

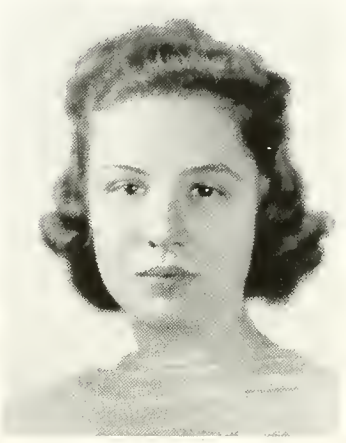
Constance V. Carter
35 Burlingame Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

A. Virginia Chamberlain
Federal Reserve Bank Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo.

Joanne B. Clare
118 Lowell Ave.
Newtonville, Mass.

Margaret E. Clayton
98 Main St.
South River, N. J.

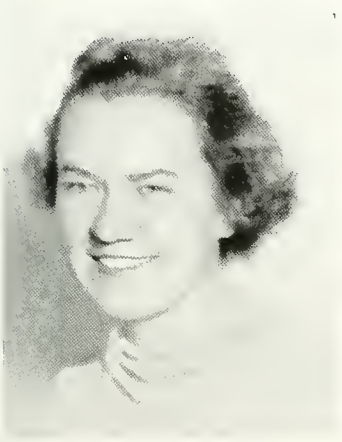
June B. Cohen
956 Brunswick Rd.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio



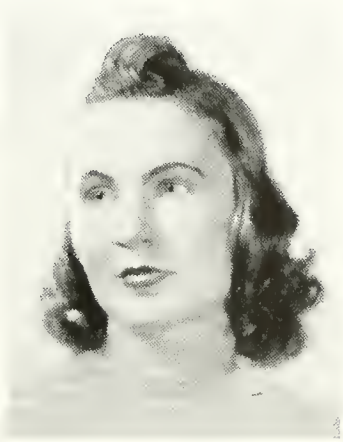
Sylvia H. Cohen
6 Courtland Apts.
Nashville, Tenn.

Anne P. Coleman
5115 Cary St. Rd.
Richmond, Va.

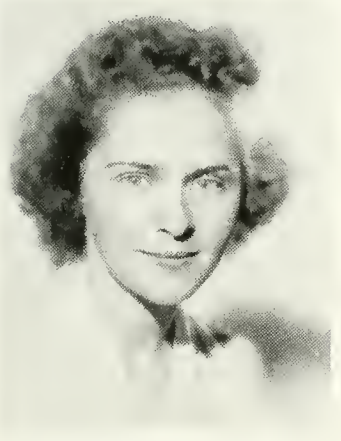
Legenda



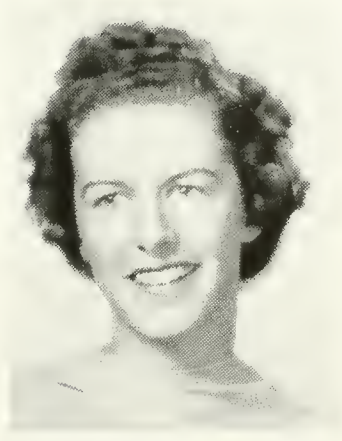
Ruth B. Coleman
647 Arlington Pl.
Chicago, Ill.



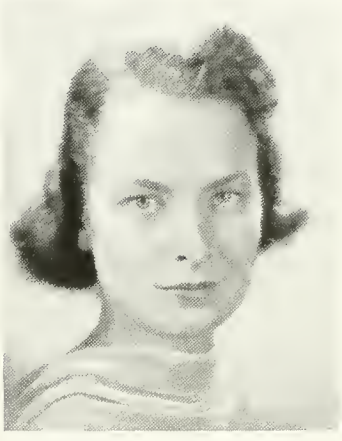
Marian V. V Colwell
68 Longfellow Rd.
Wellesley Hills, Mass.



Caroline I. Conklin
1560 Laurel Ave.
Bridgeport, Conn.

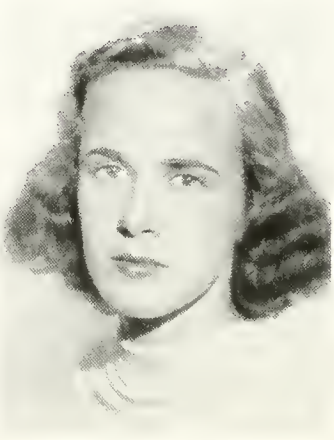


Alice M. Corcoran
84 Park St.
West Springfield, Mass.

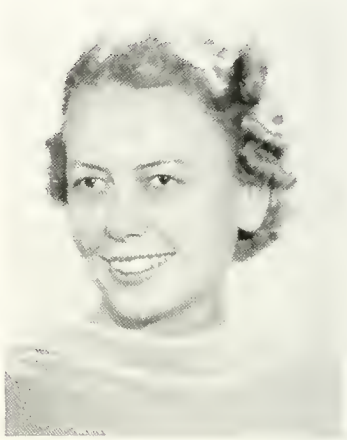


Frances O. Cottingham
6529 Jefferson St.
Kansas City, Mo.

1939

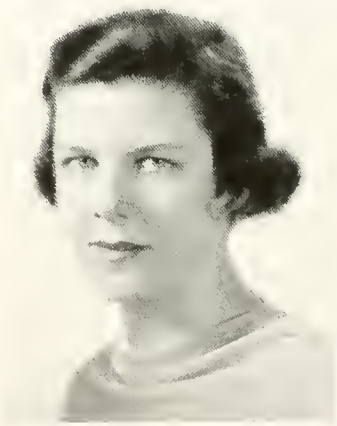


Virginia L. Coville
323 Main St.
Oneida, N. Y.

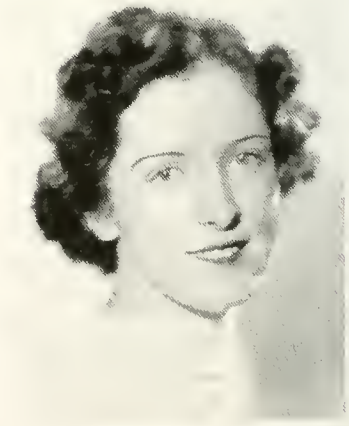


Virginia T. Cox
20 Old Mystic St.
Arlington, Mass.

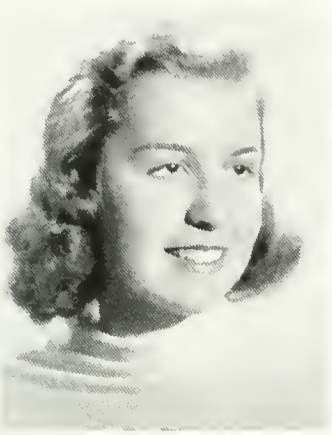
Louise B. Crane
120 Early St.
Morristown, N. J.



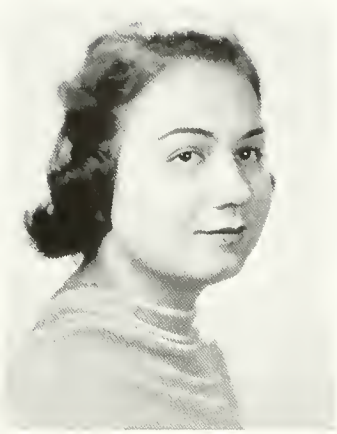
Betty J. Crawford
Park Blvd.
East Liverpool, Ohio



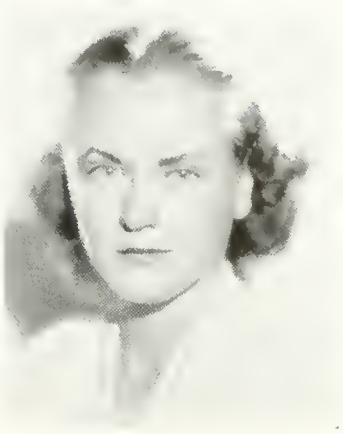
Gertrude A. Croak
32 Somerset St.
Worcester, Mass.



J. Louise Cull
2987 Torrington Rd.
Shaker Heights, Ohio

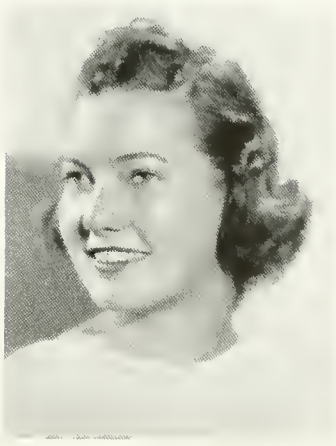


Sylvia Darman
309 Prospect St.
Woonsocket, R. I.

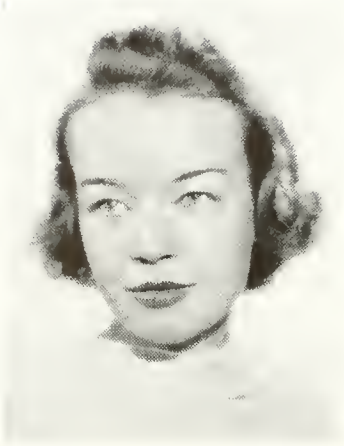


Helen L. Darrow
716 8th St.
S. Fargo, N. Dak.

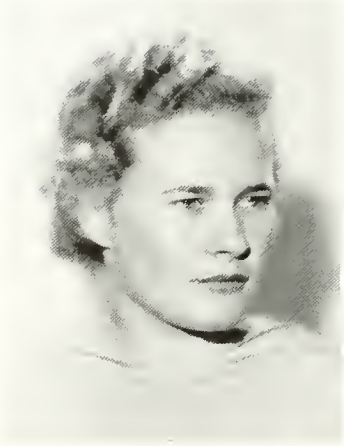
Aileen M. Davidson
3000 Seminole Ave.
Detroit, Mich.



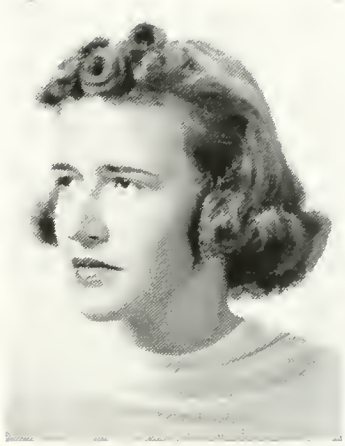
Camilla G. Davis
4512 Lakeside
Dallas, Texas



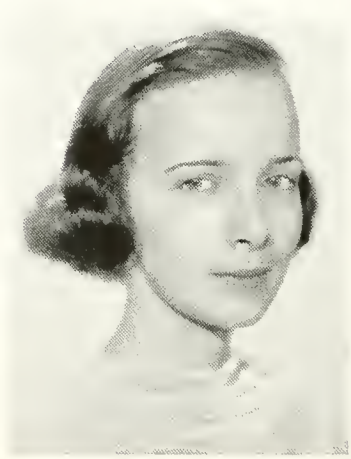
Elizabeth R. Davis
363 Westland Ave.
Bexley, Ohio



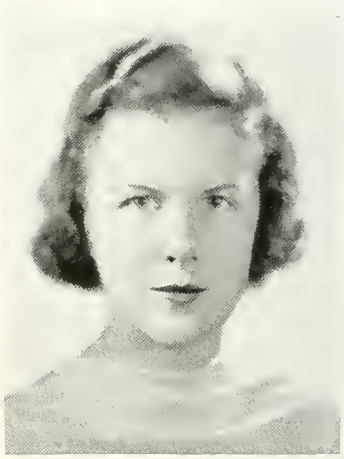
Priscilla Davis
44 Curve St.
Waltham, Mass.



Jane G. Dawes
47 Mount Vernon St.
Cambridge, Mass.

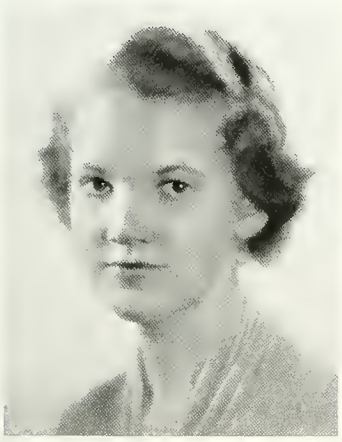


Elizabeth Dennett
Elm St.
Medfield, Mass.

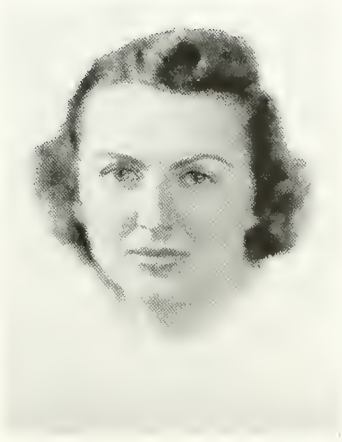


Elizabeth E. Dodson
677 N. 56th St.
Omaha, Nebr.

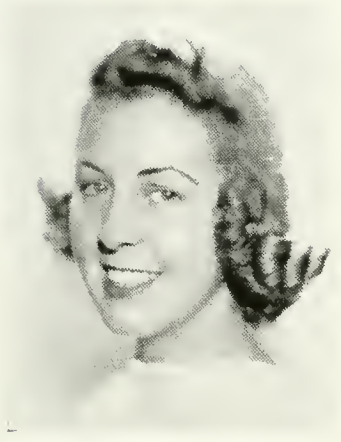
Legenda



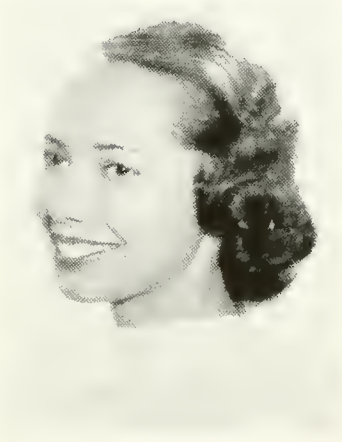
Carol P. Doty
31 Clayton Ave.
Wyomissing, Pa.



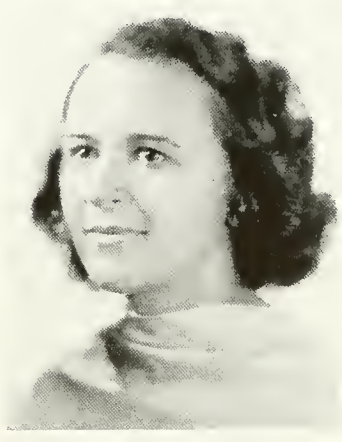
Mary L. Dougherty
508 Page Ave.
Austin, Minn.



Virginie A. Doulberry
32-14 169 Ninth St.
Flushing, N. Y.

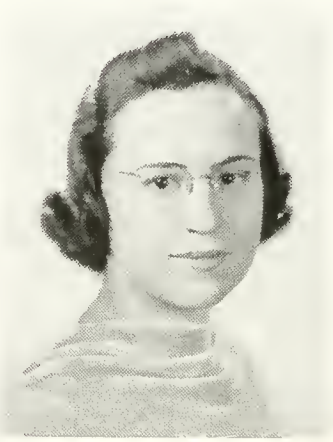


J. Yvonne Duff
25 Kensington Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.

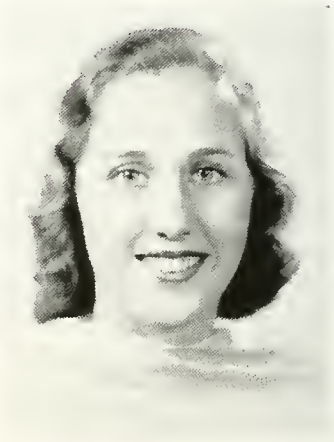


Eleanor M. Eddy
609 President Ave.
Fall River, Mass.

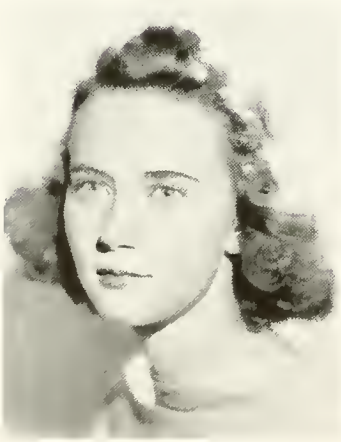
1939



Phyllis L. Estey
10 Whittier Rd.
Medford, Mass.

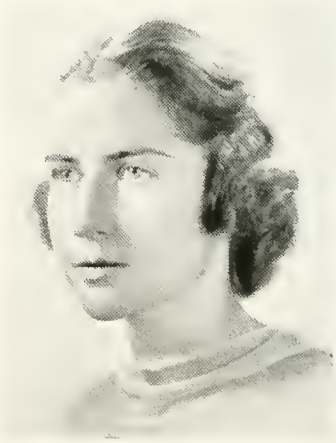


Caroline L. Farwell
67 Glendale Rd.
Sharon, Mass.



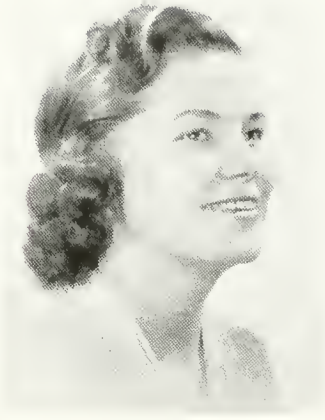
Eleanor Ferrin
22 Overlook Rd.
Scarsdale, N. Y.

Phyllis V. Finklestein
37 Lee St.
Brookline, Mass.



M. Katharine Fiske
Kikamuit
Warren, R. I.

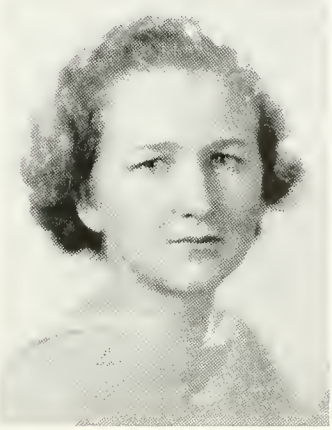
Julia B. Flagg
54 Oakwood Rd.
Newtonville, Mass.



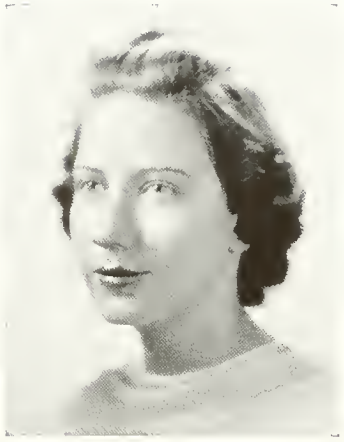
Ghierstein Foshay
34 Summit Ave.
Port Chester, N. Y.

Jean E. Fox
109 Summit Ave.
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Babette N. Friedmann
1830 Rittenhouse Sq.
Philadelphia, Pa.



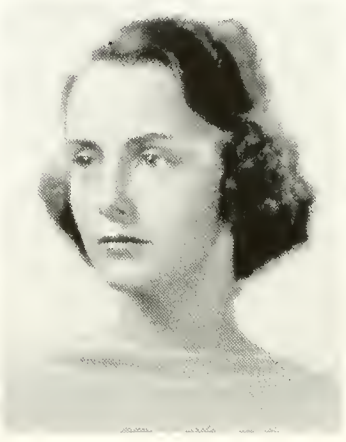
Rhoda Garrison
181 Pine Ridge Rd.
Waban, Mass.



Babette S. Geisenberger
819 S. Duke St.
York, Pa.

Rhetta Lou Gelling
2630 E. 74th St.
Chicago, Ill.

Margaret Gilbert
60 Clinton Ave.
Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.



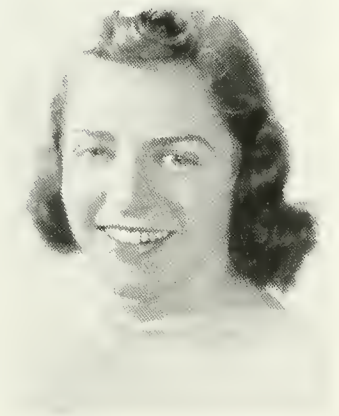
Ruth R. Giles
8828 195th Pl.
Hollis, N. Y.

Sue F. Glasgow
1212 Pennsylvania Ave.
Tyrone, Pa.

Legenda

Mary Elizabeth Glines
Clinton Ave.
Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Erma K. Goldbaum
4434 Spruce St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

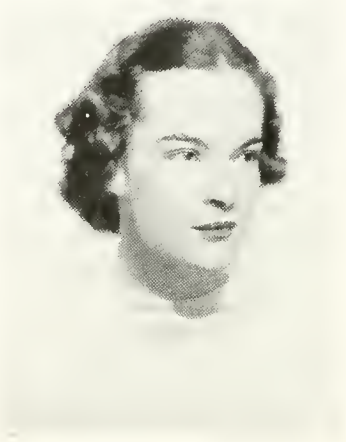


Helen E. Goldberg
104 Wentworth St.
Bridgeport, Conn.

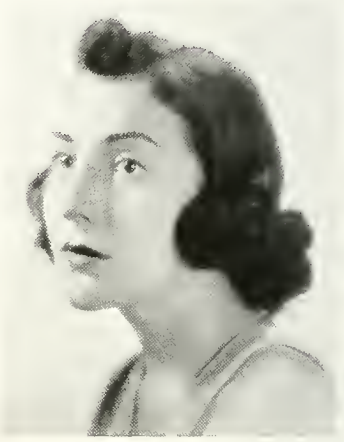
Elizabeth M. Golden
39 Stafford Rd.
Newton Centre, Mass.

Edna L. Golding
50 Lafayette St.
North Attleboro, Mass.

1939

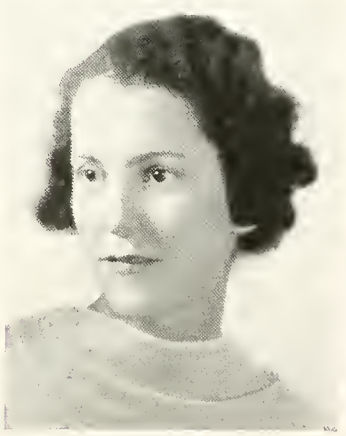


Margarita Gómez
1221 E. Yandell Blvd.
El Paso, Texas

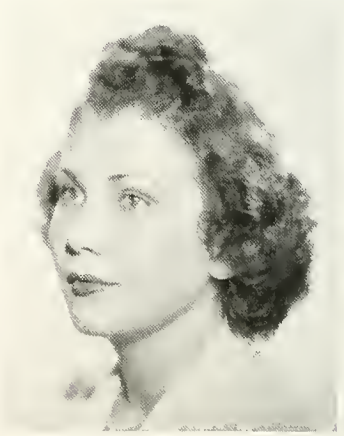


Justine Gottlieb
229 Ward Pkwy.
Kansas City, Mo.

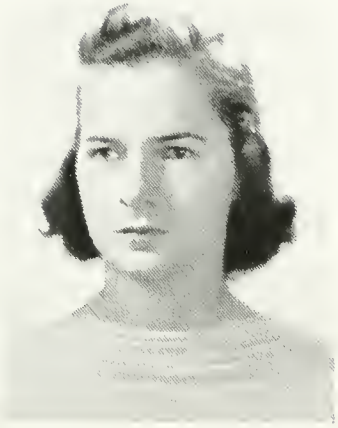
Janet Gould
92 Monte Vista Ave.
Ridgewood, N. J.



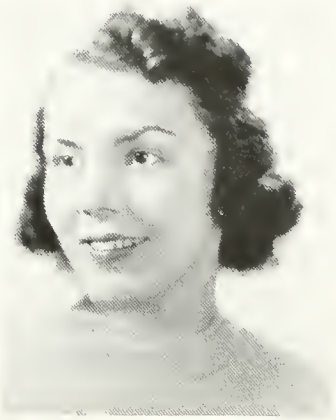
Jane Gracy
1502 Lorraine St.
Austin, Texas



Frances A. Gulliver
52 E. 68th St.
New York, N. Y.

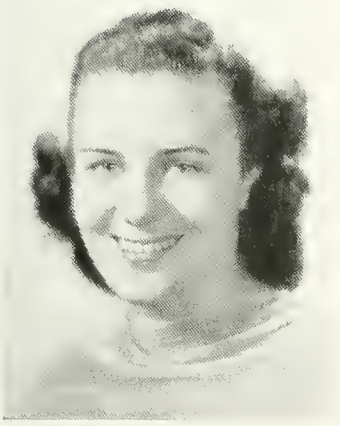


Merlyn Guthrie
601 Board of Trade
Duluth, Minn.

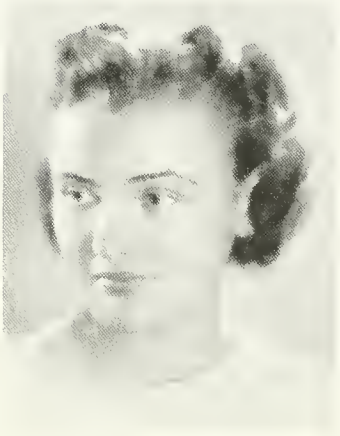


Katherine M. Hack
49 N. Seventh St.
Shamokin, Pa.

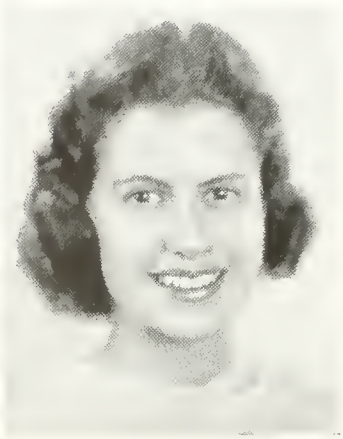
Barbara Hale
10 Denton Rd.
Wellesley, Mass.



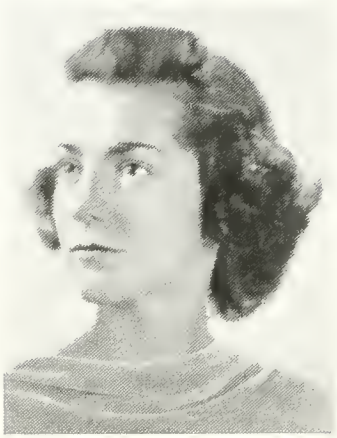
Elizabeth Hancock
27 Tunstall Rd.
Scarsdale, N. Y.



Dorothy Harris
5703 Swiss Ave.
Dallas, Texas

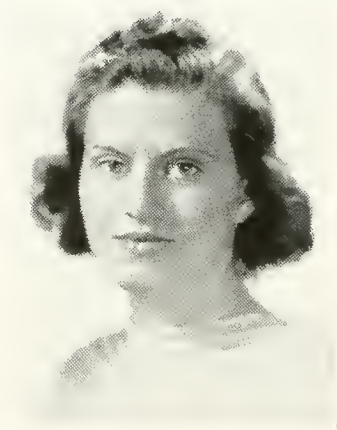


Cornelia Harrison
23475 Stanford Rd.
Shaker Heights, Ohio

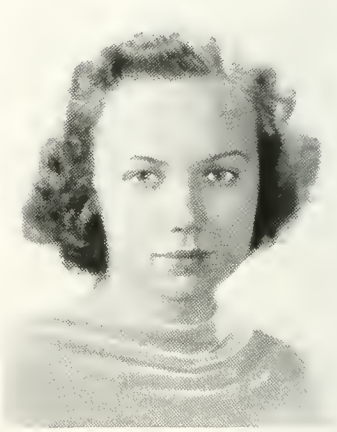


Jane E. Harrison
307 Abbotsford Rd.
Kenilworth, Ill.

Ruth P. Harrison
960 Grant St.
Denver, Colo.

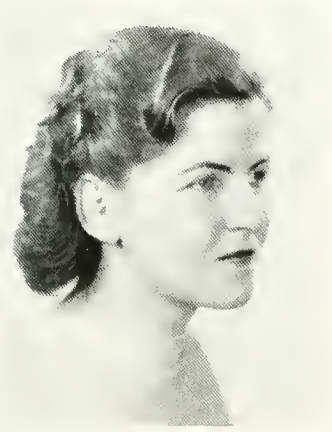


Frances Harvey
Neillsville Press
Neillsville, Wis.

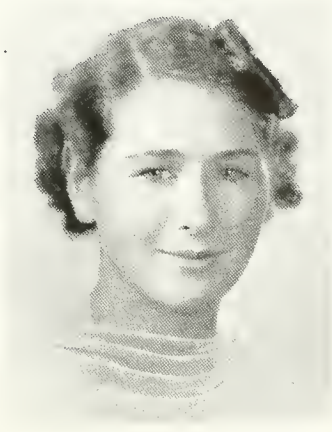


Patricia V. Harvey
1619 S. Evanston Ave.
Tulsa, Okla.

Legenda



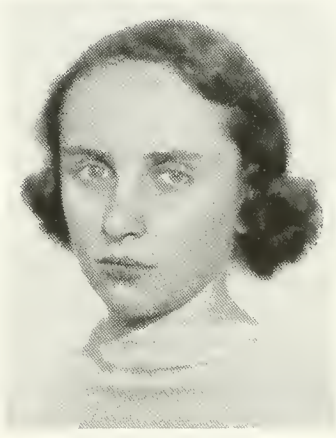
Ruth E. Harvey
825 Edgemont Park
Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.



Ruth F. Hawkes
12 Ashcroft St.
Lynn, Mass.

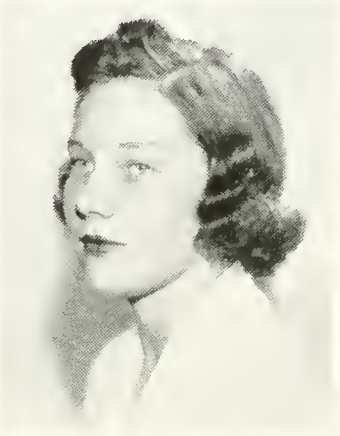
Alice F. Hayden
90 Court St.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Margaret I. Hayes
% Presbyterian Board of
Foreign Missions
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.



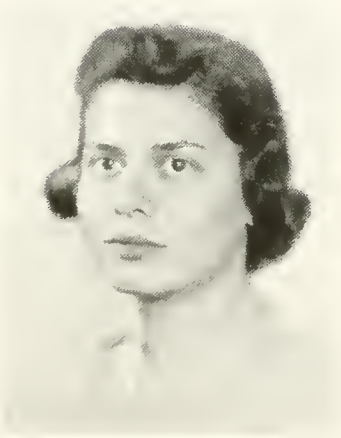
Mary E. Healy
Foster St.
Littleton, Mass.

1939

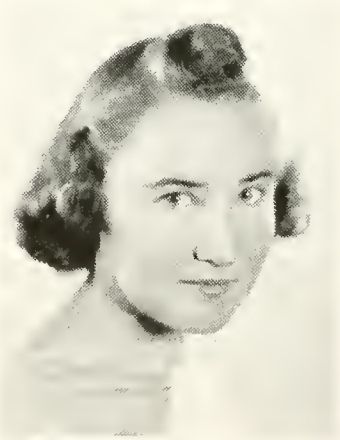


JOAN HENRY
846 Center Ave.
Reading, Pa.

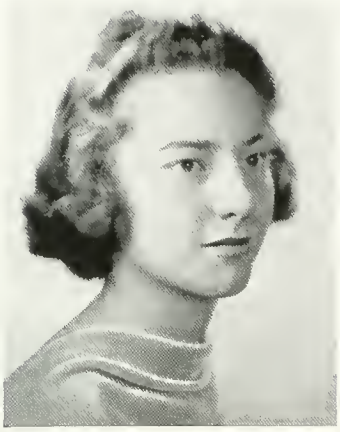
NATALIE DE F. HENRY
903 150 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.



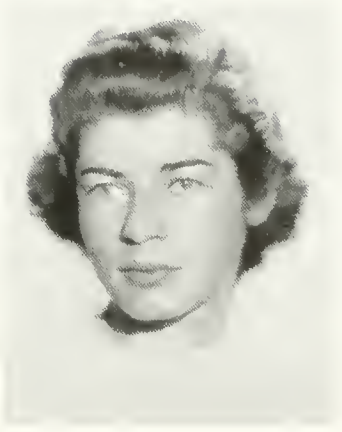
ADELE HILLMAN
1551 Fairfield Ave.
Bridgeport, Conn.



FLORENCE G. HINCKLEY
162 Ohio Ave.
West Springfield, Mass.

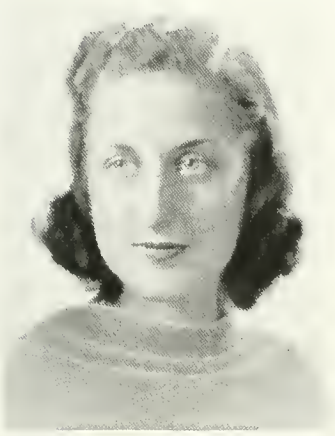


Margaret H. Horton
% S. H. Williams
Glastonbury, Conn.



Christine H. Hunter
32 Dover Rd.
Wellesley, Mass.

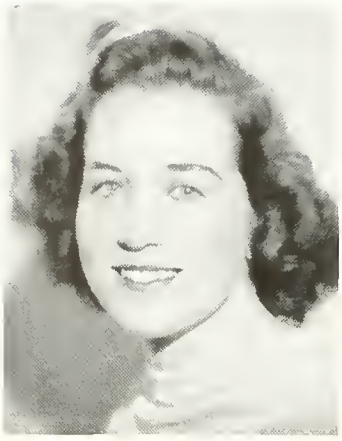
Jean S. Hussey
40 Greystone Park
Yonkers, N. Y.



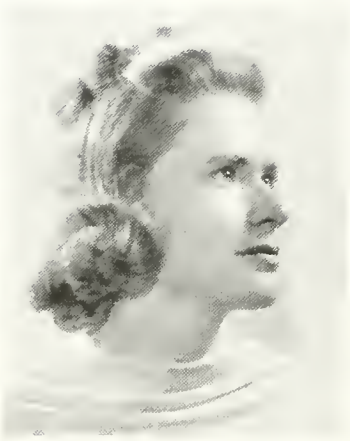
Virginia Jabara
8420 Ridge Blvd.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nancy P. Jackson
187 Washington St.
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

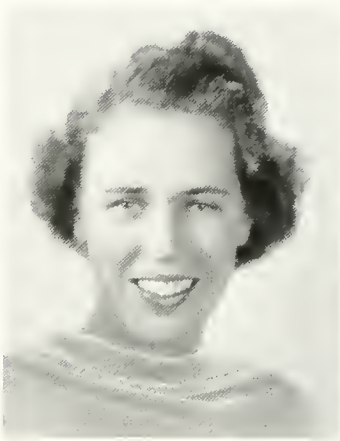
Legenda



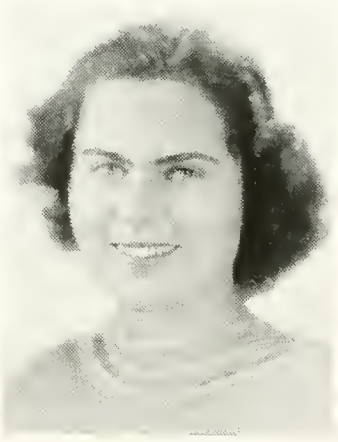
Marie E. Jameson
550 Centre St.
Newton, Mass.



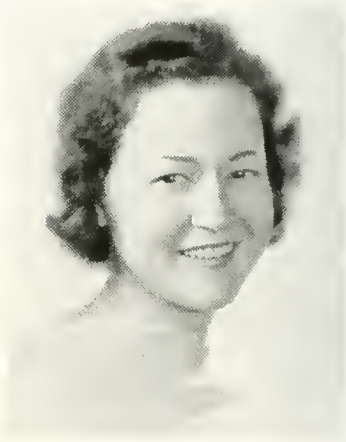
Marjorie K. Jaminet
124 Livingston St.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



Alice C. Jantzen
15 Kilsyth Rd.
Brookline, Mass.



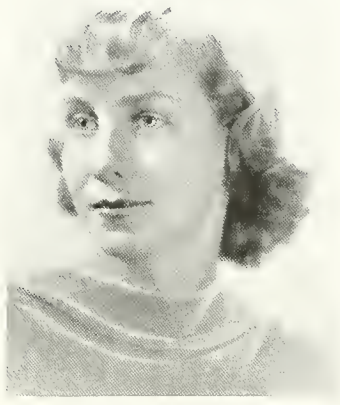
Cameron Jelliffe
Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.



Helen R. Johler
1616 Centre St.
Newton Highlands, Mass.

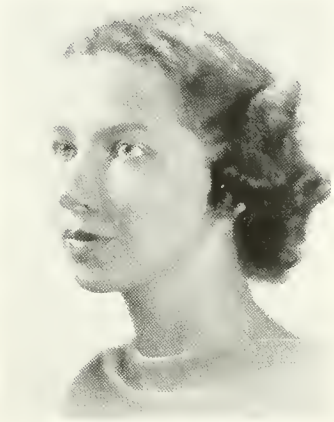
Legenda

Elizabeth T. Johnson
512 Ogden Ave.
Swarthmore, Pa.

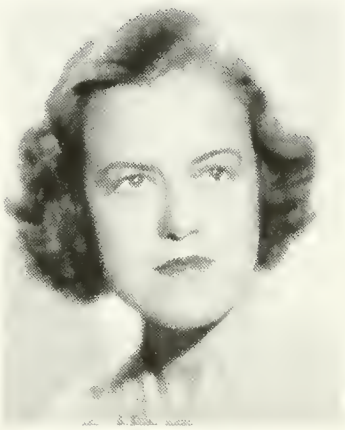


Martha R. Kahle
2 Quintard Ave.
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Janet T. Kalker
Valley Rd.
Cos Cob, Conn.

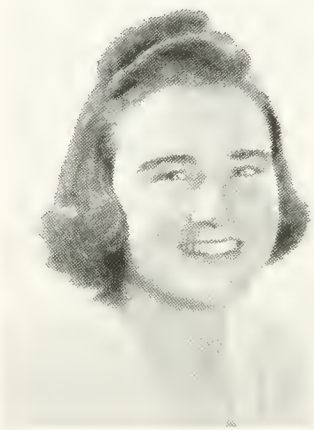


Lucy E. Katt
8 Rectory Lane
Scarsdale, N. Y.



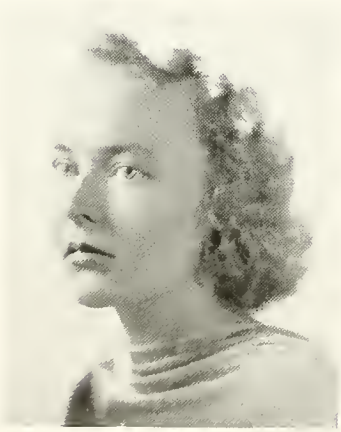
Marie J. Kelley
3349 83rd St.
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

1939

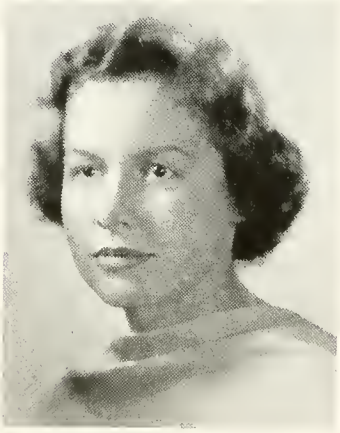


Marjorie J. Kellogg
Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

Kathleen Kelly
322 E. Vine St.
Owatonna, Minn.



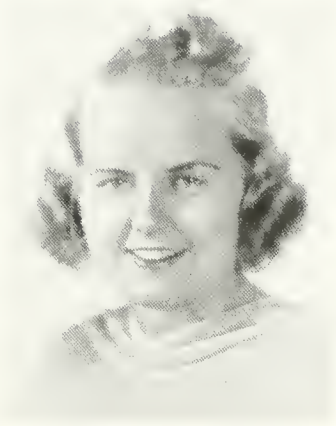
Margaret T. Kenway
29 Atlantic Ave.
Beverly, Mass.



Ellen Kerl
721 Lake Shore Dr.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Cynthia S. Kilburn
264 County St.
New Bedford, Mass.

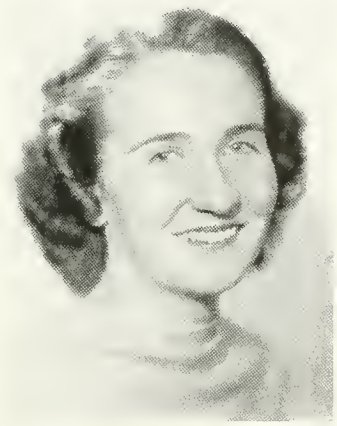
Barbara Kinyon
344 E. Vine St.
Owatonna, Minn.



Betty R. Kolter
1219 State St.
Lima, Ohio

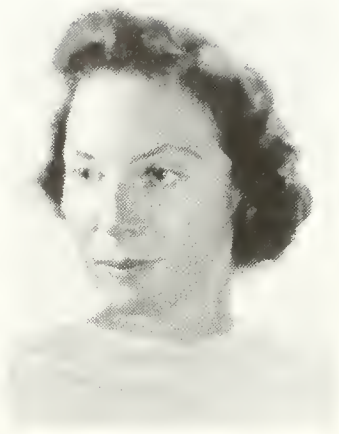
Marie C. Kraemer
4700 Dover St.
Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth E. Kruskal
19 E. 88th St.
New York, N. Y.

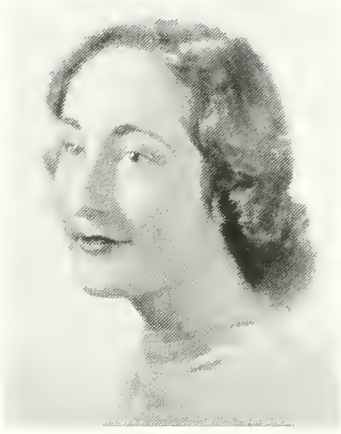


E. Virginia Kyger
2124 W. 69th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

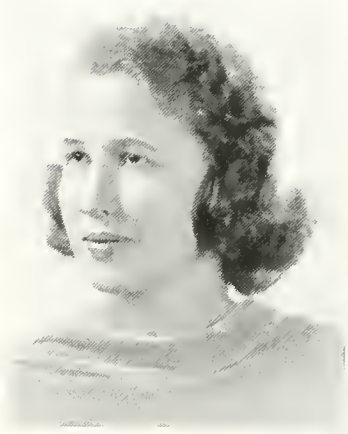
Legenda



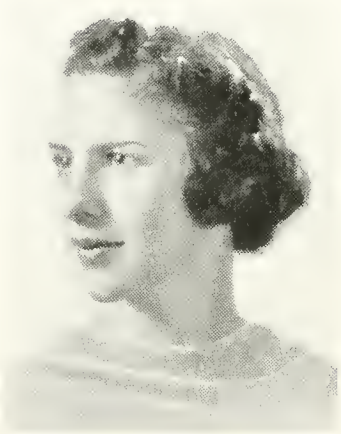
Ruth Levin
238 Dickinson St.
Springfield, Mass.



Bernice M. Levine
12 Upper Mountain Ave.
Montclair, N. J.



Ellen B. Libby
125 Vaughan St.
Portland, Maine



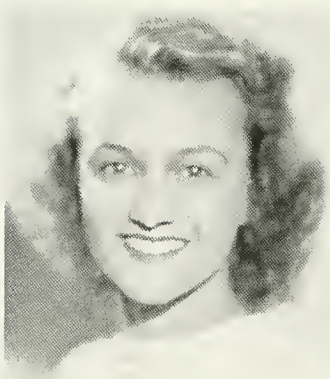
Riette Lichtenstein
107 Maplewood Ave.
West Hartford, Conn.

Mary Lieurance
830 Chester Ave.
San Marino, Calif.

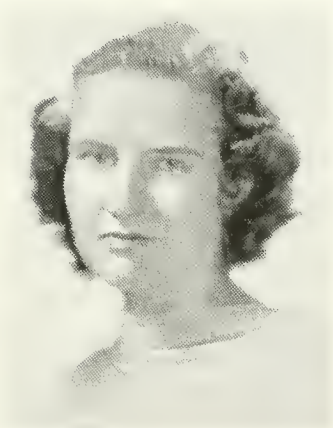
Legenda

Emilie R. Little
40 Englewood Dr.
Longmeadow, Mass.

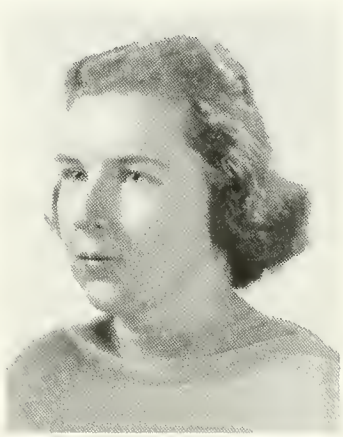
Mary Margaret Lohman
1107 Moreau Dr.
Jefferson City, Mo.



Jane W. Lundquist
26 Severn Pkwy.
Jamestown, N. Y.

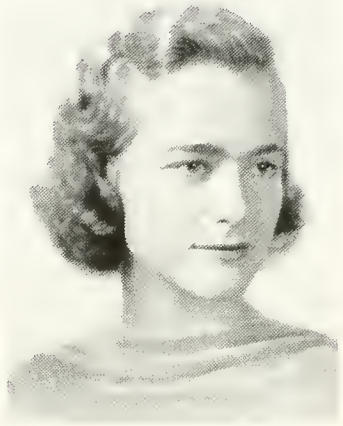


Bernice E. Lyford
49 Ocean St.
North Quincy, Mass.



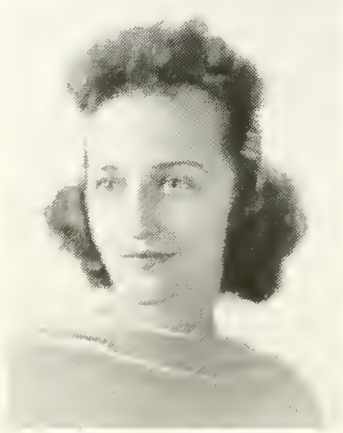
Margaret E. Lynch
1083 Dwight St.
Holyoke, Mass.

1939

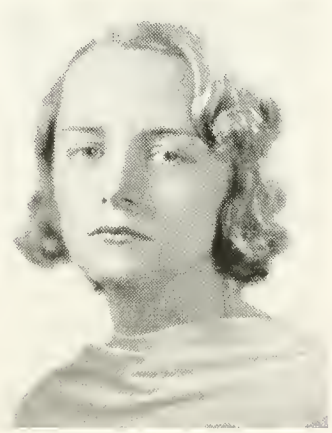


E. Lorraine MacKimmie
620 Murray Hill
Westmount, P.Q., Canada

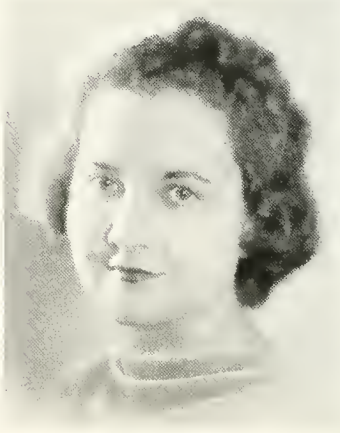
H. Jeanne MacNaught
1933 Commonwealth Ave.
Auburndale, Mass.



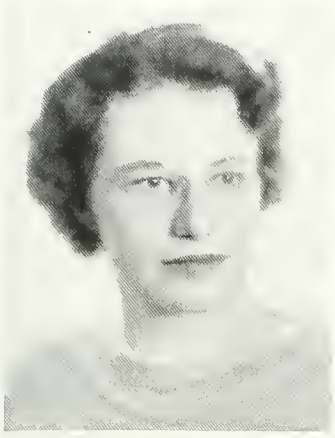
Emeline T. Manganiello
29 Lexington Ave.
Waterbury, Conn.



Elise Manson
3 Jefferson Pl.
Montclair, N. J.

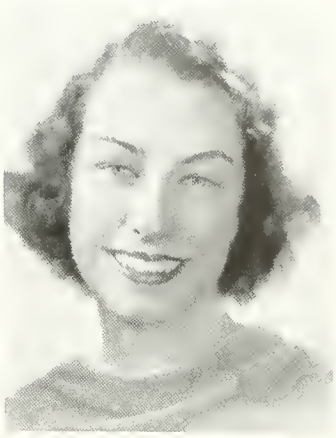


Jean E. Marchant
14 Poplar St.
Gloucester, Mass.

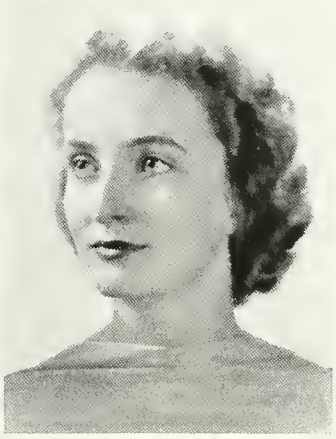


Margaret H. Martin
298 Pleasant St.
Laconia, N. H.

Mary C. Martin
14 Llandillo Rd.
Llanerch, Pa.

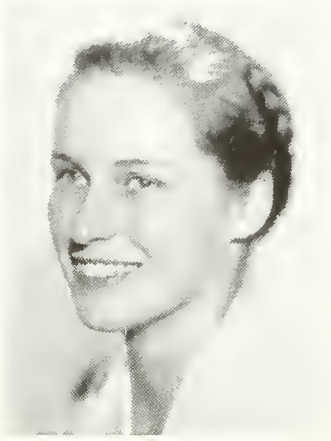


Janet Mätter
334 Ridge Ave.
Winnetka, Ill.



Gloria L. Maulsby
Wellesley, Mass.

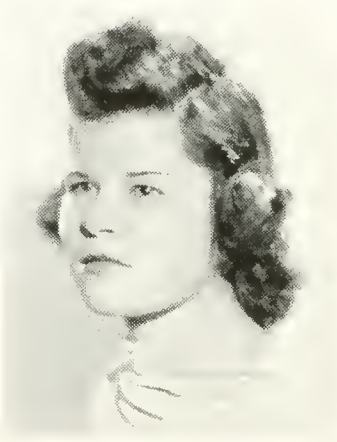
Florence Mayer
68 E. 86th St.
New York, N. Y.



Ruth H. Maynard
647 49th St.
Des Moines, Iowa

Mary McConnell
95 Desmond Ave.
Bronxville, N. Y.

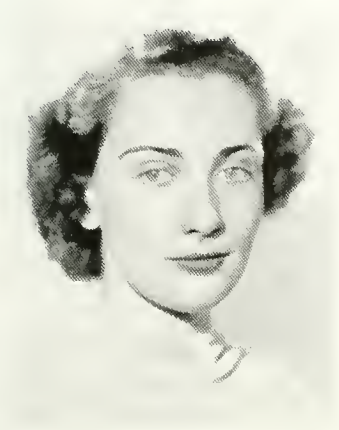
Adelaide McCormick
2914 Barnard Ave.
Waco, Texas



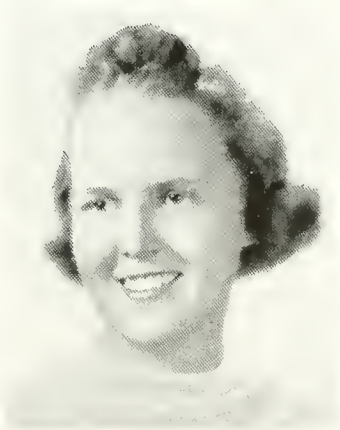
Joan McKee
9 Chenery Terr.
Belmont, Mass.

Jane G. McKinley
10 Randolph Pl.
Cos Cob, Conn.

Legenda

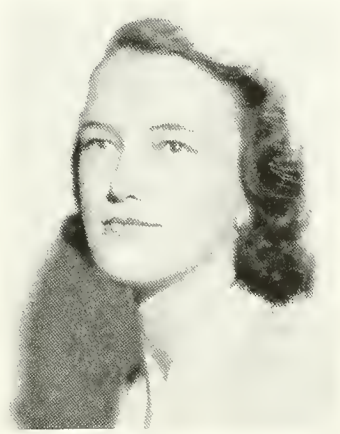


Mary R. McLaughlin
221 Pond St.
Jamaica Plain, Mass.



Dorothy J. McLauthlin
901 Detroit St.
Denver, Colo.

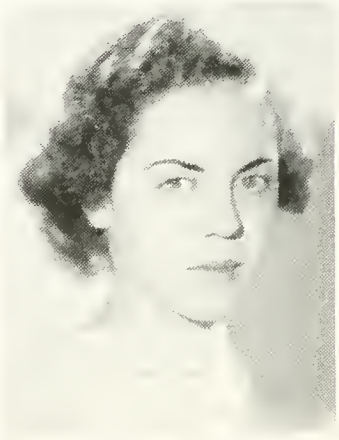
Jane A. McManus
Five Mile Point
Cooperstown, N. Y.



Barbara Mellor
5 Cushman St.
Plymouth, Mass.

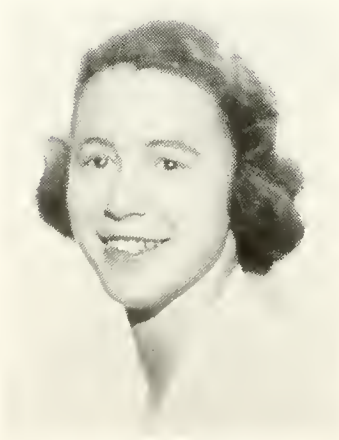
Lucille B. Merrifield
13705 Shaker Blvd.
Cleveland, Ohio

1939

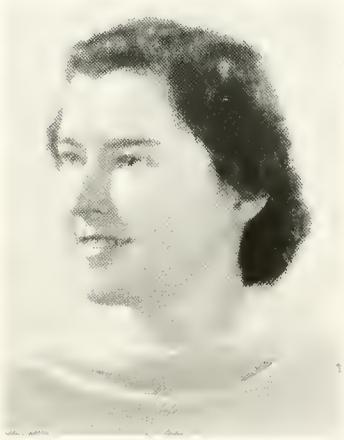


Eleanor H. Merrill
400 Elmwood Ave.
Woodbridge, N. J.

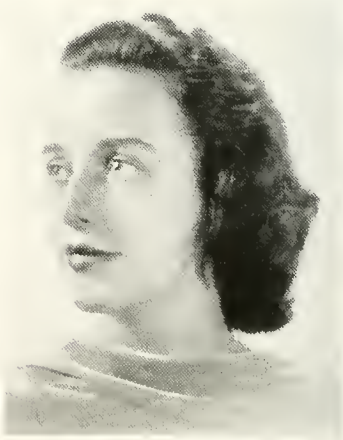
Jean Merrill
100 Marked Tree Rd.
Needham, Mass.



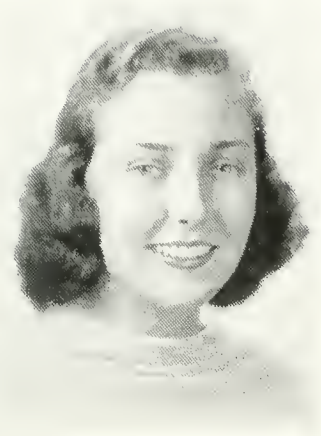
Miriam A. Meyer
Andrus Ave.
Perry, N. Y.



Marion L. Middleton
197 Stone St.
Watertown, N. Y.

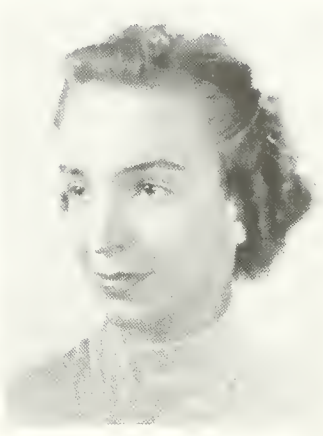


Betty A. Mitchell
19 Philadelphia Ave.
Pittston, Pa.



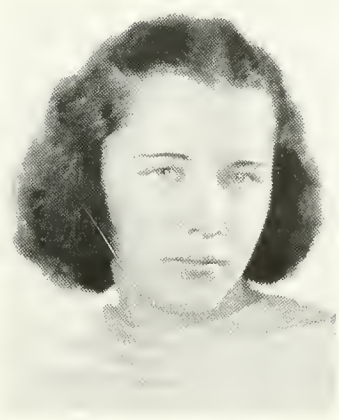
Jane B. Mitchell
2346 Woodmere Dr.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Caroline E. Montgomery
Ogunquit, Maine



Elizabeth L. Morgan
330 S. Erie St.
Wichita, Kans.

Mary Louise Moore
372 Waltham St.
West Newton, Mass.



Barbara Murchie
12 Calais Ave.
Calais, Maine

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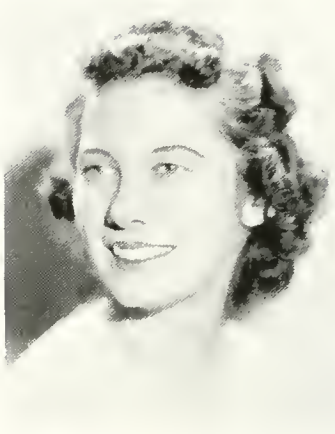
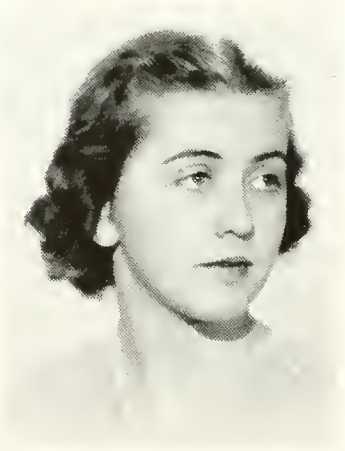
Ruth Nesbitt
216 Lowell Ave.
Newtonville, Mass.

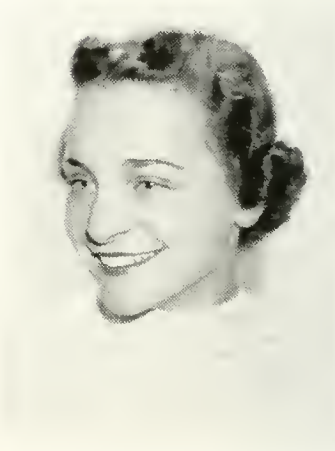
Charlotte Nickell
"Carlten Lodge"
Great Woodcote Park
Purley, Surrey, England



Marjorie J. Northrup
3033 College Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.



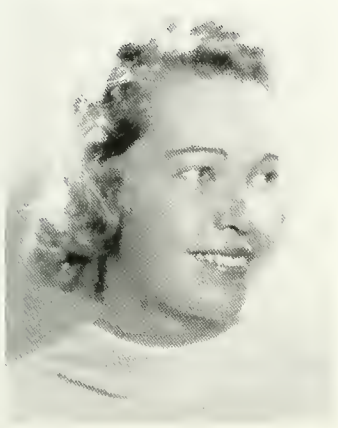
Mary Louise Oftedal
1406 N. Pacific St.
Glendale, Calif.



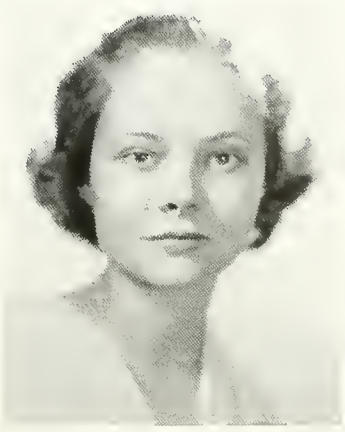
Kathryn O'Keeffe
317 Mountain Ave. S.W.
Roanoke, Va.

Legenda

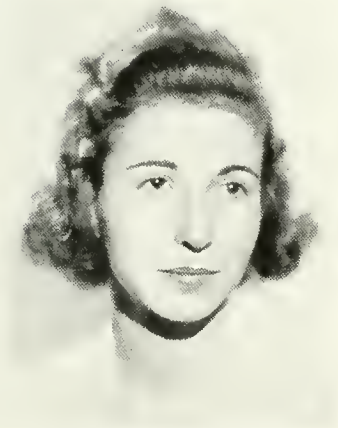
1939



Jane A. Oleson
2613 Halelena St.
Honolulu, Hawaii

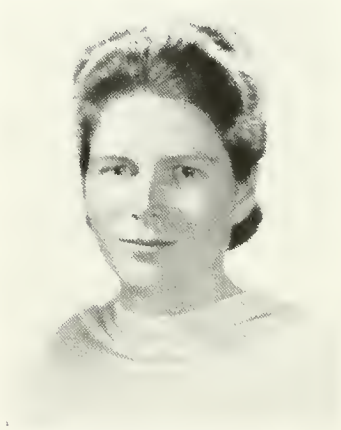


Eileen A. Ospenson
44 Overlook Ave.
West Orange, N. J.



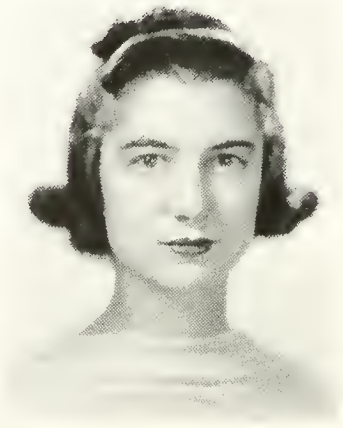
Ruth C. Ostermann
234 Warwick Rd.
Kenilworth, Ill.

Jean I. Paradis
758 Westminster Rd.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Helen Beaumont Park
Fox Run Lane
Greenwich, Conn.

1939



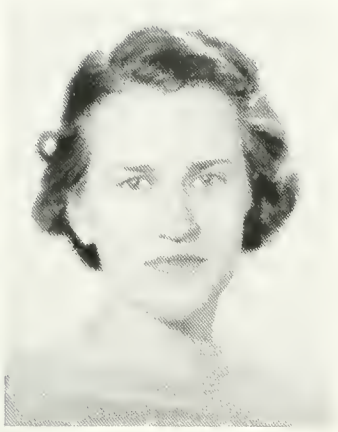
Martha A. Parkhurst
64 Hazard Ave.
Providence, R. I.

Mary E. Parks
5 Hammersley Ave.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

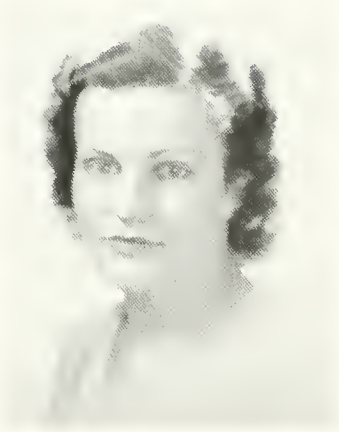
Marjorie A. Parmenter
Grapevine Rd.
Wenham, Mass.

Esther C. Parshley
228 Langley Rd.
Newton Centre, Mass.

Marguerite W. Partridge
123 N. Portage Path
Akron, Ohio

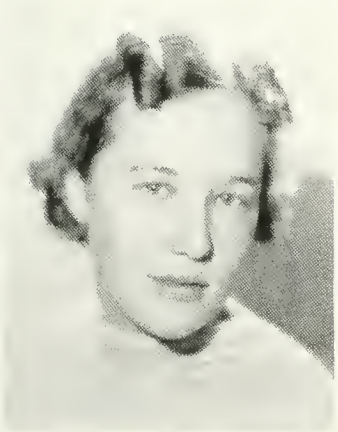


E. Anne Paulsen
625 11th St.
Wilmette, Ill.

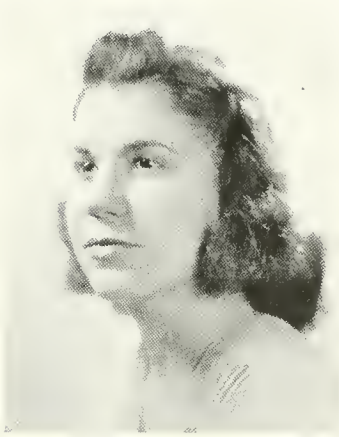


Mary Frances Pearson
20 Old Farm Rd.
Hamden, Conn.

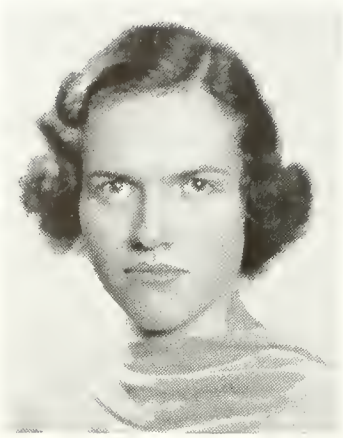
Marjorie H. Pease
8 Oakland Pl.
Summit, N. J.



Isabel L. Perry
Box 927
Asheville, N. C.

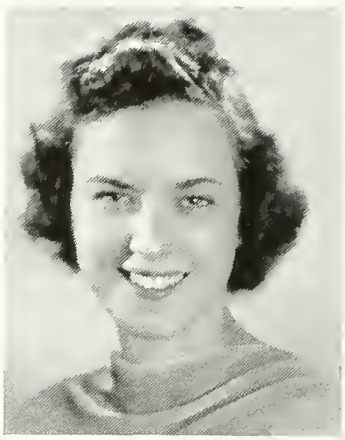


Mary J. Pfeiffenberger
463 Bluff St.
Alton, Ill.

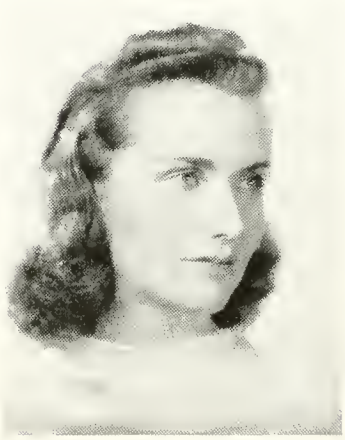


Virginia Plumb
Marilla Park
Streator, Ill.

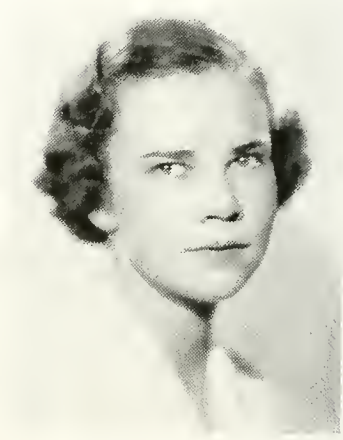
Helen Poor
157 Lowell St.
Beverly, Mass.



Frances H. Postel
Mascoutah, Ill.

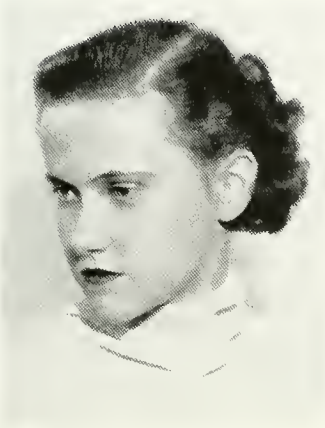


Rita Rafferty
Bellevue Ave.
Rye, N. Y.

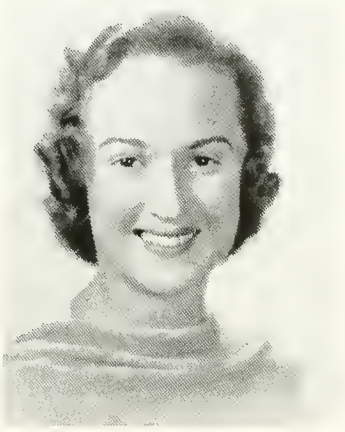


Mary F. Randall
700 Blackthorn Rd.
Winnetka, Ill.

Legenda



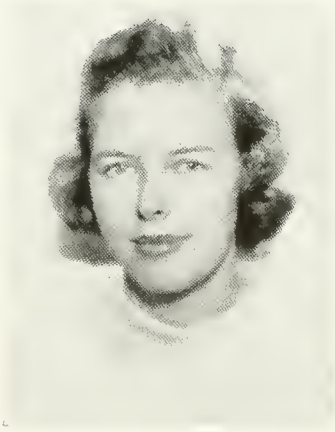
Albertine Reichle
13299 Mark Twain Ave.
Detroit, Mich.



Grace M. Reilly
1123 Ocean Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

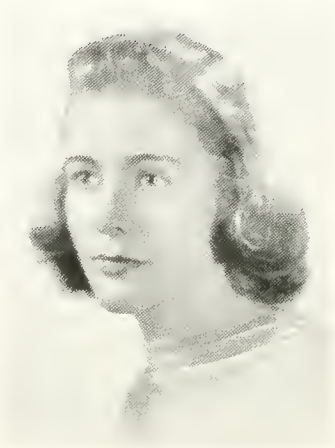
Nancy F. Reynolds
20 Harrison Ave.
Montclair, N. J.

Anne M. Rieb
65 Rockledge Ave.
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

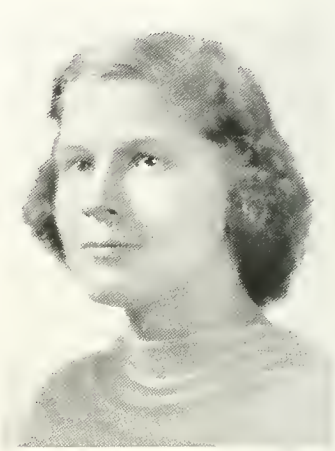


Frances W. Roberg
Bantam, Conn.

1939

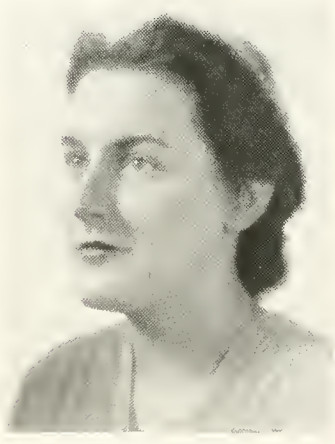


Betty W. Robinson
309 Bent Rd.
Wyncote, Pa.

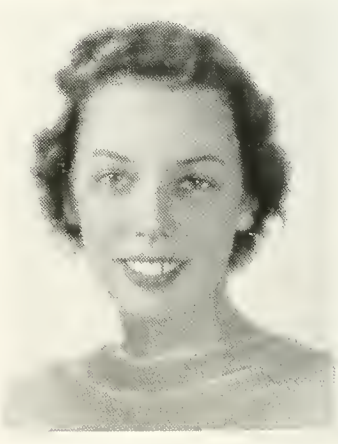


Marianne G. Robinson
144 Hancock St.
Auburndale, Mass.

Catherine J. Roff
29 George St.
Naugatuck, Conn.

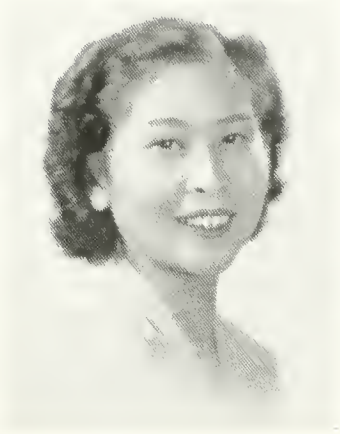


Marie T. Ronan
348 Essex St.
Salem, Mass.



Margaret A. Rouse
1137 Michigan Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

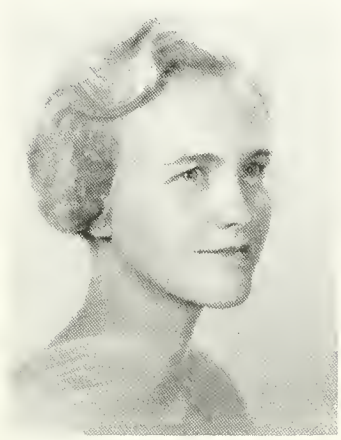
Janath Russell
1357 Glenn Ave.
Columbus, Ohio



Mollie Sah
Lane 1699, Bubbling Well Rd.
Shanghai, China

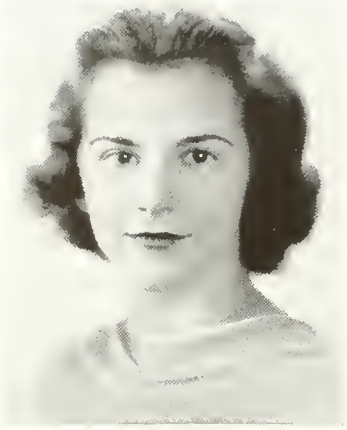
Barbara K. Salisbury
Mt. Carmel Ave.
Mount Carmel, Conn.

Babbette F. Samelson
31 Leighton Rd.
Wellesley, Mass.



Louise S. Sargeant
W. 709 22nd Ave.
Spokane, Wash.

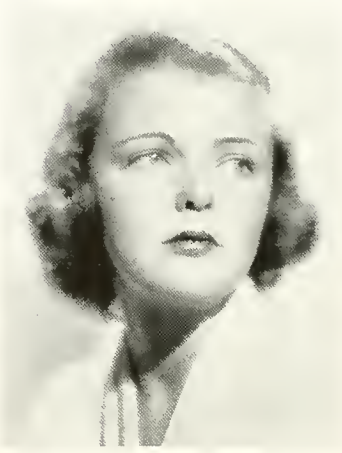
Legenda



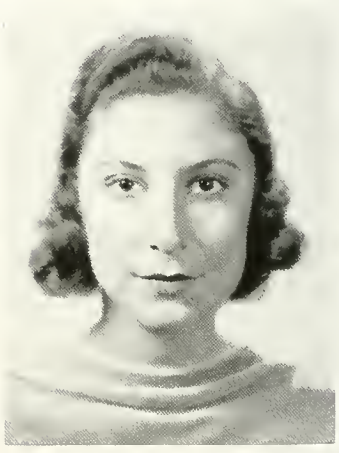
Nancy F. Sargent
228 Washington Ave.
Bennington, Vt.

Rose Sarhanis
20 Oxford St.
Somerville, Mass.

Jane Schanfarber
1835 Oak St.
Columbus, Ohio



Barbara E. Schofield
Woods' Lane
Ipswich, Mass.

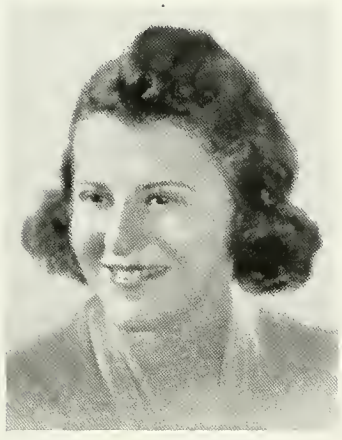


Elaine Schwartz
70 Lambert Ave.
Meriden, Conn.

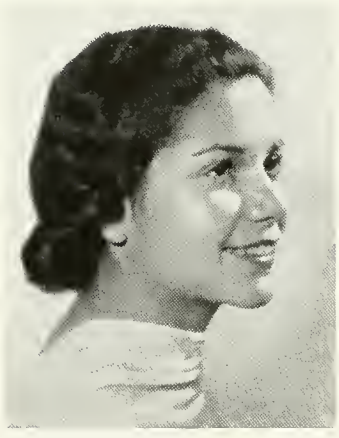
Legenda

Dorothy L. Sebbens
15 Progress St.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Babette L. Seele
761 Harvard Ave.
University City, Mo.



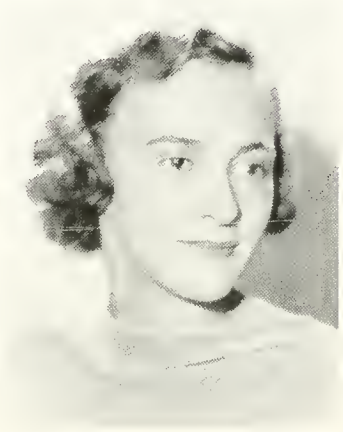
Eileen S. Shapiro
1519 Beacon St.
Brookline, Mass.



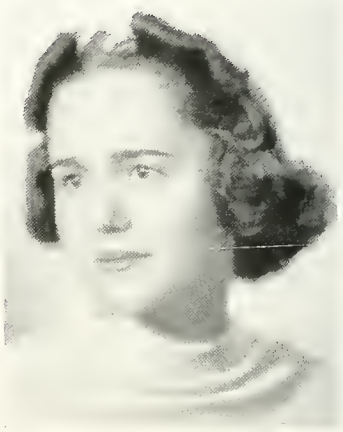
Norma G. Sharfman
32 Terrace Dr.
Worcester, Mass.

Gloria H. Sharp
287 Pelham Rd.
Rochester, N. Y.

1939

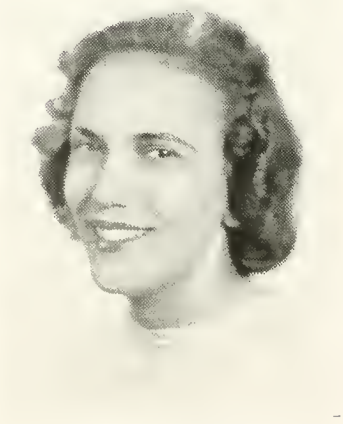


Lucetta M. Sharp
719 Front St.
Freeland, Pa.

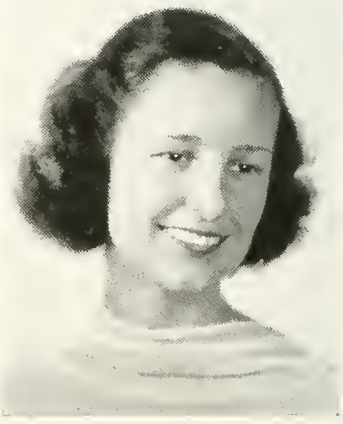


Anne L. Shepard
Hotel Lenox
Buffalo, N. Y.

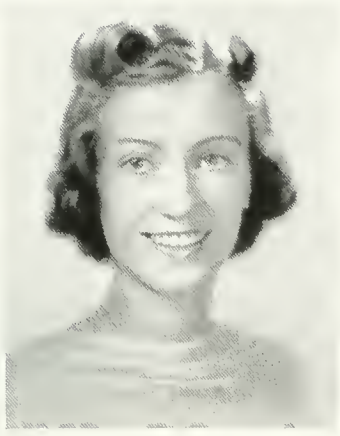
Helen Sherman
226 Winchester St.
Brookline, Mass.



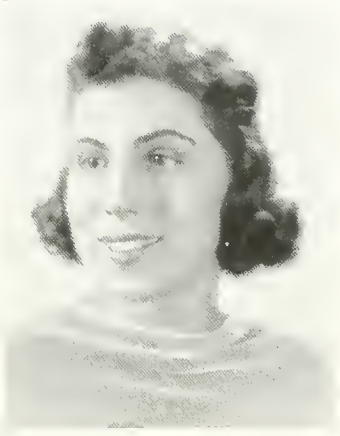
Alma J. Shoolman
76 Columbia St.
Brookline, Mass.



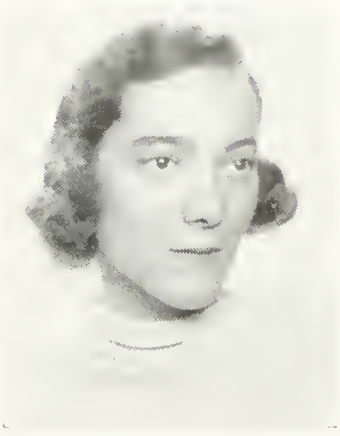
Catherine M. Sladen
2209 Seminole Ave.
Detroit, Mich.



Norma S. Slee
81 Hillside Rd.
Elizabeth, N. J.



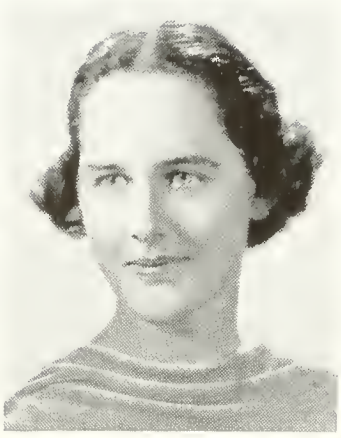
Leila N. Small
280 Willow St.
New Haven, Conn.



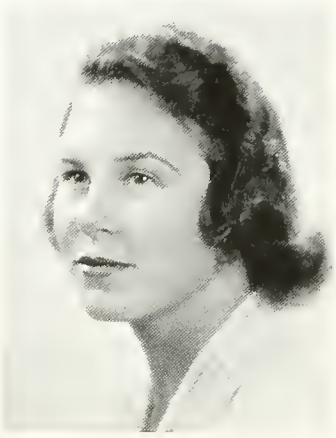
Sylvia E. Spence
53 Kenwood Ave.
Worcester, Mass.

Adelaide Spicer
51 Elm St.
Westerly, R. I.

Amy Spier
144-79 37th Ave.
Flushing, N. Y.



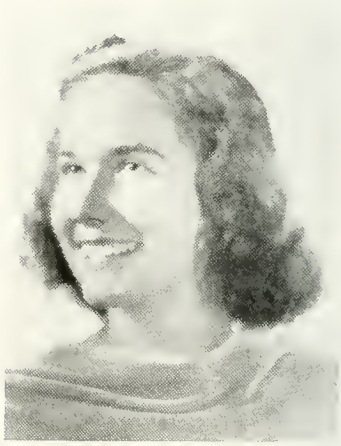
Jean F. Stetson
The Grove
Rothesay, N. B., Canada



E. Louise Stewart
620 Montgomery Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Dorothy T. Stout
350 W. Works St.
Sheridan, Wyo.

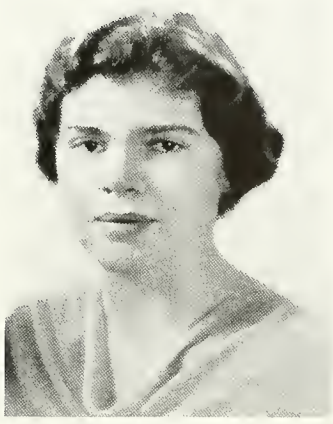
Eliese Strahl
85 Sutton Manor
New Rochelle, N. Y.



Alma Sutton
Overbrook
Cedar Grove, N. J.

Legenda

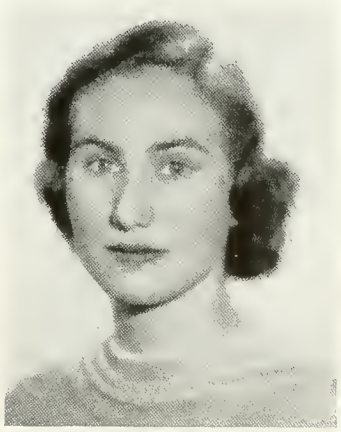
PHYLLIS SWEETSER
160 Lincoln St.
Newton, Mass.



HELEN TAMS
12 Westminster Rd.
Summit, N. J.

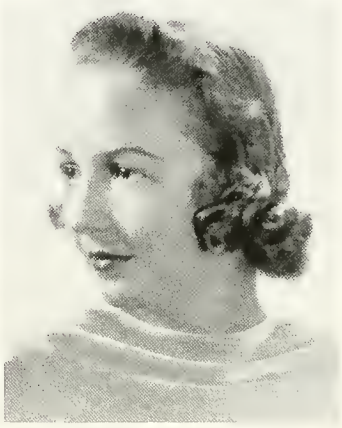
EDITH E. TAUNTON
119 Conant Rd.
Weston, Mass.

HELEN E. THOMPSON
157 Maine St.
Brunswick, Maine



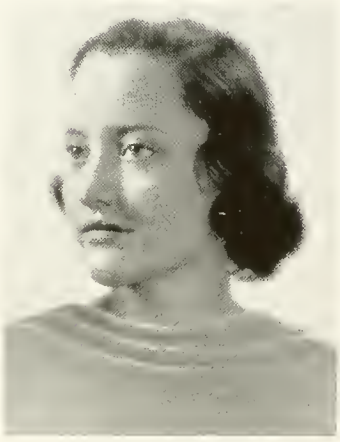
MARION C. THOMSON
38 Hopkins Pl.
Longmeadow, Mass.

1939



Adrienne Thorn
121 Larchmont Rd.
Melrose, Mass.

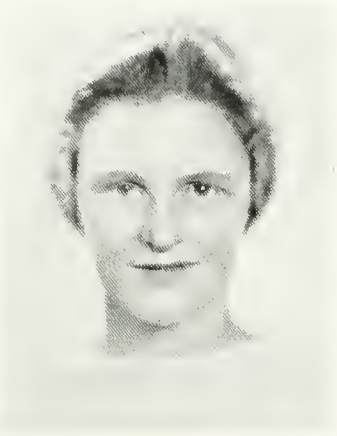
Louise M. Tibbetts
5616 Kenwood Ave.
Chicago, Ill.



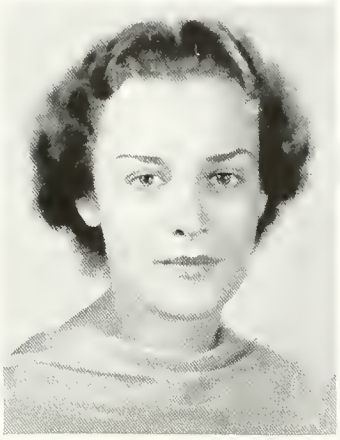
Anna L. Tiebout
61 Wildwood Rd.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Helen H. Tower
32 Phillips St.
Andover, Mass.

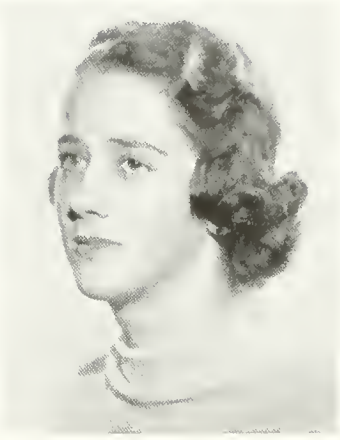
Mary E. Tunison
5115 Webster St.
Omaha, Nebr.



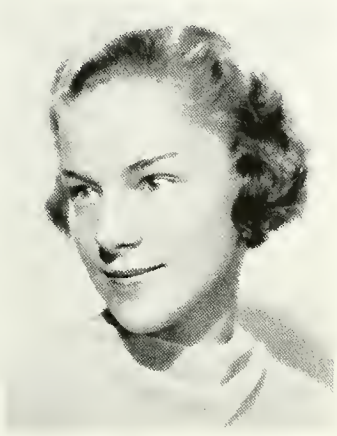
Virginia E. Tuttle
185 Ridgefield St.
Hartford, Conn.



Eleanore Van Heusen
18 Northampton Rd.
Amsterdam, N. Y.



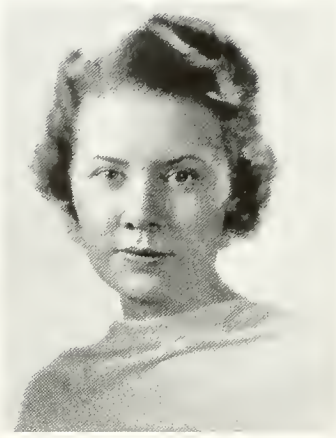
Jean E. Van Riper
5686 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis, Ind.



Dorothy C. Voss
239 Amber St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

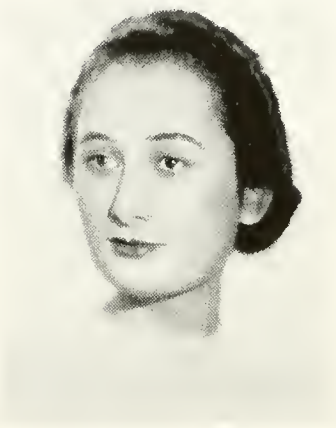
Jane C. Wagoner
14 Kenwood Ave.
Newton Centre, Mass.

Georgia A. Wales
14 Davis St.
Binghamton, N. Y.

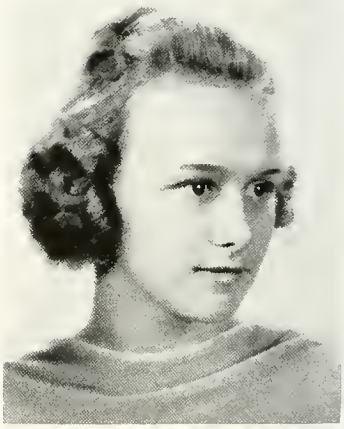


Margaret C. Walker
504 King William St.
San Antonio, Texas

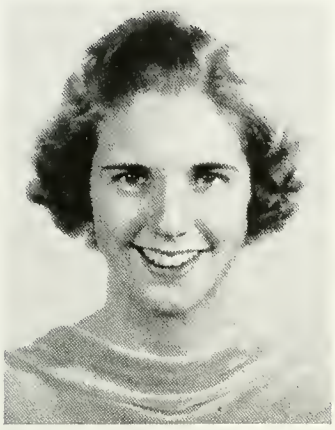
Barbara L. Walther
823 Salem Ave.
Elizabeth, N. J.



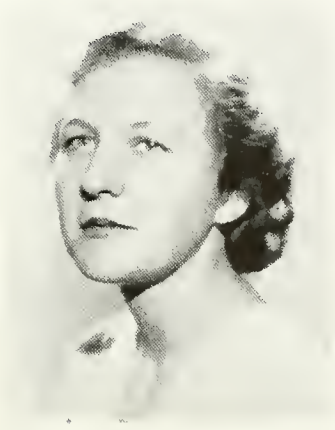
Hilda R. Warshaw
108 Morton St.
Newton Centre, Mass.



Janet Waters
482 Madison St.
Fall River, Mass.

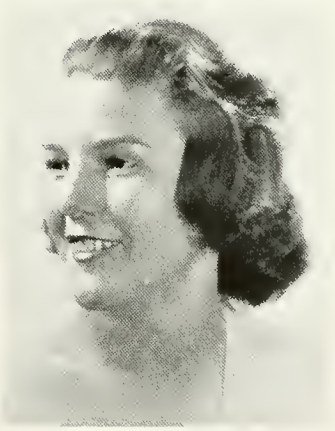


Ann Wemple
5012 Hyde Park Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

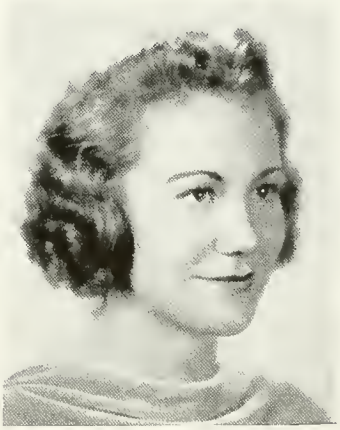


Betty J. White
138 N. Miller St.
Newburgh, N. Y.

Dorothea J. White
1815 Asbury Ave.
Evanston, Ill.

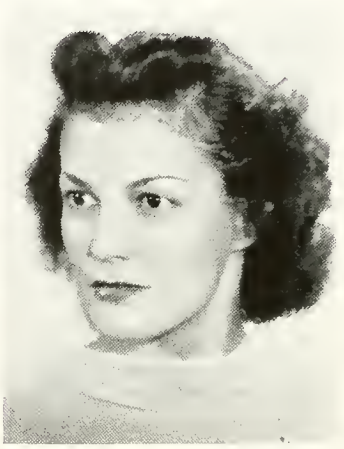


Emily P. White
239 Everit St.
New Haven, Conn.



M. Virginia White
623 Judson Ave.
Evanston, Ill.

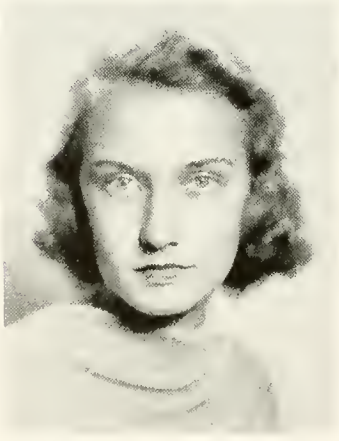
1939



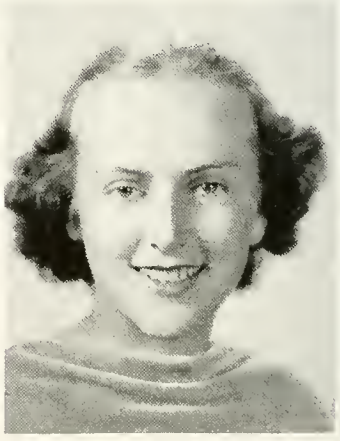
Gertrude P. Whittemore
48 Richwood St.
West Roxbury, Mass.

Helen C. Whittemore
126 Glen Ave.
Newton Centre, Mass.

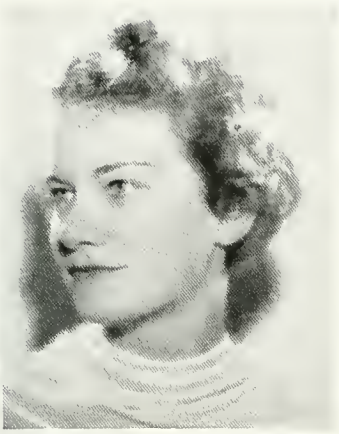
Ellen R. Wilding
6548 Wetherole St.
Forest Hills, N. Y.



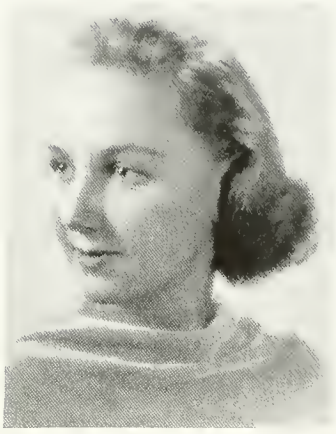
Marjorie J. Willits
1512 N. 15th St.
Reading, Pa.



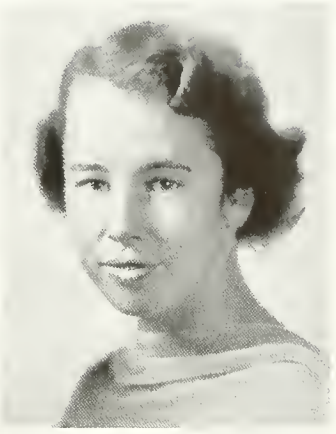
Wynnaretta Wilson
Buford, Ga.



Miriam E. Wise
91 Bank St.
St. Albans, Vt.

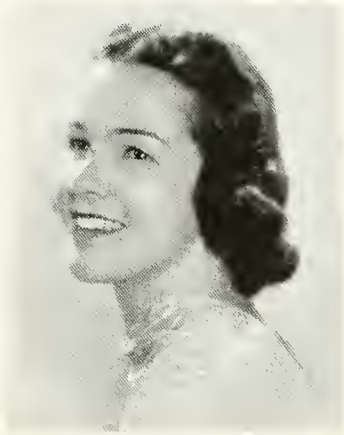


Marie L. Wolfs
258 Ridgewood Ave.
Glen Ridge, N. J



M. Elizabeth Wunderle
122 Edge Hill Rd.
Glenside, Pa.

Margaret L. Wyckoff
Sherman Sq. Hotel
New York, N. Y.



Jeanne M. Wysor
16900 S. Park Blvd.
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Legenda

C. Elinor Young
203 Madison Ave.
Skowhegan, Maine

Lucille B. Young
15 E. Kirby St.
Detroit, Mich.

Ada S. Eynon
1757 Frankford Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CLASS OF 1939

announces the engagements of

Augusta Wilhemina Ahrens to William Bernhardt August Jurgens Baur
Susan Barrett to Harry Joseph Matthews, Jr.
Virginia Stuart Bell to Frederick Bourne Grant
Margaret F. Cahill to H. Thomas McGrath
June Beverly Cohen to Dr. Stanley Cohen
Jean Louise Cull to Leslie Ross Porter, Jr.
Elizabeth Davis to Herbert S. Cook
Eleanor Ferrin to Joseph G. Sutton, Jr.
Retta Lou Gelling to James E. Evans
Ruth Rawlins Giles to John Townsend Suydam, III
Elizabeth Hancock to Harold Wesley Danser, Jr.
Frances Harvey to Robert F. Lux
Patricia Victoria Harvey to Frank Robert Kennedy
Martha Kahle to Joseph Newton Rodeheaver, Jr.
Kathleen Kelly to Charles Gluek II
Elizabeth Kruskal to Joseph H. Dulles Allen, Jr.
Jane Lundquist to Frederick W. French
Lynn Manganiello to Peter Wulfing
Ruth H. Maynard to Wendell H. Bash
Mary Louise Oftedal to A. Randle Elliott
Virginia Plumb to Philip Cleaver White
Helen Poor to John Charles Kinnear, Jr.
Marianne Greenwood Robinson to Dr. William Tench
Helen E. Thompson to William T. Matthews
Virginia Elizabeth Tuttle to Oliver William Means, Jr.
Dorothy C. Voss to Robert C. Casselman
Janet Waters to William J. McCune, Jr.

1939

SOUP

EX-1939

Elizabeth Acton
Mary E. Hortall Alexander
Marjorie B. Atwell
Helen E. Baldwin
Rhoda Belcher
Rebekah H. Blair
Claire E. Bowman
Elizabeth Mangas Brown
Mary L. F. Burgess
Alla F. Carnduff
R. O'Dineal Chapman
Elizabeth Clotfelter
Marie Cobb
Helen F. Codere
Heather F. Cohodas
Ruth W. Birkhoff Collins
Dorothy Coman
Rosalie J. Creelman
Madeleine A. Cummings
Mary E. Dempwolf
Sylvia L. DeWitt
Jane Donnell
Patricia Donovan
Elizabeth Parsons Dudley
Mary A. Dunbar
Jean H. Dundon
Elizabeth Eckman
Mary-Ruth Edwards
Marion Emlen
*Jane O. Ferrand
Charlotte Fehlman
Marjorie R. Fehse
Margaret L. Fessenden
Mary L. Fleming
Dorothy Merrill Foster
Alice M. Frazer
Barbara W. Gamwell
Maryanna Gardner
Jane F. Gehrz
Marguerite L. Giraud
Carolyn Bauman Goldman
Susan Goodman
Suzanne Goodnow
Barbara H. Grundy
Helen Hughes Hafner
Helen J. Haft
Constance D. Hall
Jean A. H. Hanna
Clara C. Hattery
Nancy Hatch
Frances-Carroll Henry
Doris Herold
Carolyn A. Hewitt
Jean T. Hewitt
Marianne C. Heye
Elizabeth M. Higgins
Jean N. Hill
Ruth Hollands
Frances Hubbell
Margaret M. Hull
Mary W. Hutchinson
Helen N. Jacobs
Winifred Jardine
Mary Louise Johnson
Mary E. Kerr
Mary Kirkpatrick
Emma L. C. Knox
Agnes F. Kolb
Jane M. Krieger
Isabel C. Kurtz
Ellen Willard Langdell
M. Barbara Lasher
Nancy E. Lashley
Virginia H. Lazenby

*Deceased

EX-1939—Continued

Elizabeth Lee
Katherine Loomis
Florence B. Lovell
Elizabeth M. Low
Doris Lowinger
Jane McClure
Barbara E. McFee
Mary Jane McGowan
M. Elaine McKeon
Nancy R. Maguire
Alra V. Maloney
Margaret E. Manson
Laura Hathaway Marr
Katharine B. Marshall
Jane Messenger
Elizabeth A. Metcalfe
Marion A. Miller
Laura C. Moore
Patricia C. Moore
Annis M. Morgan
Marion S. Morss
Frances Munoz
Audrey Nagel
Mary E. Nash
S. Isabel Neuweiler
Elizabeth B. Nicely
Mary Anne Nixon
Nancy B. Noble
Jane Norton
Betty Jane Oliver
Katharine F. Olney
Barbara Paine
Elise A. Parke
Elizabeth S. Parkinson
Virginia Patterson
Dorothy D. Perrin
Mary P. Phelps
Reba W. Phillips
Mary C. Pickering
Deborah H. Pike
Nina Jo Reeves
Dorothy F. Reynolds
Edith S. Ridley
Virginia H. Ritzinger
Janet F. Runkle
Gwendolyn R. Sachs
Gertrude E. L. Sanford
Gertrude Schnur
Martha Jane Scofield
Jane A. Shedden
Lucy Shen
Elise J. Shirey
Rose C. Staton
Virginia J. Stearns
Rosalind L. Stephenson
R. Doris Stewart
Amy Hall Stiles
Bernice Sisiskey Strock
Beverly Sutherland
Ruth Swanson
Elizabeth Taylor
M. Victoria Telander
Mary E. Thompson
Jane Tobin
Jeanne L. Tobin
Marion Twichell
Catherine L. Twomey
Mary Frances Ward
Jane W. Weller
Dorothy E. Wells
Anastasia R. Wilson
Anna A. Wilson
Martha L. Wilson
Carolyn L. Woodcock

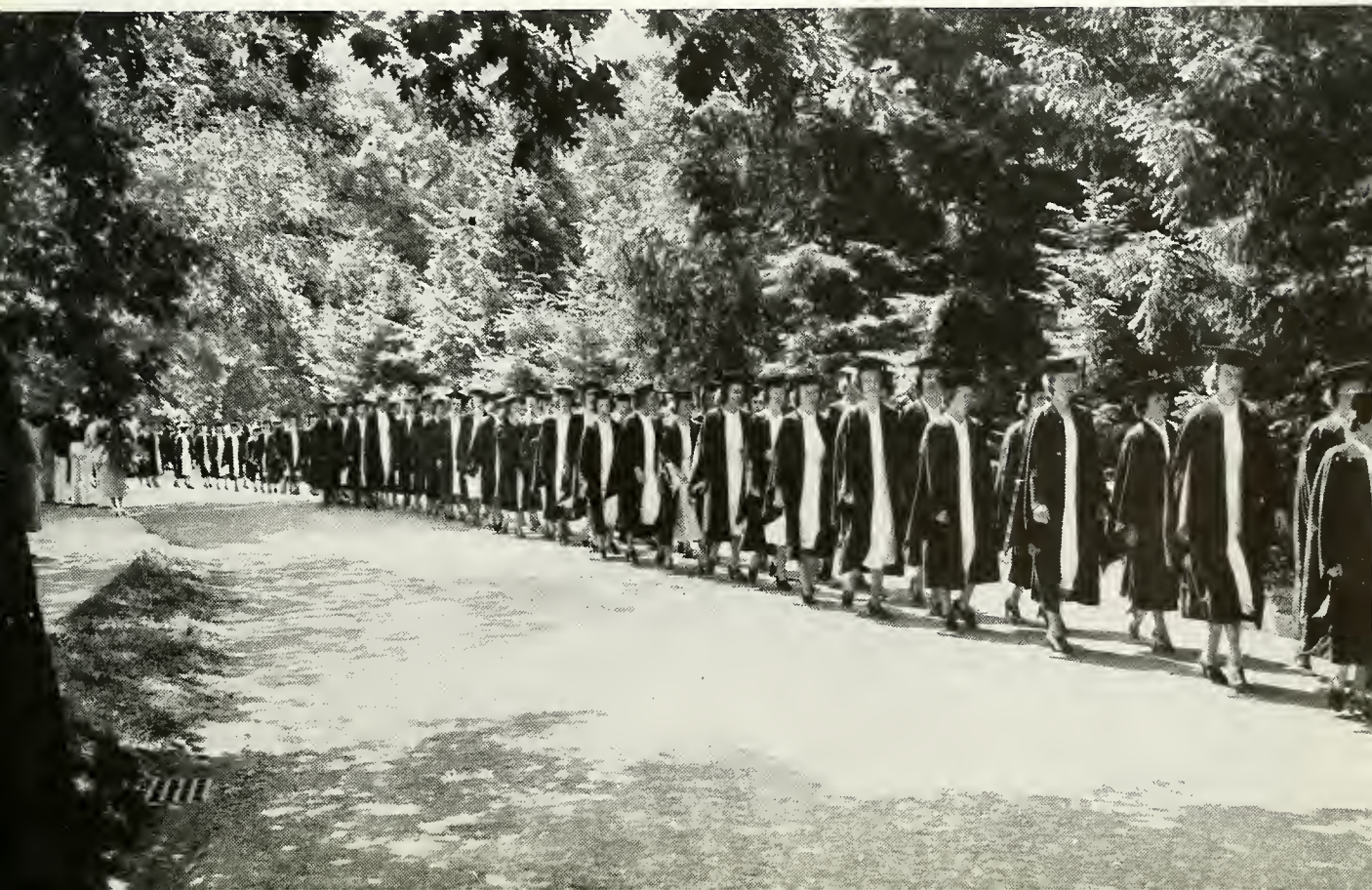
Priscilla L. Young

ALMA MATER

To Alma Mater, Wellesley's daughters
All together join and sing,
Thro' all her wealth of woods and waters,
Let your happy voices ring.
In every changing mood we love her—
Love her towers and woods and lake.
Oh, changeful sky bend blue above her;
Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!

We'll sing her praises now and ever,
Blessed fount of truth and love;
Our heart's devotion, may it never
Faithless or unworthy prove.
We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her,
Humblest, highest, noblest—all,
A stainless name we will preserve her,
Answer to her every call.

Worlds Lie Ahead for Us to Conquer



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and a willing staff.

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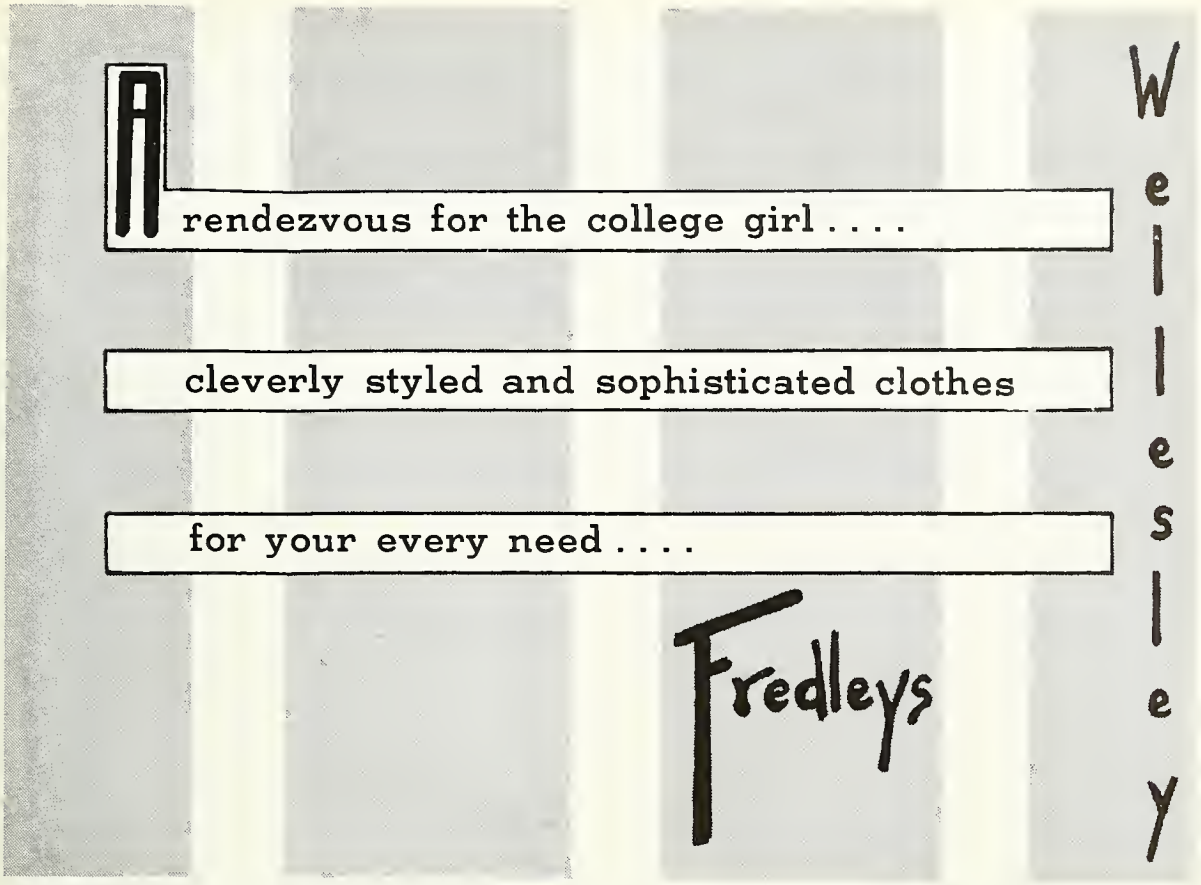

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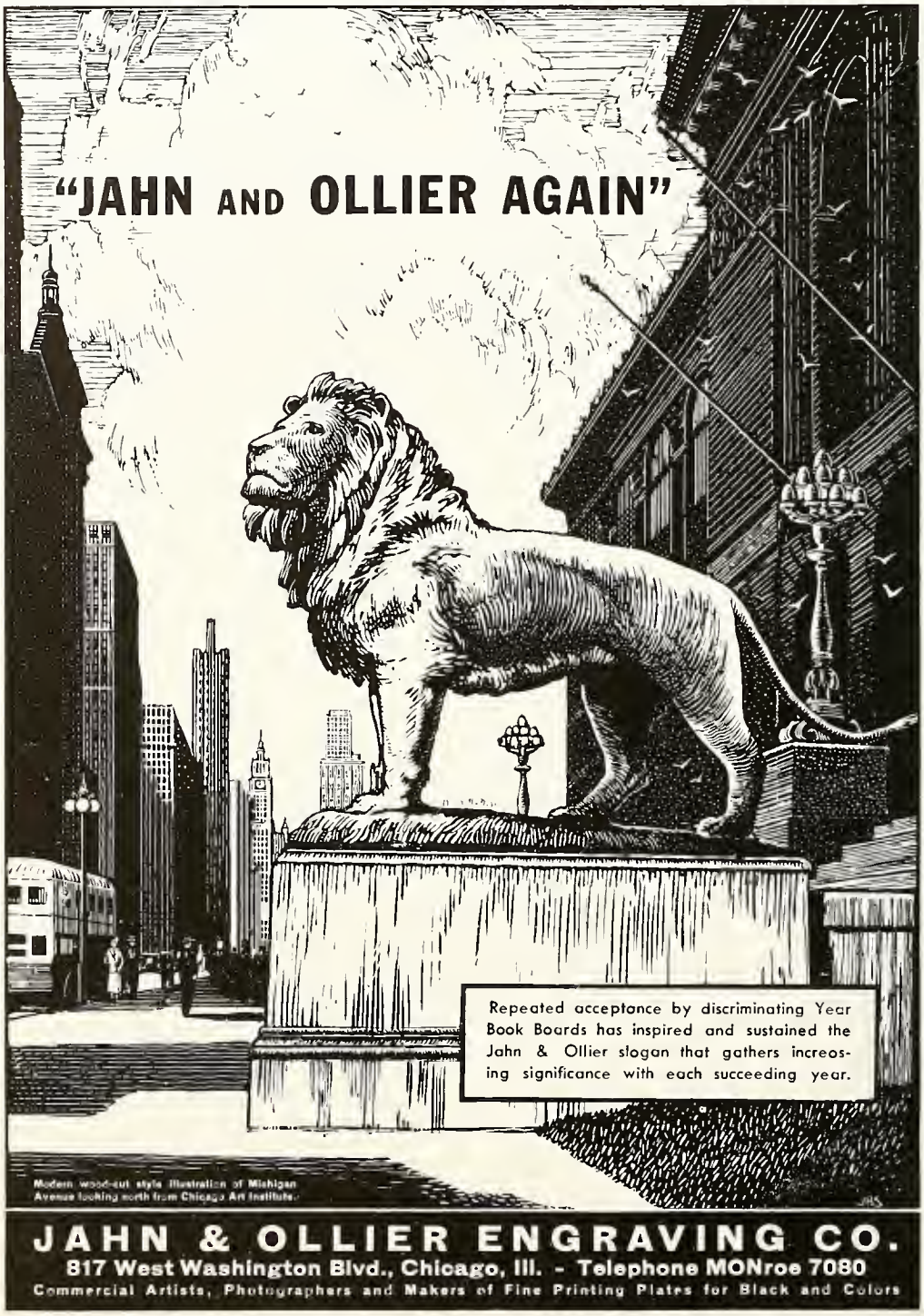
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